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"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne

MAY, 1904

C u r r e n t H i s t o r y

Cotton Gambling and the Remedy

The most important events last month were neither military nor political, but industrial. The first time, and, perhaps, in importance, was the collapse of the Sully cotton corner. The operations of this adventurer had for two months disturbed business, not only in this country but throughout the world, and the English Parliament had been asked by the cotton spinners of Lancashire to provide some remedy for the situation. Less than a decade ago raw cotton was selling for six cents a pound. Under the pressure of universal business prosperity during the last few years, the poorer classes in all countries had so greatly increased their use of cotton goods that this winter even the price of thirteen cents a pound failed to check the demand. The fact that the supply was insufficient gave Mr. Sully and his associates the opportunity to force a corner by entering the exchanges and buying cotton for future delivery from other speculators who did not own a bale of it. By these purchases, they forced the price of cotton in January to seventeen cents a pound, and confidently predicted that they would force it to twenty cents a pound. Suddenly in February the threatened corner collapsed and the price fell to thirteen cents. Instead, however, of this collapse resulting in the ruin of Mr. Sully, it was found that he had been selling his cotton in anticipation of it, and had perhaps made money when the cotton went down as well as when it went up. It then became a maxim of the street "Do as Sully does and not as Sully says." A new "bull" movement in cotton followed, in which Sully was again the central figure.

The price of the staple was again forced above sixteen cents a pound, when suddenly it was learned that Sully was unable to meet his obligations, and in twenty-five minutes the price of cotton fell over two cents a pound, causing a loss of over \$3,000,000 upon the cotton which Mr. Sully held. His failure, of course, brought no public sympathy and should have brought none. But the public ought not to rest content because the leader in this speculation has gone down. The whole situation has been one of moral and material injury to the business community. The gambling brought about by speculation of this sort is not confined to the speculators who set out to gamble. Those who need cotton in their business are almost forced to take part in the demoralizing game. The frequency of these corners, coming as they do at a time when gambling has come to be the most threatening vice in the business community, calls loudly for a legislative remedy. The measure which ten years ago, during a period of depression and desire for reform, was adopted by the House of Representatives by an overwhelming majority, and only failed of passage in the Senate by reason of obstructive tactics, should again be pressed, and the law made to forbid the selling of goods for future delivery except by those who produce the goods or have purchased them from actual owners. The assertion that such a law would interfere with the marketing of crops is pure folly. Some of the greatest crops, such as potatoes and hay—which can not be graded so as to make gambling in them possible—are always marketed without any sales by people who do not own

them. The speculative sales of non-existing cotton and wheat are of no service whatever to legitimate business, and the prohibition of such sales would not only reduce the element of gambling in commercial life, but prevent the recurring disturbance of business by manipulated corners.

**\$46,000,000
in a
Single Deal.**

The recent litigation in Boston between T. W. Lawson and H. H. Rogers—two financiers interested in the formation of the Copper Trust—has brought to light a transaction as discreditable to "high finance" as the recent Shipbuilding disclosures. While on the witness stand, Mr. Lawson testified that in a single deal, in which he and Mr. Rogers were the participants, they made a profit of \$46,000,000! Both in State Street, Boston, and in Wall Street, New York, precisely the same explanation was given of this enormous fortune made at the expense of the credulous investing public. When the Copper Trust was formed it is stated, the organizers bought the stock of the Anaconda Company at \$30 a share and turned it into the Trust at \$60 a share. They bought that of the Parrot Copper Company at \$20 a share, and put it into the Trust at \$35 a share. They bought that of the Butte and Boston Company at about \$40 a share, and put it into the Trust at \$100 a share; and finally through an exchange they bought that of the Boston and Montana Company at \$300 a share, and put it into the Trust at \$500 a share. The following, therefore, was the tabulation of their profits from the organization of the Trust:

Profit at \$30 a share on 800,000 shares of Anaconda.....	\$24,000,000
Profit at \$15 a share on 150,000 shares of Parrot.....	2,250,000
Profit at \$60 a share on 150,000 shares of Butte and Boston....	9,000,000
Profit on exchange of Boston and Montana shares 5 to 1 for Amalgamated	10,000,000

Total promotion profits \$45,250,000

When the stock of the completed Trust (the Amalgamated Copper Company) was put upon the market in the spring of 1901, the investing public, following the supposed leadership of the Standard Oil millionaires at the head of the organization, bought the stock at prices in the neighborhood of par. In June of the same year, the price rose as high as \$130. Since that time, as every one knows,

it has fallen to \$50 a share. The company, as is shown in the article in this issue on "The Truth About the Trusts," never possessed a monopoly of the copper mines of this country even, controlling barely a third of them and less than one-sixth of the copper mines of the world. Yet the credulous faith of the public that the trust movement supplied a new means of creating wealth without capital or labor, and the still more credulous faith that the millionaires at the head of the trust would protect the stockholders somewhat as they protected themselves, led investors to put their savings into securities which obviously represented little but water, and which really represented little but air. The exposure of the profits made by the men managing the deal should not only strengthen the indisposition of investors to be led by great names into enterprises the merits of which they know nothing about, but should also strengthen the determination of the public that all the affairs of corporations which sell their securities to the public shall be made a matter of public regard open to all inquirers.

**The Class Conflict
in Colorado**

A month ago there seemed every prospect of peace in the mining world. The United Mine Workers, to the great satisfaction of the public, followed the advice of President Mitchell and voted (98,000 to 67,000) to accept a reduction of 5½ per cent. in the wages paid for mining soft coal. The willingness of the miners to accept this reduction because of their realization that trade conditions were less favorable than last year, confirmed public faith in the sobriety of the organization which Mr. Mitchell leads. At the same time, the reports from Colorado indicated that the industrial war there was practically at an end. The martial law, which had been in force in several counties since December, was declared at an end by the Governor, and the militia was recalled. The mine operators claimed that the strike was broken, and the taxpayers trusted that the military expenditures to repress strike disorders, which had already cost \$600,000 during Governor Peabody's administration, were at last at an end. But only a few days went by before the troops were ordered back to the mining camps and martial law was again declared under conditions more alarming than ever before. The only clear explanation we have

seen of the situation in Colorado is contained in an article published in the *New York Independent*, by W. English Walling, of the New York University Settlement, who has visited Colorado and made a thorough investigation. The Western Federation of Miners, says Mr. Walling, which controls nearly every metal mine in the West, has for years been noted for its radicalism—its official journal standing for "socialism first and unionism afterwards." One of the chief reasons for the growth of this Western organization was the discontent of the Rocky Mountain miners with the conservatism of the American Federation of Labor, of which President Gompers is the head. The present crisis, however, was not forced by the radicalism of this Western Federation but by the refusal of the Legislature to enact the eight-hour law to which it had been pledged. The people of Colorado, by a majority of forty thousand, had adopted a constitutional amendment authorizing the law, and both the parties in their platforms gave it their endorsement. But when the Legislature met, through "underground influences" the unions claim, the law was not passed. The strike ordered by the union, therefore, was in the first instance virtually a strike against the subserviency of the Legislature to corporation influences. But the strike came at a time of relative industrial depression, and the Western Federation of Miners was met by an organization as powerful as their own—an organization which included not only mine owners but business men of every kind. This organization took the name of The Citizens' Alliance, and soon enrolled in its local bodies in Denver, Pueblo, and the big mining camps, a membership aggregating twenty-nine thousand.

Martial Law and Lawlessness The boycotting and intimidation practised by the Miners' Union was met by measures of the same sort from the Citizens' Alliances. "At Pueblo," says Mr. Walling, "they woke up the president of the Federation and warned him to leave town before morning. At Idaho Springs a mob of Citizens' Alliance members, after the explosion at the 'Sun and Moon Mine,' escorted fifteen union men, at the point of the rifle, outside of the town. It seemed that lynching was imminent. Every one of these fifteen men has since been exonerated."

Acting as an organization, the Alliance got wholesalers and jobbers of Denver to refuse to sell on credit to union stores, and local stores under Alliance control refused to sell on credit to union miners. When, last November, one of the shafts of the "Vindicator Mine" was blown up the Alliance at once laid the blame upon the Miners' Federation, and appealed to the Governor to declare martial law. The attempt in the courts to show that the union had any connection whatever with this explosion failed entirely, and the cases against the Union were finally dropped by the Prosecuting Attorney. But meanwhile the martial law continued, and further intensified the class-hatred which had given birth to it. Under this martial law "newspapers were seized and censored; the statements of the Western Federation of Miners were forbidden to be published; houses were searched; the Governor suspended a writ of habeas corpus; and the jurisdiction of the civil courts was denied." Then came the vagrancy orders, reported in our March issue; and the wholesale deportation of union men. For a time this aggressive policy of repression seemed to succeed, and when the troops were recalled at the middle of March the mine owners appeared to have been successful. But under the second reign of martial law, instituted this month, the excessive severity of the military has aroused still more bitter feeling among the working classes. One of the acts of the military authorities was to expel from the mining districts union agitators from other States. Such an act, aimed exclusively at citizens of other States, was in clear violation of the Constitution of the United States. If these agitators were inciting to riot, it was plainly the duty of the military authorities to arrest, imprison, and punish them. But their deportation from a district because they were not citizens of Colorado exceeded even the wide bounds allowed to martial law. At Ouray, District Judge Stevens declared Adjutant-General Bell, and his immediate subordinate in charge of the military, to be in "contempt of court," because they refused to bring before the court on a writ of habeas corpus the president of the Western Federation of Miners, whom the militia held as prisoner. Judge Stevens ordered the sheriff to arrest the two military officers, but Adjutant-General Bell defied his authority, saying, "If

Sheriff Corbett takes us to Ouray, it will have to be over the dead bodies of all the soldiers under my command in this county." In case martial law was constitutionally declared, it is probable that the position of Adjutant-General Bell will be sustained. But the situation is one which more nearly approaches civil war than any industrial disorder in many years. If there was ever a time or place when the friends of industrial arbitration ought to exert themselves to rescue the situation from the hands of extremists, it is in Colorado to-day.

**Old-Age Pensions
to Civil
War Veterans.**

In Prof. Frank Parsons' recently-published "Story of New Zealand," he states that the Old-Age Pension Act of that colony was at first more bitterly denounced than any measure of the recent radical ministries, but that in a short time it became by far the most popular of all the new legislative acts. Among the Conservatives, as well as among the Liberals, it was found the law which prevented people over sixty-five years of age (men and women) from suffering absolute want, by giving them a pension of ninety dollars a year, appealed to a sentiment of humanity in the presence of which all the theoretical objections to the measure counted for nothing. The new order of Pension Commissioner Ware, reducing the age at which the veterans of the Civil War became entitled to pensions, bids fair to have a similar experience. It was first assailed with extreme bitterness, not only by Democratic papers, but by many independent Republican papers as well—as is illustrated in the department of Current Discussion in this issue. But it was soon found that the responsible leaders of the Democratic party were unwilling to make a campaign issue of the new order. The exact scope of the order was best explained in a communication sent by Secretary Hitchcock of the Interior Department to the United States Senate. Under the Invalid Pension Act of 1890, he said, pensions of not less than six, nor more than twelve, dollars a month were granted to honorably-discharged veterans, who had served ninety days or more in the Civil War and who were now, for any honorable reason, unable to earn their living by manual labor. Under this act it was necessary for the Department to determine at what time of life men were partly or

wholly incapacitated for manual labor by reason of their age. During President Cleveland's second administration an order was issued declaring that at the age of sixty-five veterans might claim to have been partly disabled by their age; and that at the age of seventy-five they might claim to be wholly disabled. Even under this ruling, says Mr. Hitchcock, innumerable cases arose of men who were suffering from disabilities, partly the result of old age—though they had not reached sixty-five—and the amount of the pension granted them was found to vary according to the different views of the examining officers. Partly, therefore, for the sake of uniformity the Commissioner of Pensions had made the new ruling that any veteran who reached sixty-two years of age should be deemed to be partially disabled from earning his living by manual labor, and that any veteran who reached seventy should be deemed to be completely disabled. "Certainly," said the Secretary, "such a presumption is justified by general experience in actual life."

**American
Precedent on
Service Pensions**

Pension Commissioner Ware, in issuing his order, defended it upon a much less defensible ground. He said: "Whereas by Act of Congress in 1887, when thirty-nine years had elapsed after the Mexican War, all soldiers of said war, who were over sixty-two years of age, were placed on the pension roll; and, whereas, thirty-nine years will have elapsed on April 13, 1904, since the Civil War, and there are many survivors over sixty-two years of age; now, therefore, ordered" that the purpose shown by Congress in the legislation of 1887 should be given effect to by the Pension Department in 1904. This argument is not a strong one. The fact that Congress passed such an act in 1887 might furnish a reason why Congress should pass another such act in 1904, but it does not furnish a sufficient reason why an Executive Department should take such a step in the absence of Congressional authority. Nevertheless there is no doubt that the Pension Commissioner did correctly interpret the spirit of Congress and also the people. This country has passed a Service Pension Act providing for aged veterans after every war it has had. The first of these acts was passed in 1818 and granted a pension of \$8 a month to every survivor of the Revolutionary War who had

seen nine months' service. This act, it will be observed, was passed only thirty-five years after the formal close of the Revolutionary War and precisely the same number of years after the beginning of the war as is the present commissioner's order after the beginning of the Civil War. As time has gone on our legislation has tended to become more liberal to the veterans, and there is every reason to believe that in the absence of the Pension Commissioner's new order one of the first acts of the next Congress would have been to pass a Service Pension bill more costly to the Treasury than the commissioner's order. How much this order will cost the treasury is still the subject of debate. The Pension Department reports that of the 875,000 surviving Union soldiers, 693,000 are now pensioned, nearly 50,000 are not pensionable because of the shortness of their service or their failure to receive honorable discharge, and that of the remaining 136,000 about 75,000 have now reached the age of sixty-two and would, therefore, become entitled to a pension of \$6 a month under the new ruling. If this estimate be correct, the new ruling will increase the Pension appropriation \$5,400,000 a year. Inasmuch as nearly all of the veterans of the Civil War have now approached—if they have not already passed—their sixtieth year and their average expectation of life hardly exceeds a single decade, the commissioner believes that deaths will rapidly lessen the total pension appropriation. Whether they do or not, however, the reception of the ruling in Congress shows that during the approaching campaign the order will be but little attacked, for, however strongly statesmen must deprecate the use of executive orders to take the place of new legislation, the fact that the new order is supported by a general public sentiment regarding the pensions for old age, as well as by the demands of a great organization, make certain that it will never be reversed.

**Mr. Jerome's
Anti-Gambling
Bill**

A notable triumph for reform was secured last month when the New York Legislature passed District Attorney Jerome's bill to require the patrons of fashionable gambling places to give evidence provided they were adequately protected against prosecution for the violations of the law to which they confessed. The

main object of this bill was admittedly to secure the conviction and punishment of one Richard A. Canfield, who, in the words of the District Attorney, "has notoriously run a gambling house in the City of New York and during many years has corrupted or defied the public officers in New York charged with the administration of the criminal law in New York county." Not all of the members of the Legislature who opposed the District Attorney's bill can fairly be reckoned with the defenders of gambling. Many feared that the new law requiring the patrons of gambling establishments to give evidence in regard to past offenses was "retroactive" in its effect and perhaps unconstitutional. Still others objected to a bill so distinctively aimed at a single individual—Canfield. But Mr. Jerome's statement of the case before the Legislature answered effectively both these objections. In brief it was as follows:

In 1903 his [Canfield's] place in New York City for the first time was raided, and all the equipment of a gambling house was found there. *It is not possible with ordinary police detectives to secure the evidence necessary to convict rich and powerful keepers of gambling houses where only people of large means or high social position are allowed to play. You must call the patrons of the establishments if convictions are to be had.* The law as it stood prior to the decision in the Lewisohn case recognized this and endeavored to enable prosecuting attorneys to call patrons as witnesses. The law was defective in form because it did not give the witness immunity broad enough to cover the constitutional provision. The proposed act does constitutionally what the Legislature of this State supposed for more than eighty years it had done. If you pass this legislation Canfield can be convicted; if you do not he cannot be.

If there is any question as to the constitutionality of the new measure, Mr. Canfield and his wealthy clients have both the means and the will to secure a decision against it from the courts. The measure, as it stood before the Legislature, was simply one to make the laws against public gambling houses as effective against rich as against poor. In case Reginald Vanderbilt can be compelled to give his testimony against Canfield's establishment and the latter be broken up, the work of suppressing pool rooms and policy shops and gambling places of every sort in the poorer districts of New York will be rendered immeasurably easier, for the people will everywhere feel that the law is governing all and will everywhere more readily submit to its government.

Mayor McClellan's Unexpected Record.

The record which Mayor McClellan has been making in New York City is the occasion of almost universal surprise, and, among good citizens, absolutely universal congratulation. During the campaign, indeed, he denounced as a baseless slander, the charge that his administration would set ablaze the Red Lights or open the gambling dens, and those who heard him were generally convinced of his sincerity. In fact, the popular sympathy awakened by the belief that he was maligned had much to do with the great shifting of votes in his favor, which marked the close of the election contest. But even those who believed in his sincerity did not expect him to show the strength which he has manifested since assuming office. Not only did his Police Commissioner—Ex-Secretary of the Navy McAdoo—fail to grant new license to public vice of any kind but he set about suppressing gambling with a vigor never before surpassed. At the beginning of last month, indeed, some of the sensational papers began to print articles declaring that "The lid was off" from the low resorts in New York and that this was again becoming "a wide-open city." But the examination of these stories by the strongly anti-Tammany Evening Post disclosed that most of them were practically baseless—the writer of one of the reports that the pool rooms were again doing business having proven unable to give the address of a single place of this sort. About the same time came the more alarming reports that a revolt of the district leaders in Tammany Hall against the reform policy of the Mayor would soon result in its overthrow. That there was such a revolt is true, for a great many of the district leaders had received campaign funds from people engaged in the law-breaking trades and were anxious to afford these campaign contributors the protection they expected. But Mr. Murphy, the new leader of Tammany Hall, vigorously supported Mayor McClellan and Commissioner McAdoo, and in this attitude was able to keep two-thirds of the Tammany organization back of him. In still other directions Mayor McClellan's administration has proven unexpectedly satisfactory. Not only did he retain in office Mayor Low's Commissioner of Street Cleaning, but the men he appointed as Tenement House Commissioner and Health Commissioner have given unusual satisfaction to reformers. The work of the

Health Commissioner, Dr. Darlington, forms the subject of a paragraph on another page. One of the leading supporters of the Fusion movement remarked a few weeks since that the cause of reform in New York never looked so hopeful as at the present time, because the high ground taken by Mayor McClellan, a Tammany official, set a new standard which no future official could disregard without arousing protests from all parties. In times of political defeat reform organizations are often as unduly depressed as they are unduly elated in times of political victory. As a matter of fact, no gain for Reform has ever been wholly lost through a subsequent defeat for the Reformers. What was best in Mayor Strong's work—the cleaning of the streets and the establishment of high schools, was continued under Mayor Van Wyck; and what was best in Mayor Low's administration, has, in a far larger measure, been continued under Mayor McClellan.

Hearst, Parker and The Field During the past month the contest for the Democratic Presidential nomination has centered more and more about two candidates—Mr. Hearst, of the New York Journal, and Judge Parker, of the New York Court of Appeals. The strength of Judge Parker's candidacy lies largely in the fact that he is the only Democrat who has carried New York State since the panic of '93, and that the Democratic leaders all over the country feel that they must carry New York State this year to have any chance of winning. Yet an examination of the vote by which Judge Parker was elected to the Court of Appeals in 1897, shows that his victory did not in the slightest degree indicate personal strength. It was the year of the first mayoralty contest in Greater New York, when public attention was centered upon the one question whether Mr. Van Wyck, Mr. Low, or General Tracy, should be chosen the first mayor of the great metropolis. Mr. Low, it will be recalled, was the candidate of the Citizens' Union, which, as a non-partisan organization, had no candidate for the Court of Appeals. When at the close of the campaign it was evident that either Mr. Van Wyck or Mr. Low must be elected, nearly twice as many Republicans as Democrats voted the Citizens' Union ticket, without taking the trouble to mark in another column their choice for the Court

of Appeals. To this fact, and this alone, was due the majority which Judge Parker received. Outside of New York City the majority against him was as great as against other candidates on the Democratic ticket. Should he be nominated, his elevation would seem to be due to an election accident. Mr. Hearst's candidacy is still more anomalous. His support comes almost exclusively from the Bryan Democrats, who wish a reaffirmation of the Chicago and Kansas City platforms. Yet Mr. Hearst, though supporting the ticket in the campaign of '96, was personally opposed to the free coinage of silver, the paramount issue of the Chicago platform, and while again supporting the ticket in the campaign of 1900 was known to be thoroughly hostile to anti-Imperialism, the paramount issue of the Kansas City platform. That he should be the candidate of so many of those who wish to reaffirm these platforms, is certainly an extraordinary situation. The explanation, of course, is that he does, in a measure, stand for political radicalism, while Judge Parker, despite his long silence on public questions, is known to stand for Conservatism. It is clear, however, that some of the radicals who are encouraging Mr. Hearst's candidacy as against Judge Parker's, wish some other candidate; and it is thought that many of the conservatives who are supporting Judge Parker, are looking for a candidate who has more positive and magnetic qualities of leadership. Indeed, it is shrewdly suspected here in New York, that the reason Mr. Murphy, the Tammany leader, opposes instructing the New York delegation to support Judge Parker is that he favors the presentation of the name of New York's young mayor, the son of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency forty years ago. Mayor McClellan could poll the votes of thousands of Democrats in New York whom neither Judge Parker nor Mr. Hearst could bring to the polls.

Chicago Declares for Public Ownership

The city election held in Chicago on April 5th was notable for the overwhelming majority polled in favor of the public ownership and operation of street railroads. Not only did the citizens vote five to one to accept the State law authorizing their city to construct, purchase, lease and operate street railways whenever it seemed expedient to do so, but they voted

120,000 to 50,000 that the city should at once take its railways into its control. The only concession which the voters were willing to make to the continuance of the private operation of the street railways was a vote authorizing the temporary licensing of the railways until such time as the city is prepared to take over their operation. In the face of this vote it will be practically impossible for the champions of the street railway companies in the City Council to declare that they represent public sentiment in postponing the date of the complete control of the street railways by the city. The demand for public ownership apparently knew no party lines, and the men in both parties who claim to represent the will of the majority in their parties are henceforth bound to support the policy which a few years ago was looked upon as dangerously radical. One reason why the voters gave so large a majority in favor of public ownership was doubtless the difficulties they have found in regulating private monopolies by ordinances reducing fares, requiring transfers, and the like. Of course, the general principle of the law is that the rates charged by monopolies may be reduced by legislation so that the capital actually invested in them shall yield no larger return than well-managed capital in competitive business. But the endless litigation which the attempts thus to regulate the monopolies has brought, and the few concessions the public has obtained thereby, have made general the belief that the public must directly own and operate the monopolies, if they are to be conducted so as to secure the largest possible public service instead of the largest possible private profit. In a review of "The Truth About Trusts," published in this issue, will be found a statement of the capitalized value of the municipal monopolies in our great cities—a value which comes more largely from the public franchises held by the monopolies than from the capital they have actually invested in them. Under city ownership the public need hereafter only pay interest on capital actually invested, and the low rate of interest at which cities can now borrow (by reason of the good faith they have kept with their creditors in the past) enables them to establish public ownership, under terms that promise much lower fares and better service.

**Public Ownership
Gaining
in New York**

In New York City also, the events of last month showed a decided advance in the demand for city ownership of street railroads. A bill introduced into the Legislature by Senator Elsberg, limiting to forty years instead of seventy-five years, the term during which extensions of the Rapid Transit system could be leased to private companies, passed the Senate by a good majority, and was barely defeated in the Assembly by machine interference which prevented a vote. The clause in the Elsberg bill most objected to by corporate interests was one authorizing the Rapid Transit commission to make contracts for the construction of new railways without stipulating at the outset that the company receiving this contract should operate the roads for at least a twenty-year period. This clause of course opened the way for the city operation of the roads. The Rapid Transit commission joined in the opposition to this change, and was only ready to assent to the city operation of roads if three-fourths of its members should approve thereof. As all the present members disapprove, and as they select three-fourths of their successors, they could of course block city operation for an indefinite period. But this position taken by the Rapid Transit commission led even the conservative Evening Post to recall the fact that four years ago the Rapid Transit commission had favored turning over the whole city subway system to the Metropolitan Street Railway Company. The fact that the members of this commission have shown themselves excellent administrators does not indicate that they should be allowed to determine what the future policy of the city should be. Again and again it has happened in European politics that the party having the greatest number of capable administrators (the conservative party) has been the party least capable of legislating for the future. Whether the City of New York twenty-five years hence shall lease its Rapid Transit system to private companies or itself operate the system, should be determined by the wishes of the whole body of its people at that time and not by the wishes of a commission, however capable, representing only a single class. The support which the Elsberg bill is receiving from the Citizens' Union and the unwillingness of both the Republican and

Democratic leaders to declare against it, indicates that public sentiment in favor of city ownership is growing almost as rapidly in New York as in Chicago.

**Senator Burton
Sentenced to
Jail**

There was something extremely sad and depressing about the conviction of United States Senator Burton of Kansas for using his senatorial influence with the Post Office Department in behalf of a presumably fraudulent "Grain and Securities Company." But none the less his conviction will do more than any recent judicial event to restore public faith in the ability of the law to reach offenders in high places. Senator Burton was convicted chiefly upon his own admissions in the court room. The Post Office Department contemplated issuing a fraud order against the Rialto Grain and Securities Company of St. Louis, denying it the use of the mails; and Senator Burton became its attorney and accepted payment for work done in urging the Post Office Department not to issue the order. Senator Burton claimed that he had a right as an attorney to do this work and take payment for it, but the court and jury found that he had clearly violated the United States statute prohibiting illegitimate relationships between Congressmen and companies doing business with the Government. When Judge Adams pronounced sentence in the United States District Court in St. Louis imposing a fine of \$2,500 and ordering the imprisonment of the United States Senator in the Iron County Jail for a period of six months, he spoke with impressive gravity of the humiliation which attended the conviction, and pointed out that the penalty imposed was warranted by the law upon any one of the six counts of the indictment on which the Senator had been convicted. It was neither his pleasure nor his purpose, said the judge, to impose any unnecessary punishment, for he realized that the mere fact of conviction disqualified the Senator from ever hereafter holding any office of honor, trust or profit under the Government of the United States. But he continued:

"Your conviction necessarily results in your punishment. Its importance, in my opinion, is not confined to its effect upon you. Your exalted station in life and the character of your offence give unusual significance to your conviction. It demonstrates that the law of the land is equal to any emergency and that it can be

administered regardless of the personality and station of the accused. It also demonstrates to all the people that public office cannot be prostituted to self-serving purposes and that public office is not a sure or safe passport to private thrift.

It is to be wished that this conviction did demonstrate all that Judge Adams said, but it needs be supplemented by a re-awakened public sentiment against public officials serving in any capacity private corporations which have financial interests in the action of the Government toward them. Senator Burton has been convicted because, in a peculiarly flagrant way, he accepted money for serving a peculiarly offensive corporation. But unfortunately he had some reason for believing that his service of this corporation was paralleled by the service which other Senators were rendering to corporations whose assistance, either to themselves or to their party campaign funds, had aided them in securing their seats.

**More
Anti-Negro
Legislation**

The movement to restrict the rights of negroes is still making headway. In Maryland—as was, indeed, foreshadowed by Senator Gorman's successful campaign on the race issue a year ago—the legislature has submitted to the voters a constitutional amendment disfranchising negro illiterates, but permitting white illiterates to retain the suffrage. The amendment, of course, does not run counter to the letter of the federal constitution by using the words "white and negro," but adds to a clause nominally disfranchising all illiterates, other clauses allowing election officers to register illiterates who enjoyed the suffrage prior to 1869, or whose ancestors enjoyed it prior to that date. Inasmuch as negroes could not vote prior to 1869 the amendment is plainly aimed at their race, and the roundabout phrases used are merely attempts to find "a constitutional way of violating the Constitution." To the credit of Maryland's Governor, he has condemned this amendment, and refused to sign the bill submitting it to the voters. There is a good chance that the amendment may be defeated by the voters, for the excuse urged in behalf of similar measures in States further South does not exist in Maryland. The white voters of that State outnumber the negroes four to one, and the fear of "negro domination" does not really exist on the part of even the most cowardly

of whites. The same State of Maryland has also passed an act requiring the railroads (except the street railroads and the through express trains) to provide separate accommodations for white and colored passengers, and to keep the passengers of the two races in separate coaches. This law has also been strongly opposed by influential men in Maryland—the condemnation of Cardinal Gibbons having been of peculiar moment. Yet the expressions of opinion from most quarters indicate that there is no possibility of repealing the law in the near future, and that the efforts of the negroes and their friends must be now directed toward securing the enforcement of one of the provisions of the law, stipulating that the coaches provided for the negroes shall be in every way as good as those provided for the whites. In Mississippi a much more serious blow has been dealt to the rights of the negro in Governor Vardaman's veto of the bill appropriating money for the maintenance of a Negro Normal School. This measure is treated at length in the department of "Current Discussion" in this issue, and the attention of our readers is particularly called to the expressions of the New Orleans papers defending Governor Vardaman, and referring to the similar position taken by the New Orleans School Board against the "higher" education of the negroes. The claim made that this attitude is in harmony with Booker T. Washington's view that the negro race is in especial need of manual training, totally misrepresents the views of the great educator. Mr. Washington does, indeed, believe that education for the practical work of life is the kind most needed by the great mass of negroes—and the great mass of whites for that matter—but he also believes that the intellectual training of his race is as necessary to its civilization as the intellectual training of the white race is to our own, and the bill to prevent the training of negro teachers is utterly abhorrent to his whole scheme of educational reform.

**France Declares
Against
Church Schools.** Premier Combes' bill forbidding all teaching by the religious orders passed the Chamber of Deputies by a majority of forty-seven votes. The bill was, indeed, amended during the debate. Instead of going into effect in five years, as at first proposed, the religious orders are to be

given ten years' respite, during which they may arrange for the final closing of their schools. Another change, less important, allows the orders to continue their schools which prepare young men for the missionary service abroad. But neither of these changes essentially modifies the principle for which the French Premier has contended. The teaching of the youth of France by religious orders is to be ended and all the children of the Republic are to be educated in secular schools under the direct control of the State. The cost to the Treasury of the change proposed is reckoned at only thirteen million dollars a year, a sum but one-seventeenth as great as the United States spends on its public school system. The chief difficulty of the measure, therefore, will not be financial. It will come from the sense of injury which the measure will arouse in the breasts of the more loyal churchmen. To Americans, the new measure seems the climax of bigotry in the name of Liberalism.

To deny any class of citizens the right to teach anything they wish, and to deny to any class the right to have their children taught anything they wish, seems to us a denial of the first principles of liberty. The fact that the clerical orders, when in the ascendancy, under the old monarchy, were equally bigoted in proscribing all liberal teaching, does not justify the present retaliation. In the short run such measures often seem successful, but in the long run, it is injurious to any cause (and particularly injurious to any liberal cause) to array against it a sentiment of justice. Nevertheless, the passage of the present measure does not furnish an occasion for boasting about Anglo-Saxon superiority, for the measures which France is taking against the clerical orders are by no means as severe as those which were taken in England at the time of the Protestant reformation, and were continued in Ireland into the last century. Again and again in France the religious orders have shown themselves hostile to the Republic, and such expressions of hostility were particularly marked during the recent Dreyfus agitation. The attitude of these orders was in some instances so openly disloyal that many Frenchmen sincerely attached to the Catholic Church felt that the education of all the children must be entrusted to people in sympathy with the spirit of their nation.

Both in France and Germany the Socialist War party has entered with new earnestness upon its "war against war." In France the Socialist Congress at St. Etienne adopted resolutions denouncing the ill-defined Franco-Russian alliance, and declaring that if to-morrow France were to be plunged into "the most insane and most criminal of wars" in support of Russian aggression in the Far East, it would be because the country had departed from democratic principles in entering into the vague alliance with Russia. In Germany the anti-militarist activity of the Socialists has been still more marked. When the news was received of further disasters in Southwest Africa, Herr Bebel, the Socialist leader, took strong ground against the whole military campaign in the African provinces, and his party under his leadership refused to vote for new supplies to continue it. Herr Bebel defended the Hereros against the charges of barbarity which had been circulated in Germany and quoted German missionaries to the effect that the Hereros had been scrupulously careful not to hurt defenseless women, and had also spared all whites who proved not to be Germans. Their "fanatical hatred against Germans," he said, was due to the extent to which the Germans had maltreated the natives subject to them. In the military campaign which was now being conducted against the Hereros, Herr Bebel continued, the German troops had exhibited as great savagery as they charged against their savage foes. The reports showed, he said, that in the battle "all the Hereros were killed and no prisoners were taken." Herr Bebel cited a letter from Dr. Baumgart, a veterinary surgeon accompanying the German troops, boasting that he had massacred wounded men. "Therein could be seen," said Herr Bebel, "how far even our educated people are becoming brutalized. Let us not deceive ourselves with the belief that the present occurrences in Southwest Africa only make a demoralizing impression upon the troops there. The descriptions sent home must also have a demoralizing and brutalizing effect on the German people." Inasmuch as the Socialist party now numbers among its followers a majority of all the people in the cities of Germany, its activity against militarism is a matter of prophetic significance.

M-1904.

Current Discussion—Both Sides

Edited by George Gladden

A Blow at Negro Education

Governor Vardaman of Mississippi has the courage of his convictions on the subject of the education of the negro. What those convictions are he made known in no uncertain terms during the campaign which ended with his election, and in his remarkable inaugural address. Contemporary comment on these views was reproduced in the Current Discussion department of the March issue of CURRENT LITERATURE. Governor Vardaman's latest pronouncement, in which he shows that he meant precisely what he said, is embodied in his veto of a bill appropriating \$10,000 for the support of a negro normal school at Holly Springs. The vote of the House of Representatives on this veto was 64 to 48 against the Governor, but this adverse majority while creditable to Mississippi was of no legal effect, since the law requires a two-thirds vote to overcome a veto. In his veto message the Governor said:

Literary education—the knowledge of books—does not seem to produce any good, substantial results with the negro, but serves rather to sharpen his cunning, breeds hopes that cannot be fulfilled, inspires aspirations that cannot be gratified, creates an inclination to avoid honest labor, promotes indolence, and in turn leads to crime. That is the true story of the life of the average negro, the correctness of which will hardly be questioned by an observant student of the subject. Mississippi has been and is indeed kind to her negro citizenry. No people on earth have ever had so much done for them by their Government, to which they have contributed so little of material help and moral worth, as the negroes of Mississippi. I wish it understood that my objection to this bill does not grow out of a spirit of race hatred. I have no such feelings for the negro; on the contrary, I wish the race well. The only hope for the consummation of that wish is for the State to take matters in hand, ignore the abuse and criticism of the ignorant time-servers of both the North and South, and give to the negro that which the negro needs—educate his heart and his hands; give to him, if possible, a moral basis to build upon, and you will thereby help the negro and the State also.

Several of the conservative papers of the South have refused to support these more radical views of Governor Vandaman, which, of course, are generally attacked by

the northern press. But the Governor does not lack indorsement, even in his latest extreme position, and this endorsement is strongest in the daily papers with the largest influence in his own State. The New Orleans Picayune, for example, says:

There is a great deal of common sense in what the Governor of Mississippi says. The greatest need of the negro is to be educated in habits of industry and in the knowledge how best to employ his faculties. It is doubtful if any negro who knows how to read and write ever works at any steady, laborious employment. Now, since there is a vast deal of serious labor, or muscular work to be done, and there always will be such, it is fair to assume from past experience that when there shall be no longer an illiterate negro in the South all the heavy work will have to be done by whites, and not a negro laborer will be found in any field of muscular work. The experience is that while it may be just and right to give the negroes the primary indispensable elements of an education, any system of higher instruction does not promote their moral and industrial value.

Similarly the New Orleans Times-Democrat commends the Governor for doing a "manly and honest thing in vetoing the bill" in view of the platform on which he was elected, and adds:

This position of Governor Vardaman's was indorsed by the people of the State in the primary which nominated him for Governor, and it will be generally indorsed by those who have had an intimate acquaintance with the negro and his needs. In this city, before Governor Vardaman began his campaign in Mississippi, the School Board decided that the negro schools in this city should be restricted to the primary grades. While there are several "universities" for the education of the negro in this city, all but one of them are supported entirely by misguided friends of the negro in the North. The idea that the negro should receive the same education as the white man has long ago been exploded, not by the enemy of the negro, but by the educated negro himself. The higher education of the negro unfits him for the work that it is intended that he shall do, and cultivates ambitions that can never be realized until the race pride inherent in every white person is educated out of him.

The Chicago Evening Post, which well represents the general view of the Northern press, denounces Governor Vardaman's "consistency," and says:

Governor Vardaman defends his veto by repeating his now familiar argument that the

education of negroes on literary lines does no good and much harm. The black man, forsooth, is intellectually so inferior that any other part than that of a beast of burden for whites is out of the question for him. The absurdity of this position is manifest. Can you educate a man industrially and morally without teaching him the so-called elements of a "literary education?" Are the three Rs fatal to the morality of the black man? To describe common school education in any State, especially in Mississippi as "too literary" is to make one's self ridiculous. In our day a man cannot be an intelligent laborer without the knowledge which Vardaman rules out as too literary for the negro. And then, too, he begins at the wrong end. The normal school provides teachers for existing schools, and to cut off the supply of such teachers is to destroy the present educational system before any other has been established or projected, and to deprive the negro of all educational advantages whatever.

Referring to a recent address of Dr. H. B. Frissell, president of the Hampton Institute, the New York Evening Post calls attention to that portion of it in which Dr. Frissell spoke of the ignorance of the mass of whites in the South as to what the "graduates of colored schools are doing to elevate themselves and their race." And the Post recites this instance as a case in point:

One of the most prominent bankers in Richmond solemnly assured Northern visitors last spring that the negro was fitted only for house service or for work on the farm. He had never heard that the only woman bank president in Virginia, if not in the South, is a Richmond colored woman or that the only woman apothecary licensed by the Virginia State Board of Pharmacy resides only a few blocks from him, and that she has a dark skin. He did not know that the colored physicians in the Richmond hospital were educated in New York, Paris and London, or even that there was a colored hospital. He had heard of the largest of the three negro banks, but did not know that in a time of financial stringency it was the only one in Richmond to loan cash to the city authorities for their immediate needs.

**Senator Burton's
Conviction and
His Apology.**

The conviction at St. Louis of United States Senator Joseph Ralph Burton, of Kansas, upon the charge of having accepted from the Rialto Grain and Securities Company of St. Louis a fee of at least \$2,500 for using his "influence" with the Post Office Department to the end that the mail of that concern should not be interfered with, constitutes a landmark in the political history of this country. For Mr. Burton is the first Senator of the United States to suffer such a disgrace. As to the

probable action of the Senate in view of his conviction (and his sentence to undergo six months' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of \$2,500), it is interesting to note that only one Senator has ever been actually expelled by that body, although another was virtually forced to resign. The expelled Senator was William Blount, of Tennessee, who during the first session of the Fifth Congress, in July, 1797, was found guilty of having written a letter in aid of the pro-British conspiracy to wrest New Orleans and the Floridas from Spain. The vote was 25 to 1 in favor of his expulsion. The other case was that of John Smith, a Senator from Ohio, who in 1807, in the first session of the Tenth Congress, was indicted by the Circuit Court of Virginia for the part which he had taken in the Aaron Burr conspiracy. A committee of the Senate recommended Smith's expulsion, but the resolution to that effect was defeated by 19 yeas to 10 nays, the vote representing less than the two-thirds majority required by the Constitution. Smith, however, resigned.

Senator Burton's case doubtless will be carried to the highest court, and presumably his attorneys will urge as one ground for a re-trial the remarks to the jury of the trial judge, Elmer B. Adams, who in re-charging that body when they asked for instructions, urged them to reach an agreement, remarking that "the cost of a new trial would be considerable, and it might be that the testimony brought out could not again be produced."

As to the propriety and fairness of Judge Adams' admonitions to the jury, Mr. William Marion Reedy of the St. Louis Mirror, while admitting that the public inclines to accept the verdict as just, adds, with his customary bluntness:

It is doubtful, however, if the thinking public will accept as good law or good morals Judge Adams' ruling that it is the duty of a solitary juror holding out against conviction to go over to the advocates of conviction for any such reason as that his attitude may necessitate a new trial at much expense to the nation and inconvenience to officials of the government. The juror who believes a man not guilty, and then votes the man guilty solely to save the nation the expense of another trial, violates his oath. A man should be declared guilty because he is guilty on the law and the evidence, and for no other reason on earth or in heaven or in hell.

This point aside, however, public opinion strongly supports the verdict. The Kansas City Times says that thoughtful citizens

realize that "grafting under the cover of the law must cease," and that "the ability to reach this serious abuse in a body like the United States Senate gives to the people a new assurance of the power of popular sentiment to correct wrongs when it is fully aroused."

The *Pittsburg Dispatch*, speaking of Senator Burton's responsibility to the railroads, says:

A very interesting and not wholly uninteresting marginal comment on the conviction of Senator Burton is furnished by William Allen White of Kansas. "He was charged dozens of times in the newspapers of the State," says White, "with being a boodler, without the slightest resentment on Burton's part. Every local attorney for the Rock Island, the Missouri Pacific, the Santa Fé and the Union Pacific who had any influence was at Topeka, working for Burton," and doing it, too, under "peremptory orders" from the headquarters of these corporations that they "support Burton or lose their places." Such an assertion from a man of Mr. White's standing certainly puts the onus on the corporations named.

The *Philadelphia Public Ledger* rejoices that, whatever may be the final outcome of the conviction of Burton, "the essential fact remains established that the statute which forbids a member of Congress to act as an attorney, or to be interested in any way in private business with the government, has been shown to be practically effective." But it continues:

It is a shame upon the Senators of the United States that such a statute should be necessary. It is a greater shame that Senator Burton is not a unique offender. What of those Senators who have grown mysteriously rich while guarding great financial or industrial interests against unfavorable tariff legislation? To act as a private attorney in the Senate itself is more reprehensible even than to sell one's influence with the departments.

Comment of this kind adds significance to Burton's protestation that he is "not a criminal," and that "if it all could be told, just as it is, the absolute truth, it would appall the world." He adds that "some time it will be known." As to this phase of the case, the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* says:

Just what the Senator means is not quite clear. Most likely it is an intimation that "there are others." No doubt that is true. Possibly when the Senate undertakes to deal with his case, Senator Burton will think his time has come at last to say to his colleagues sitting in judgment on him, "Let him who is without sin among you first cast a stone." The Senators may hold that the sin lies in being found out, and that every man is innocent until he has been convicted of crime, therefore judicial stone throwing will be

in order. That will be the Kansas Senator's opportunity to tell "the absolute truth" and "appall the world." It would be doing the world a service, but would hardly appall it by confirming what had been generally suspected.

The *Toledo Times* says flatly that it does not see wherein "Mr. Burton's company, the Rialto get-rich-quick concern, differs in anything but degree and modus operandi from some notorious railroad financial and political deals which have had representation in the upper house of the national legislature." And it adds:

Mr. Burton's offense lies in that he was a small grafter and for an unpopular enterprise. He should have been honest or followed the well-beaten path of so many legislators who have continued to get rich in a few years on the meager salary Uncle Sam pays. He is disgraced, it would seem, more because he was a petty offender than because of his offense.

The *Boston Journal* has little patience with the Senator's excuses, and thinks that the effect of his conviction will be salutary. It says:

Senator Burton's explanation of his conduct was that he "needed the money" and that he understood that other Senators did not hesitate to take similar means of increasing their incomes. The first defense was no better than any common thief or defaulter might have made; and the second had no bearing upon Senator Burton's conduct. This striking object lesson of what a disregard for official proprieties may lead to should make a deep impression upon members of both houses at Washington.

French Schools and Religion.

Religious agitators with A. P. A. sympathies will get little comfort from the American comment on Premier Combes' bill which forbids all teaching by religious orders in France. The bill which has already passed the Chamber of Deputies, and seems certain to become a law, differs both in degree and in kind from M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Anti-Associations law of 1901. The Waldeck-Rousseau measure was aimed at orders which might be considered disloyal or dangerous. M. Combes' bill admits no such distinction, but proscribes educational effort by any religious order whatsoever. The *Philadelphia Ledger* remarks the curious historical significance of the present attitudes of France and Germany on this general subject:

The times are strange. Germany has, within the month, removed the prohibition which excluded Jesuits from her territory; France is driving out the Christian Brothers and the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. The Teutonic patron of the Reformation, no longer fearful of

Papal plots, opens her doors to the most dreaded sect of "the religious"; the Gallican refuge of the Popes, suddenly affrighted by the bogey of clerical domination, exiles the humble teaching orders.

That Pius X is likely to submit with no more outward grace to this measure than did Pius VII to the Concordat forced upon him in 1801 by the First Consul, seems likely enough; for there appears to be little of the time-server or the opportunist in the present Pope's moral make-up. Indeed he has already shown a decided inclination to resent the Combes policy. The Chicago Evening Post doesn't blame the Pope, and, moreover, objects to the Combes measure on general principles, saying:

This legislation violates the essential principles of republicanism. What right has a majority to do what the French would never permit a king, emperor or oligarchy to do— forbid a parent from teaching his children the religious and moral principles in which he himself believes? What sort of "liberty" is that which denies the freedom of religious and secular education? But what is the republic to do, hated and fought as she is by 99 per cent. of the membership of the monastic orders? The answer of the logical libertarians has been: "Repeal the agreement with Rome, withdraw the subsidies from the various churches and compel them to live on the voluntary contributions of their respective adherents. Having thus effected complete separation, recognize their right to preach and teach any doctrines they choose (treason and sedition of course excepted). Fight them intellectually and morally, in and under complete freedom of speech, discussion and teaching." In fine, the American policy was advocated for France.

And the New York Evening Post says:

M. Combes' "dare" to the Pope to denounce the Concordat seems to mean nothing less than the inclusion of Roman Catholicism in a warfare that so far has comprised only the monastic orders. For the Radicals and Socialists surely do not mean to stop at abolishing the national subsidies to religion. If the right of teaching has become a public peril, the right of preaching may at any time be voted into the same category. Already we have had persecution in the name of liberty. We may see more of it in the future; for Anti-Clericalism will survive its present apostle. To us all this talk about the Roman Catholic Church menacing the welfare and the very existence of the republic seems clearly a delusion.

**Mr. Hearst
No Longer a
Joke.**

There can be no doubt that during the past month William R. Hearst's campaign for the presidency increased in strength and aggressiveness. At first taken as a joke, or ignored altogether, his aspirations, and his progress

toward realization of them, now provoke serious journalistic comment throughout the country. Most of these expressions are condemnatory of Mr. Hearst. The New York Evening Post and some of the California papers have spoken with the utmost detestation of Mr. Hearst's personal character. The Post has bluntly called him a "low voluptuary," and has prophesied that "gutters will be dragged and sewers laid open" should his ambition reach the stage of actual candidacy. Many other papers have referred to this issue, but usually to dismiss it as a subject which it is needless, if not improper, to discuss. Virtually the only journalistic comment we have seen in favor of his aspiration is that which appears in his own newspapers. His platform is pretty clearly outlined in a letter, signed by him, which was read at a meeting held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, under the auspices of the "Hearst Labor League of Massachusetts." It is chiefly an attack upon the trusts, which are unsparingly condemned as the foes not alone of the laboring man, but of general business interests as well. The letter says:

The Steel Trust recently reduced the wages of its employees by more than \$7,000,000 per year. It did this in order to pay dividends on watered stock of purely fictitious values. And when the Steel Trust reduced the wages of its workmen by more than seven millions, it had in its treasury, according to its own official figures, a surplus of \$90,000,000. If one trust with ninety millions surplus is compelled to reduce its workmen's wages seven millions a year, how big a surplus would that trust require in order to raise its workmen's wages? If profits increase, more stock is issued. The profits are capitalized to the fullest possible extent, and water is added besides. Normal times come, times which ought to mean great and sufficient prosperity to everybody, and because this watered stock has been put out, and because the holders are clamoring for dividends, the wages of the workmen are cut to supply those dividends. . . . The object of a monopoly is to fix the price of the product and to control wages and hours. By controlling the product the trust is enabled to increase prices. It does this and injures the entire public.

Practically no attention has been paid to these economic propositions by the papers which have opposed Mr. Hearst. The Atlanta Journal, which may be considered fairly representative of the Southern press, says:

We do not believe that Mr. Hearst stands for true democracy. We have seen no picture drawn of him (and on his pay-roll are panegyrists of brilliance and persuasion) that makes us think him of Presidential mold. We said at

the outset that to nominate him meant party suicide, and that if he should by any freak of politics secure the nomination he would be so hopelessly defeated that it would take the Democratic party twenty-five years to recover from so crushing a blow. He has never made a public speech of which we have any knowledge but has responded to the numerous invitations for public addresses by letters, which ordinarily reputable men affirm were written by others.

The Houston (Tex.) Chronicle says that "to nominate a young man utterly without experience in legislation or statesmanship, who has never given the slightest evidence of fitness for the great office of President, would be to start on the highway to ignominious defeat and would be equivalent to the deliberately planned suicide of a great party."

And the Richmond Times-Dispatch disposes of Mr. Hearst in this way:

Mr. Hearst has not exhibited any force of character or intellect, and his widespread notoriety is due to the fact that he bought a great chain of papers with inherited millions, and hired the best brains to be had to aid him in publishing them. At present Mr. Hearst has gained some little metallic applause from the paid followers of paid organizers, but he has not touched the hem of the garment of the real democracy of this country. Mr. Hearst's candidacy is an insult to the intelligence and character of the Democrats of this country, and his nomination would be irreparable ruin. When the matter comes to the final test, Mr. Hearst will find, as he justly deserves, that character cannot be made by newspaper notoriety, nor capacity bought with campaign funds.

On the other hand, the St. Louis Mirror, while vigorously opposing the nomination of a voluptuary, says:

The fact that he is a millionaire cannot alone account for his measure of success. It were idle to insist that the delegates he is gathering in are all bought with his money. The labor support is, in large measure, doubtless sincere, and, so far as it goes, may be taken as a sign that the democrats will not be wholly wise if they depart too far from the tone and spirit of their last two platforms.

The Springfield Republican (Ind.), under the caption "The Queer Hearst Movement," makes this significant comment:

Hearst is an imperialist, and is hand-in-glove with the "plutocracy" on that point. He is a promoter of militarism, and has done all he could in his peculiar newspaper way—doubtless very effective with a large class of people—to spur the country on to the creation of great armaments, the burden of which falls heavily upon the very people whose interests he pretends to champion; and here again he is cheek by jowl with the influences which he pretends to be fighting against.

Mr. Walter Wellman, the Washington

correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald, gives a striking description of the trip which Mr. Hearst made through the South, escorted by Representative Griggs of Georgia. He declares that throughout the trip "Hearst was tongue-tied. He could not, at least did not, open his mouth. He was as inane as he looked." Continuing, Mr. Wellman says:

One of the men who rode with Hearst nearly the whole of one day and tried to talk with him thus relates his experience: "I could not carry on a conversation with the man. He did not seem to know anything. He had no views, at least he did not express any. He was not only shy; he seemed to be deficient in his thinking department. I did my best to encourage him, to warm him up and get something out of him. But I was forced to give it up as a bad job. And I was, too, forced to the conclusion that nothing came out because there was nothing inside, and that he has brains only when Arthur Brisbane and his other brilliant men on his staff are at hand to make and express ideas for him."

The Pittsburg Press points—**The Sully Rocket** edly remarks, concerning **—and Stick** the collapse of the cotton corner planned by Daniel J. Sully, frequently spoken of as the "Cotton King"—"Cotton was King, not Sully." And this is the gist of most of the economic analysis of Sully's rise and fall on the New York Cotton Exchange. Most of the comment is strongly condemnatory not alone of this particular "deal," but of all similar deals and the would-be dealers. From the first announcement of Sully's collapse it was taken for granted pretty generally that the entire transaction was decidedly questionable, even from the standpoint of the rather uncertain ethics of Wall Street. And this assumption appears to have been amply justified: for the inquiry on behalf of Sully's creditors seems to have established that in constructing this particular "corner," he made use of pretty much all manner of angles—except the "straight" angle.

In the same vein of the economic epigram already quoted, is the Boston Journal's summary of Sully's failure: "The man who persistently defies the natural laws of supply and demand, and attempts too much, is, like the boy who tried to pull out a fistful of filberts from the narrow-mouthed jar, certain to find his mistake." The Pittsburg Dispatch observes that "his system of importing wholesale gambling into

legitimate business was held by the gossip of the markets to spell the success which is worshipped there," and continues:

The speculative exaggeration of the advance closed down cotton mills and presented in wholesale trade the spectacle of houses selling their stocks for less than they could replace them for. Finally when the market was supposed to have settled down about the 15-cent point many mills started up, and now the smash comes. Manufacturers who have stocked up with raw cotton at 15 to 16 cents may be seriously embarrassed if not actually bankrupted by the drop following Sully's failure.

The New York Evening Post calls attention to the harmful effects upon industry of such "deals," inasmuch as "the spinner and the miller are obliged to resort to this very purchase on a 'future delivery' basis, in order to organize their own plans for a season's manufacture. But as the price which he pays to-day is regulated by the prevalent price on the open market, it follows that the legitimate consumer will be harassed, subjected to loss, and sometimes ruined, by such operations as that of Sully and his associates." As to the "corner" itself, and the effect of its failure upon the promoters thereof, the Post says:

A vast amount of fictitious trading is involved; during this very Sully episode, there have been single days when speculators have bought or sold, on the Cotton Exchange, nearly twice as much cotton as existed in all the markets of the world. What happens to the participants in pure gambling operations of this sort, nobody seriously cares.

The Merger Decision

The most important discussion of the Merger Decision, briefly reported in the department of "Current History" last month, is that which took place in the Supreme Court itself—for the court was not merely divided five to four in favor of outlawing the combination of parallel roads (attempted by the organization of the Northern Securities Company to hold the stock of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific), but the five judges who formed the majority were themselves divided, four to one, as to whether all combinations of competing roads were outlawed by the Sherman Act, or merely combinations which "unreasonably" restrained competition.

For the majority, Justice Harlan holds that when an agreement prevents, or tends to prevent, competition, it is unlawful:

"That the [Sherman] act is not limited to restraints of interstate and international trade or commerce that are unreasonable in their nature,

but is directed against all direct restraints, reasonable or unreasonable; that combinations even among private manufacturers or dealers whereby interstate or international commerce is restrained are equally embraced by the act; that Congress has the power to establish rules by which interstate and international commerce shall be governed, and by the anti-trust act has prescribed the rule of free competition among those engaged in such commerce."

To this opinion he adds the following still more striking utterance:

"Many persons, we may judicially know, of wisdom, experience and learning, believe that such a rule is more necessary in these days of enormous wealth than it ever was in any former period of our history; indeed, that the time has come when the public needs to be protected against the exactions of corporations wielding the power which attends the possession of unlimited capital."

Justice Brewer, who held with the majority against the Northern Securities Company, indicated that on many other attempted combinations of railroads he might side with the minority, and by his vote make it the majority. He said:

"Instead of holding that the anti-trust act included all contracts, reasonable or unreasonable, in restraint of interstate trade, the ruling should have been that the contracts there presented were in themselves unreasonable restraints of interstate trade, and therefore within the scope of the act. Congress did not intend by that act to reach and destroy those minor contracts in partial restraint of trade which the long course of decisions at common law had affirmed were reasonable and ought to be upheld."

Of the separate dissenting opinions, the most radical is that of Justice White, who says:

"The ownership of stock in a state corporation cannot be said to be in any sense traffic between the States or intercourse between them. . . .

"The principle that the ownership of property is embraced within the power of Congress to regulate commerce, whenever that body deems that a particular character of ownership, if allowed to continue, may restrain commerce between the States or create a monopoly thereof, is in my opinion in conflict with the most elementary conception of rights of property. For it would follow if Congress deemed that the acquisition by one or more individuals engaged in interstate commerce of more than a certain amount of property would be prejudicial to interstate commerce, the amount of property held or the amount which could be employed in interstate commerce could be regulated."

The decision elicited extended and most serious journalistic comment throughout the country, and nearly all of this comment is in approval of the spirit of the ruling. It is noteworthy that the comment bears upon three virtually distinct aspects of the decision, to wit: its immediate legal and po-

litical significance; the possibility or necessity of its logical application in the future, and the moral effect of the narrow margin by which it was reached.

The New York Sun, which, as would be expected, is unfriendly toward the anti-monopoly principle laid down by the court, sees in it an opportunity to embarrass President Roosevelt. It says:

"None of the refinements or qualifications of phraseology in Mr. Justice Harlan's opinion is of very great importance in comparison with the broad principle here asserted. It is a principle which Mr. Justice White denounces as destructive of human liberty and of organized society. Yet it is the principle for which President Roosevelt, with all the power of his administration, and Attorney-General Knox, with all the subtleties of his corporation-educated intellect, have been steadily contending. With the law as it stands, under this decision it becomes Mr. Roosevelt's duty to proceed impartially against every corporation or combination tending to restrain interstate commerce or to monopolize trade, no matter how reasonable, or possessing the potentialities of restraint or monopoly. Against whom will the Hon. Philander C. Knox be next directed to proceed? Will it be the Standard Oil Company?"

The New York Times, which also usually represents the Wall Street point of view toward questions of this sort, accepts the court's decision as a reasonable interpretation of the Sherman Anti-Trust law, but calls upon Congress to repeal the law instantly, since this ruling applies to "85 per cent. of the railroad mileage of the country." Says the Times:

"The confusion, tumult, and panic that would ensue if an attempt were made to enforce the law against all these violators of it transcend the power of imagination to picture forth. Yet it is not President Roosevelt that is to blame, it is not Attorney-General Knox, least of all is it the Supreme Court. It was guided only by the language of the law, and anybody who reads the act can see that the court's opinion puts upon it no strained and artificial construction. Congress has given to the country this crude, ill-considered, harsh, destructive and dangerous statute; it is to Congress that the country must look for a remedy. The national legislature did not know what it was doing when it passed this act."

The Baltimore Sun (Dem.) thinks that "the one great fact shining out from the momentous decision just rendered is that the people are the rightful masters of their own commerce and can make remedial laws which the courts will sustain. Those who have been counting on the effacement of the time-honored right of free competition have evidently been reckoning without the host."

And the Baltimore American (Rep.) says that "the way is now open for the adoption of more satisfactory methods of dealing with the many questions that have arisen since the era of trusts began." Similarly, the New York Tribune (Rep.) says that "the decision will certainly bring home to the people a renewed sense of the responsibility of corporations to the law;" and the Chicago Chronicle (Dem.) adds in the same spirit: "It is too late in the day to discuss at length the power of Congress over interstate commerce, and most people will be pleased to observe that the court is not disposed to accept the idea that men who deliberately violate law do so with innocent intentions."

As to the future application of this ruling, several newspapers comment vigorously on Attorney-General Knox's statement that "the Government is claiming no more now in respect to this case than it did before," and that "the Government does not mean to run amuck." The Springfield Republican (Ind.), sharply challenging these utterances, says:

"They amount to an admission that the prosecution of the Northern Securities Company was for political effect, and for no other purpose whatever. And having won the case the Government or Administration is content, and will go no further—at least until after the presidential election. How is it possible to justify such an attitude? As matters stand, these other systems, or the men conducting them, are left in full consciousness of acting in violation of law, and the country is left in full knowledge of the same fact."

As a remedy the Republican suggests that "the President should send a special message to Congress calling attention to the situation as left by this decision of the court," and that "he should then urge an amendment of the anti-trust law excluding railroads from its operations; to be followed by an amendment to the interstate commerce law recognizing the essentially monopolistic character of railroading, and bringing these monopolies strictly under the control of the Government as to rates and charges."

The New York Evening Post (Ind.) sees in the narrow margin by which the decision was reached, a suggestion of "compromise in a disquieting sense," and thinks that the "prestige of the Supreme Court has suffered seriously" from a series of such decisions. "For when a case finds an evenly divided court, and is settled only by a single neutral justice who finds both sides wrong, yet concurs in one opinion while condemning the

arguments that sustain it, there is always a certain suspicion that his finding is based rather on expediency than on equity or law. The present wobbling tendency denotes lack of tone, and that can be restored only by the quickening effect of new personalities with old ideas of judicial intelligence."

The Service Pension Ruling The ruling of Commissioner Ware, which provides pensions for honorably discharged soldiers of the Civil

War who shall have reached the age of 62 years, has called forth much criticism, not alone from the set opponents of President Roosevelt's administration, but from that considerable element who, on general principles, are suspicious of pensions. President Roosevelt's political adversaries—at least the partisan ones—are loud in their declarations that he has inspired this ruling of the Commissioner's for the purpose of "catching the soldier vote." On the other hand, it is asserted that aged soldiers of the Civil War are as much entitled to pensions as are the veterans of the Mexican War, and attention is called to the fact that a bill providing pensions for this latter class was signed by President Cleveland, who himself once said that he would feel inclined to waive all recognition of his work as a public official if the American people would appreciate what he had done toward reforming pension abuses.

Of his ruling, Commissioner Ware himself says: "It would seem that if, thirty-nine years after the expiration of service, a Mexican War soldier was entitled to a pension at sixty-two years, and no other requisite for drawing pension should exist except age, that to soldiers of the Civil War, who fought vastly more and longer, at least as good a rule ought to apply." And the St. Louis Globe-Democrat (Rep.) remarks: "No one complained of the Mexican War pension bill of 1887, nor would there be any objection to the latest order of the Pension Department, except on the ground that the claimants will be far more numerous. As a matter of equity, that has nothing to do with the case. The Civil War called for a host of men. That was not the fault of the men." The Minneapolis Tribune (Rep.) also supports the measure, and says: "A sort of retired list is to be created for veterans over the age at which army officers are retired. Every veteran over sixty-two is to receive a pension of \$5 a month. This is to be in-

creased to \$12 with advancing age. The cost of it cannot be estimated; but it does not matter what the cost is, since the new pensions will be limited to worthy persons. This order will accomplish every proper result of a service pension act, without any risk of the evils that always attend new pension legislation."

The conclusions of the act relate chiefly, though not entirely, to the fact that the Executive had created a new army of old-age pensioners without awaiting the authorization of Congress. The Philadelphia Public Ledger (Independent) expresses this view as follows:

"If the Commissioner's extraordinary 'ruling' is not a dangerous arbitrary encroachment upon the powers of Congress, and a flagrant disregard of constitutional provisions, that fact should be clearly established to the satisfaction of the country. President Roosevelt owes it not only to the country, whose servant he is, but to himself, to set aside at once the unwarranted and unwarrantable 'ruling' of his subordinate, the Commissioner of Pensions. He should not fail to perceive that national statutes cannot be constitutionally made in that easy-going fashion. He is not ignorant of the truth that it is not the duty of the executive branch of the Government to enact laws, but to execute them."

Some of the Democratic papers are still more extreme in their condemnation of the ruling. The Hartford Times, for example, says that before long "the two hundred thousand invalids who did camp duty a few months during the so-called war with Spain in 1898 will all be clamoring for pensions (thousands of them are doing it now), and they will have votes enough to get what they want. So long as there are votes to be got for granting pensions, the pension list will not cease to gain its large annual increment." And the New Orleans Picayune sums up its judgment in the following language:

"The action of the Secretary of the Interior and the Pensions Commissioner in proclaiming that old age constituted a disability entitling veterans of the Civil War to a pension, is one of the most barefaced and outrageous of the very many scandals that have disgraced pension administration in this country. The action of the Administration—and the President himself is as much to blame as anybody—in this service pension case is a direct usurpation of the legislative functions of the Congress, a usurpation which the legislative body will no doubt resent in due time. There can be only one motive assigned for this outrageous bit of business, namely, an effort to secure the veteran vote at the coming presidential election, which is not only highly reprehensible, but is absolutely and unmistakably illegal."

Books on Vital Issues

The Truth About the Trusts*

"The Truth About the Trusts" is rather a defiant title and naturally prompts a denial of its justice. An examination of Mr. Moody's volume, however, shows that the title is very nearly justified. Had he called his book "The Facts About the Trusts" no exception at all could have been taken to his claim. With singular fulness, clearness and accuracy, he has stated the facts regarding the development and present magnitude of the American trust movement. When, however, he turns from facts to principles, and discusses the effects of this movement upon the public welfare, his volume is signally inadequate. He has nothing to say regarding the effects of monopoly upon the enterprise and inventiveness which have heretofore characterized American industry. He has practically nothing to say about the influence of monopoly in raising prices and thus making poorer those who must purchase from it in all other lines of business. He has nothing to say about the influence of monopoly upon the wages or hours or personal independence of its workmen. Indeed, the phases of monopoly about which the ordinary American citizen is most troubled, have scarcely concerned Mr. Moody at all. His national reputation is as the editor of an authoritative "Manual of Corporation Securities," and he instinctively looks at Trusts from the standpoint of an investor. But he looks at them from the standpoint of an investor who is singularly clear-eyed, and who has no wish to disguise any fact of real significance.

At the very outset of this volume Mr. Moody shows the clearness of his insight by his definition of Trusts. Instead of defining them as "corporations organized for business upon a large scale"—as do so many of the politicians who defend Trusts—he goes at once at the essential characteristic of a Trust, and defines it in the words of Mr. S. C. T. Dodd, as "a com-

bination formed with the intent, power or tendency to monopolize business, to restrain or interfere with competitive trade, or to fix, influence or increase the prices of commodities." The justice of this definition will not be questioned by anyone who examines it. A large corporation is not a Trust. So long as the Carnegie Steel Company built up its enormous business by producing more cheaply than its rivals, no one ever arraigned it as a Trust. Only when it combined with its rivals to reduce competition and promote monopoly was the word "Trust" used. Similarly in the railroad world—so long as the New York Central, under old Cornelius Vanderbilt, simply joined one connecting railroad line with another—no anti-monopoly cry was raised against him. The joining of connecting roads was felt to be a public advantage. It was only when parallel roads were combined, so that they could no longer compete, that the cry of Trust was raised. It was because The Great Northern and Northern Pacific were parallel roads that Attorney-General Knox instituted his suit under the anti-trust act to prevent The Northern Securities Company from owning them both. The essential feature of a Trust is a combination of competing plants; and Mr. Moody, by treating only such combinations as Trusts, has made his book a clarifying one instead of adding to the confusion in which the Trust question is enveloped.

When Mr. Moody turns to the discussion of monopoly, he speaks of it as "one of the fundamental tendencies of civilization," and declares that "any sentiment or agitation which does not reckon with this natural tendency will prove both futile and ineffective. Such laws as the Sherman Anti-Trust Act," he goes on, "prove little more than toys in the face of these natural tendencies." Continuing, he quotes with approval a trust magnate, who says that "where formerly small producers competed to reduce cost and undersell competitors by means of greater economy and superior efficiency, he has now gone beyond that point. The advantages he now seeks are not so crude. They consist in going to the

*THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TRUSTS. A description and analysis of the American Trust Movement. By John Moody. Moody Pub. Co., New York. \$5.00

root of things, in acquiring and dominating the sources of supply and raw material; in controlling shipping rights of way; in securing exclusive benefits, rebates on large shipments, beneficial legislation, etc." "In making these 'short cuts,'" says Mr. Moody in comment, "it may be that men are sometimes obliged to break through the lines of abstract justice to achieve their ends. But where they do this, it appears that society is apt to endorse these methods on the general theory that the end justifies the means." The completeness of Mr. Moody's faith in the beneficence of monopoly has freed him from the temptation to minimize the monopoly element in trust enterprises. "Judiciously administered—as it generally is"—he declares "the element of monopoly is a product of vast benefit both to the public and its possessors." This shows the author's point of view. Now for the facts about trust development, which he has stated with such singular clearness.

The first part of his work is a detailed history of the seven "greater industrial trusts"—copper, smelting, sugar, tobacco, shipping, oil and steel. Then follows a briefer account of eighty-five industrial trusts of the second rank. Practically every comment the author makes is, from the investor's standpoint, well thought out. The failure of the Copper Trust, for instance, he attributes to the absence of the element of monopoly—the Copper Trust controlling barely one-third of the copper production in this country, and less than one-sixth of the copper production of the world. "No trust," says Mr. Moody, "can succeed under a load of watered capitalization, unless it possesses a monopoly (some legal or natural advantage which tends, at least, to offset in value the amount of capitalized water)."

When he turns to the Steel Trust, he inquires with care into the extent to which that organization enjoys monopoly advantages through its ownership of the mining properties from which its raw materials are drawn. Mr. Schwab, it may be recalled, rather conservatively estimated the value of all the plants, mills, and transportation properties of the Steel Trust at \$380,000,000, but valued at \$1,100,000 its ore, coal, natural gas, and limestone properties. Mr. Moody states that this last estimate was little better than a promoter's guess, though the value of the mining

properties might one day exceed Mr. Schwab's high figure if the trust ever obtained a monopoly of the ore deposits of the country. But this detailed history of the trusts we can not follow in a brief review. The two general facts of greatest importance which are brought out are these: First, that the Trusts engaged in manufacturing have found it exceedingly difficult to keep small independent concerns from taking away their business. This, of course, does not hold good where the Trusts monopolize the sources of their raw material, but where they are simply engaged in manufacturing, their greater size gives them less advantage than has been feared. Even the Standard Oil Company has not been able absolutely to monopolize the refining of oil. Only about one Industrial Trust out of four has been able to control as much as four-fifths of the product in its industry, and a large number of them control less than one-half of it. The other fact of public importance is the stupendous aggregate which these Trust securities have attained. The seven greater Industrial Trusts have a capitalization (and also a market value) of \$2,662,000,000 and the three hundred and eleven lesser Trusts have an aggregate capitalization of \$4,584,000,000, making the total capitalization of the Industrial Trusts \$7,246,000,000! This sum, it may be stated, is more than the value of all the property in the eleven seceding States, including the value of the slaves at the time the Civil War began.

Turning from Industrial Trusts, the author deals with the Greater Franchise Trusts. In this field, he shows that the element of monopoly is more strikingly present. It is, indeed, true that about 40 per cent. of the telephones of the country are owned by independent companies; but these "competing" companies, as a rule, do not really compete with the great telephone monopoly in the cities where it is entrenched. The chief value of the Franchise Trusts, it is pointed out, comes from the municipal monopolies which they possess. The author illustrates this by citing the case of the electric lighting industry in Manhattan Island. In 1898, he says, properties which, a few months before, had had an outstanding capitalization of less than twenty-four million dollars were consolidated in a company with a capitalization of seventy-six million dollars. "Here was

an increase in capitalization which represented either franchise value or pure inflation. At the present time the market value of the stocks and bonds has so increased that the value of all the securities involved is something like seventy-five million, or an increase of about fifty million dollars, over the amount of money which had actually been put into property. This fifty million dollars logically represents the present value of the franchises." Apparently anticipating the suggestion that the city which gives these franchise values ought to own them, he says, "There is nothing in the above demonstration to indicate that a franchise monopoly should not exist. On the contrary, it is a natural condition and there is no way to prevent its existence, and furthermore there should be no desire on the part of the public to prevent its existence."

Of course the general public will dissent strongly from this conclusion. For the future, cities should retain the ownership of their public franchises, leasing them, if at all, only for a stated term of years. For the franchises alienated in the past the public has also a remedy against monopoly exactions. Again and again the courts have held that the rates charged by such monopolies are subject to public regulation, and that while the public may not reduce rates so as to deprive the corporations of a fair rate of interest on the capital they have actually invested, it may reduce them so as to protect itself against paying interest on watered capital. Wherever the companies have issued stocks and bonds in excess of their actual investment, this fictitious capitalization has no legal rights. To require the public to pay interest on capital never lent to it is, in the eyes of the law, extortion, which it is not only the right, but also the duty, of the Legislature to prevent.

But the other conclusion which Mr. Moody reaches regarding the "Greater Franchise Trusts" is one to which no such exception can be taken. It relates to the aggregate value of the securities which they now have upon the market. In this, as in other statistical matters, Mr. Moody's table is of the highest authority. It does not include all the franchise monopolies in the country, but only the larger ones, which are now operating the plants formerly operated by several competing companies. These "Important Franchise Trusts," 111 in number,

representing the street railway, gas, electric lighting, telephone and telegraph industries, have over ninety per cent. of their business in our larger cities. Yet their capitalization aggregates \$3,735,000,000—or more than one thousand dollars for every family in the cities in which they operate! The magnitude of this "public debt" on which the people of our cities are paying interest in their car fares, gas bills and the like is little less than appalling.

Turning finally to the railroads, Mr. Moody takes up a question of the highest interest upon which absolutely exact knowledge is impossible, but his opinions are of the highest value. This question is the extent to which the railroads of the country are already controlled by the six great groups of financiers who so largely dominate the railway world—the Vanderbilt group, the Pennsylvania group, the Morgan group, the Gould-Rockefeller group, the Harriman-Kuhn-Loeb group, and the Moore group. The conclusions which he reaches are as follows:

"There are now about 204,000 miles of steam railroad lines in the United States, whose aggregate capitalization is about \$12,000,000,000. Of this the six groups or "communities of interest" control *directly* 164,556 miles; they dominate and partially control 13,165 miles, and it is evidently only a question of two or three years when they will absorb most of the latter.

"Not only is this enormous percentage of railway property dominated by these six groups, but these groups themselves are in many important ways linked one to the other, and the various interests which control them overlap, as it were, into each other's group or circle. In fact, the six groups, with the "independent" allied lines, are really banded together by the closest of commercial and industrial ties. There are elements in every group which are also parts of other groups. Thus, the dominating men in the Morgan group are also important factors in the Gould, Pennsylvania, and the Moore groups; and the Rockefeller-Gould interests are represented to a greater or less degree in every group and also in most of the "independent" allied lines. The whole aggregation thus makes up a gigantic "community of interest" or Railroad Trust, being allied together by most remarkable and intricate ties of interdependence and mutual advantage. While nominally controlled and operated by nearly two thousand corporations, the steam railroads of the country really make up a mammoth transportation Trust, which is dominated by a handful of far-seeing and masterful financiers.

"Not only do these financiers dominate their respective groups, but, as stated above, the most important of them, such as Rockefeller, Morgan, Harriman, Gould, and Vanderbilt, are interested in and more or less dominate all the groups, and

in this way knit together the entire railroad system of the country into this greater "community" or "Trust."

The aggregate capitalization of the railroads directly controlled by these six great interdependent groups is \$9,017,000,000, and that of the allied "independent" roads which they partly control is \$380,000,000 more, making the total capitalization of the "railroad trust" nearly nine and a half billion dollars! Nor does even this statement content the author as fully showing the concentrated power of the leaders in the railroad world. "It is," he adds, "both interesting and important to note that these able and influential capitalists who control this Railroad Trust are also the men who dictate the policies of and control the Steel Trust, The Oil Trust, the Copper Trust, the Tobacco Trust, the New York City Franchise aggregations, and many other enterprises of the same kind, great and small."

The last statement forms a fitting preface to the grand totals of Trust capitalization, with which his tables conclude. These read as follows:

Totals of all Industrial Trusts.	\$ 7,246,000,000
Totals of all Franchise and Transportation Trusts.	13,132,000,000
Grand totals of all Trusts	\$20,379,000,000

Here is an aggregate exceeding the wealth of many empires—nearly doubling, indeed, the estimated wealth of Spain. Furthermore, the power wielded by the control of wealth is greater than that wielded by the control of government. A more than imperial power therefore is wielded by those in control of the Trusts of America. Had the Northern Securities decision been other than it was, it would have been possible for a single corporation to have obtained a majority interest in all these Trusts, and for the holders of a majority of its stock to establish an industrial autocracy within our political democracy and forever at strife with it for the mastery. The decision of the court does not free us from this danger, though it postpones it, and gives the public time to prepare. For the manufacturing Trusts, it may yet be possible, by destroying the unrighteous contracts and discriminations by which they are favored, to restore the competition of independent plants managed by their owners

instead of by absentee promoters. But in the field of the franchise and transportation Trusts the restoration of competition is now impossible. Monopoly is inevitable, and the American people must prepare to make this monopoly their servant, or it is bound to be their master. C. B. S.

Letters from a Chinese Official*

There is only one disappointing thing about the "Letters from a Chinese Official" which is making so profound an impression upon the reading public of Great Britain, and that is that it is not actually the work of a Chinese. It is very far, however, from being merely a masterpiece of literary artifice. The author, whom we learn to be G. Lowes Dickinson, of Kings College, Cambridge, has put himself in the place of a traveled Chinaman, whose heart turns back to his own civilization. From this point of view he has written a defense of China against Western aggression, which enlists the glowing sympathy of all persons who share his inspiring passion for human rights. No such ringing rebuke to race scorn has been given in many years, and, best of all, it is a rebuke which softens hearts instead of hardening them.

The author begins, much as Wu-Ting-Fang—the recent Chinese Minister to America—might have done, by reminding his Anglo-Saxon readers that China also has a civilization, which for better or for worse the Chinese love, as it is a part of their very lives. With us, he notes, the individual is the unit of society. "No one is tied, but also no one is rooted." As soon as children are of age they are sent out to make their fortune, and "from that moment often enough as they cease to be dependent on their parents, so they cease to recognize obligations to them." In China, on the other hand, the individual begins and ends his life as a member of his family group. "He is taught to worship his ancestors, to honor and obey his parents. Marriage does not dissolve the family; the husband remains, and the wife becomes a member of his group of kinsmen, and this group is the social unit. It has its common plot of ground, its common altar and rites, its tribunal for settling disputes

*LETTERS FROM A CHINESE OFFICIAL. Being an Eastern View of Western Civilization. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York, 1903. 50 cents.

among its members. No man in China is isolated save by his own fault. If it is not so easy for him to grow rich, as with you, neither is it so easy for him to starve. Free at once from the torment of ambition and apprehension of distress, he has leisure to spare from the acquisition of the means of living for life itself. . . . Admitting that we are not what you call a progressive people, we perceive that progress may be bought too dear."

Turning from this clear statement of the basis of Chinese social relations as distinguished from our own, the author pictures what the relations mean to the tillers of the ground in China, who constitute the great mass of people. "I can," he says, "hit on no better device to bring home to you something that is in my mind, than to endeavor to set down here, as faithfully as I can, a picture that never ceases to haunt my memory as I walk in these dreary winter days the streets of your black metropolis. Far away in the East on the shores of a broad river stands the house where I was born. It is one among thousands, but every one stands in its own garden, simply painted in white or gray, modest, cheerful and clean. For many miles along the valley, one after the other, they lift up their blue—or red—tiled roofs out of a sea of green, while here and there glitters out over a clump of trees the gold enamel of some tall pagoda. The river crossed by frequent bridges and crowded with barges and junks bears on its clear stream the traffic of thriving village markets, for prosperous peasants people all the district, owning and tilling the fields their fathers owned and tilled before them. The soil on which they work, they may say they and their ancestors have made. . . . Here in this lovely valley live thousands of souls, without any law save that of custom, without any rule save that of their own hearths. Industrious they are—as you hardly know industry in Europe; but it is the industry of free men working for their kith and kin on the lands they receive from their fathers, to transmit, enriched by their labors, to their sons. . . . Among such a people there is no room for fierce, indecent rivalries. None is master, none servant, but equality concrete and real regulates and sustains their intercourse." The author does not claim that Chinese cities present any such picture of human equality, but he reminds us that in the cities of the

West also there are classes living in abnormal degradation as well as those living in dearly bought splendor.

The essential characteristic of Western industrial civilization, which he asks us to consider, is the uncertainty of the future livelihood of nearly every individual. He admits the stimulating effect of this uncertainty in prodding men to start out upon new lines of enterprise and invention, and to increase the production of wealth. "But the Chinese," he says, "dread these uncertainties." When the first Western railway was being constructed from Tient-sin to Peking, the fear of the Chinese that this enterprise would take away the livelihood of the thousands of boatmen who had carried goods on the canals along the line of the projected railway, led to a great riot in which the railway ties were torn up, bridges destroyed, and work rendered impossible. Had such a riot occurred in the West, says the author, it would have been put down by force of arms. In China, however, the Government sent an official to talk with the rioters, learn their fears, and pledge them that the new railway would not be permitted seriously to lessen their traffic. The English regarded the attitude of the Chinese Government with astonishment not unminged with indignation. They spoke of the "ultimate absorption" of the displaced labor in other trades and urged that in the "long run" it would be as well for the temporarily displaced laborers if their work were transferred to railway hands. But the Chinese did not so regard it. They believe that the disturbance of industry, which comes from the constant introduction of European inventions, instead of being temporary, is chronic. They care more for freedom from disturbance than they care for an increase in the production of wealth, and the serenity of their industrial life has brought with it certain spiritual gains. It has lessened the absorption of the best minds in material struggles, has created a greater love of nature, and a greater reverence for literature. "When," writes the author, "I look at your business men whom you most admire; when I see them hour after hour, day after day, year after year, toiling in the mill of their forced and undelighted labors, when I see them importing the anxieties of the days into their scant and grudging leisure, and wearing themselves out less by toil than by carking and illiberal cares, I reflect, I confess,

with satisfaction on the simpler routine of our ancient industry, and will prize above all your new and dangerous routes the beaten track so familiar to our accustomed feet that we have leisure even while we pace it to turn our a e up to the eternal stars."

Turning from the materialism of Western civilization, as it appears to thoughtful men in the Orient, the author challenges the sincerity of our faith in the spiritual religion which we profess. This religion, he declares, has certainly no vital influence upon the public policy of Western nations toward the people of the Orient. "What fills me with amazement," he writes, "is the fact that the nations of Europe should attempt to justify their acts from the standpoint of the Gospel of Christ, and that there should be found among them a Christian potentate, who, in sending forth his soldiers on an errand of revenge, should urge them, in the name of him who bade us turn the other cheek, not merely to attack, not merely to kill, but to kill without quarter! What further proof is needed that the religion you profess, whatever effect it may have on individual lives, has little or none on public policy. It may inspire, here and there, some retired saint; it has never inspired those who control the State. What use is it, then, to profess that, in essence, it is a religion higher than ours?" The Chinese may have an inferior ethical code, but they do abhor violence, and reverence reason and right. In the words of Sir Robert Hart, the great English administrator of Chinese finances: "They are well-behaved, law-abiding, intelligent, economical and industrious; they can learn anything and do anything; they are punctiliously polite; they worship talent, and they believe in right so firmly that they scorn to think it requires to be supported or enforced by might; they delight in literature, and everywhere they have their literary clubs. . . . A man must be more than wealthy to win popular esteem and respect. . . . In no country that is or was has the commandment 'Honor thy father and thy mother' been so religiously obeyed, or so fully and without exception given effect to, and it is in fact the key-

note of their family, social, official and national life." The phrase of Sir Robert, which the author dwells upon, is that the Chinese "believe in right so firmly that they scorn to think that it requires to be supported or enforced by might." "Irony of ironies!" he exclaims, "it is the nations of Christendom that have come to teach us by sword and fire, that right in this world is powerless unless it be supported by might." Then he narrates in detail the course which the Western nations have followed in their dealings with China. "You have compelled us, against our will, to open our ports to your trade; you have forced us to permit the introduction of a drug which we believe is ruining our people; you have exempted your subjects, residing among us, from the operation of our laws. Every attempt on our part to resist your demand has been followed by new claims and new aggressions. Imagine that you had to submit to all this. Would you be so greatly surprised, would you really even be indignant, if you found one day the Chinese Legation surrounded by a howling mob? A Legation is sacrosanct by the law of nations. Yes; but remember that it was at the point of the sword that you forced us to receive Embassies whose presence we have always regarded as a sign of national humiliation. But our mobs were barbarous and cruel. Alas! yes. And your troops? And your troops, nations of Christendom? Ask the once fertile land from Peking to the coast; ask the corpses of murdered men and outraged women and children; ask the innocent mingled indiscriminately with the guilty; ask the Christ, the lover of men, whom you profess to serve, to judge between us who rose in mad despair to save our country, and you who, avenging crime with crime, did not pause to reflect that the crime you avenged was the fruit of your own iniquity!"

No one can read the impassioned arraignment of the course of the Western nations toward China without feeling that the dread of the "yellow peril" among the Western nations is but the nightmare of a madman compared with the reality of the "white peril" to the patriots of the Orient.

Cartoons upon Current Events



SPEAKING OF CIRCUSES—WE HAVE ONE THE YEAR ROUND

—Charles Nelan—New York Globe and Commercial Advertiser



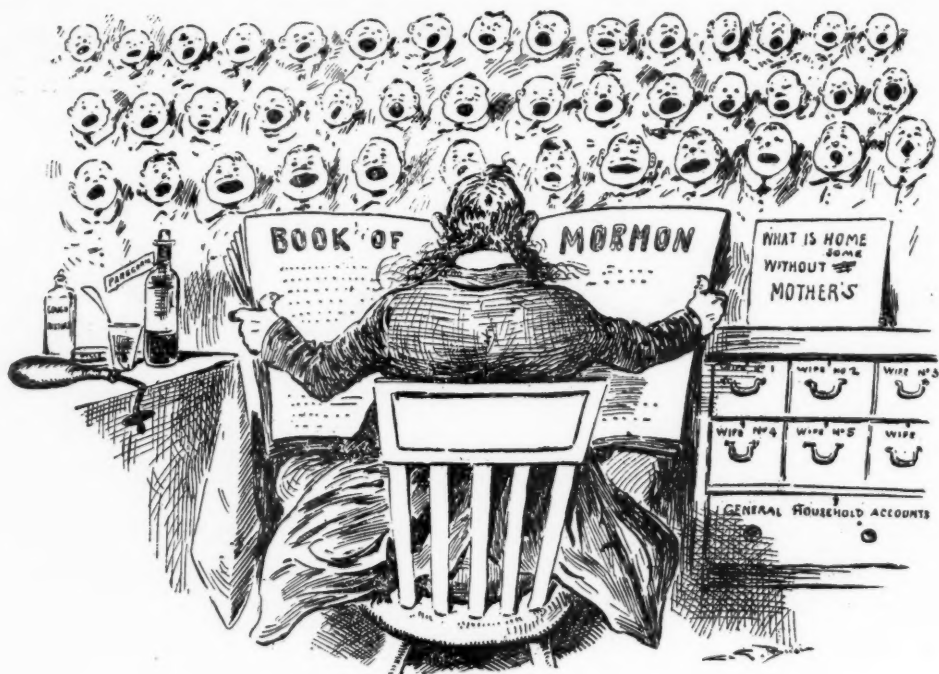
SOWING

—Brinkerhoff—Toledo Blade



A MODERN DAVID

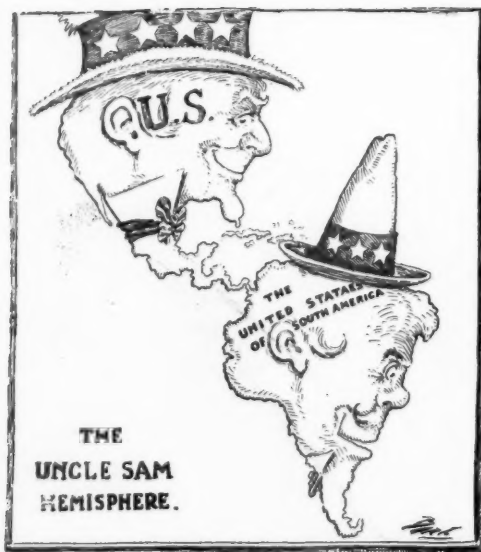
—Naughton—Minneapolis Tribune



"PAPA"

AND YET THERE ARE MEN THAT SHRINK FROM MARRIAGE

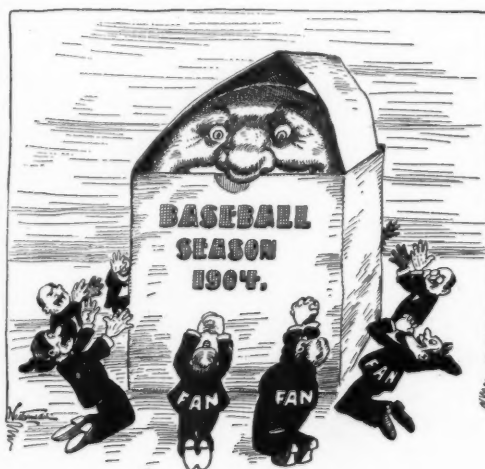
—C. G. Bush—New York World



THIS SUITS US

NO ONE WOULD SMILE WITH MORE SATISFACTION
THAN THE UNCLE SAM OF THE NORTH OVER THE
ADVENT OF AN UNCLE SAM OF THE SOUTH

—Minneapolis Journal



"PEEK-A-BOO!"

—H. F. Westerman—Ohio State Journal



"GEE WHIZ!"

—Charles Nelan—New York Globe and Commercial Advertiser



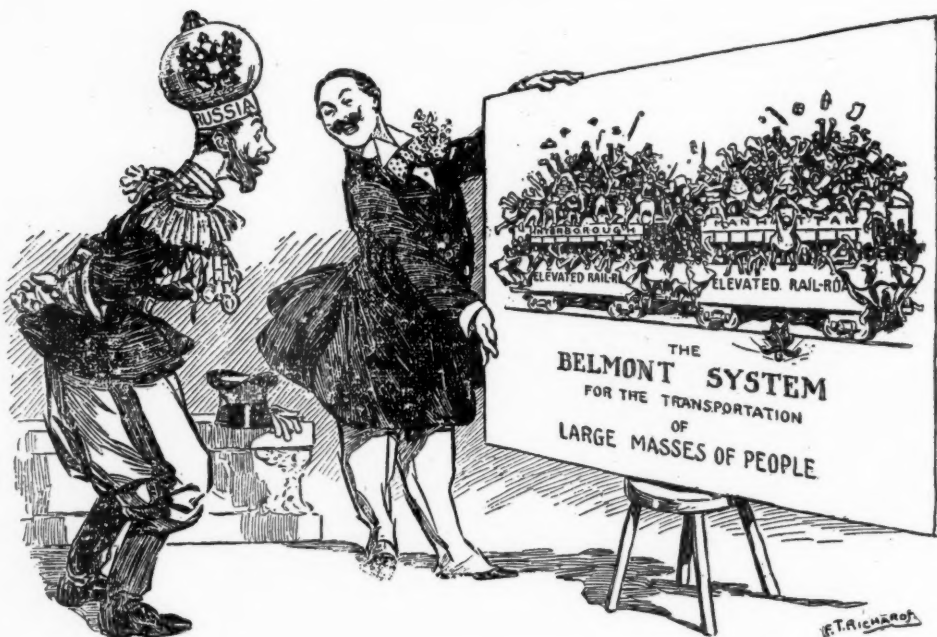
TAMMANY FAUNTLEROY—"THIS GOOD BOY BUSINESS MAY BE ALL RIGHT, BUT IT DON'T SUIT ME"

—F. T. Richards—New York Evening Mail and Express



MARKET REPORT—SPRING LAMB SCARCE AND HIGH

—W. A. Rogers—New York Herald



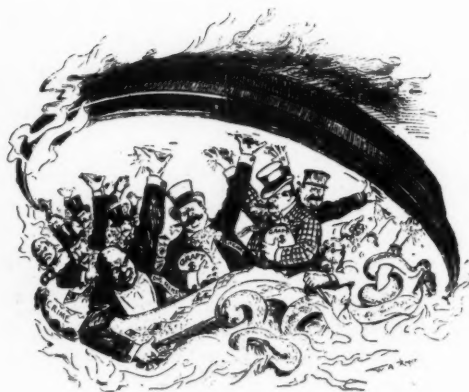
BELMONT—YOUR SIBERIAN RAILROAD IS ALL RIGHT, NICHOLAS, IF YOU ONLY WORK IT AS I DO MINE
 CZAR NICHOLAS—THAT MAY DO IN NEW YORK, BUT MY COSSACKS COULDN'T STANDSKI SUCH
 HARDSHIPS

—F. T. Richards—*New York Evening Mail and Express*



THE SUNRISE OF DEMOCRACY

—C. G. Bush—*New York World*



"UNDER THE LID"

—W. A. Rogers—*New York Herald*

People in the Foreground

Miss Edith
Wynne Matthison

Probably nothing in the dramatic world to-day is so pernicious and so destructive from the standpoint of a lofty stage as the present tendency toward mushrooms "stars." Of all the actors and actresses who have recently reached that lofty position, not one in ten have earned the right to it by inherent merit and painstaking experience. Clever press work, beauty, money, social position, or a dozen other external factors have been the causes in a majority of cases. It is therefore with rare pleasure that one finds the opposite of all this; finds real worth reaching its goal through legitimate means; finds real art justifying itself. In Miss Edith Wynne Matthison there is an example of an actress who has won out not by trickery or accessory but by the compelling force of her talents. It was somewhat over a year ago that she first appeared in America in the titular part of that quaint old Morality, "Everyman." Very modest was that début. Few had ever heard of her, and her name was not even mentioned on the program. Yet her wonderful voice, her beautiful mobility of features, her grace, her art, her very "unusualness," if one might so use the term, claimed

attention at once, and awoke inquiry. People asked who Miss Matthison was, and why she was so little known.

They received almost nothing by way of information, for Miss Matthison seemed to have the modesty of greatness, and disdained to resort to cheap methods of self-advertisement. It was learned that she had made her professional début some seven years ago in England in a musical comedy; that she had afterward appeared in emotional plays such as "The New Magdalen" and "The Sorrows of Satan"; and that about five years ago she had become a member of Mr. Ben Greet's company, to which organization she still belongs. The sentimentally inquisitive also learned that she had come from a family of actors, and that she was the wife of Mr. Charles Rouss Kennedy, who plays in the same company, and who is a man of great intelligence and training.

These facts are not wildly exciting nor interesting. Indeed the greatest interest centers in Miss Matthison's art. Since she has been in America she has appeared as Everyman, Viola, Rosalind, Adriana, Portia, Peg Woffington, Kate Hardcastle, Eglemour the Sad, the Angel Gabriel in "The



Photograph by Sarony

EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON

Star of Bethlehem," and the blind Iolanthe in "King René's Daughter." Not in every rôle has she had unequivocal success; but in all she has shown intelligence, power and poetry. Possessed of a voice such as has not been heard upon the stage in a decade, she owns for the perfect expression of emotion a beautiful mobility of feature, a perfect mirror of the whole range of expression. Beautiful as was her art in "Everyman," it shone even brighter in Viola. It may be said without exaggeration that Miss Matthison is the most brilliant and promising figure which has appeared upon our stage since the days of Mary Anderson. And her next endeavors should be watched by all who have the good name of the stage at heart.

**New York's
Health
Commissioner**

The remarkable record which Mayor McClellan's administration is making in New York City is due less to the work of the Fusion officials, who were re-elected with him and reappointed by him, than to that of two new appointees—Commissioner McAdoo, in charge of the Police Department, and Commissioner Darlington, in charge of the Health Department. Commissioner McAdoo's work is discussed in the department of "Current History" in this issue. Commissioner Darlington's work is of the same order, and has given even more universal satisfaction to the friends of good government. The new Health Commissioner had never before held political office, but was known as a physician of exceptional ability and exceptional public spirit, whose work not only in the hospitals, but among the poor in his church and community, had won for him the

highest esteem. One of the first acts of his administration was to appoint his predecessor, Dr. Lederle, as one of his chief advisers. Then despite all the pressure that could be brought to bear upon him he retained in office the subordinates in the department who were rendering the best service. Of his more aggressive work we can give but a partial review, for one vigorous act has rapidly succeeded another. In his fight for city cleanliness—as well as for protection against tuberculosis—he instituted a most systematic campaign against spitting on sidewalks and in public conveyances. His method was first to make the purpose of the department universally known; second, to warn those who continued to offend; and, finally, to make arrest and impose fines. It was the steady pressure along these lines that has made the impression. Another matter that early received Dr. Darlington's attention was the relief of the City of Chicago from the exactions of the "Anti-toxin Trust," which was asking prices out of all proportion to what

it cost the Health Department of New York to manufacture its own anti-toxin. The City of Chicago, by reason of State laws and other complications, was unable to follow New York's example and manufacture it owns lymph, and therefore at the request of the Chicago officials Dr. Darlington proceeded to sell them the anti-toxin made by his department for less than half the price which the combination of manufacturers demanded. The saving to Chicago which came from this neighborly assistance from New York has amounted to several thousand dollars each month. Another matter of really national interest to which Dr.



Photograph by Dana

DR. THOMAS DARLINGTON

Darlington has given attention is the bill introduced by Congressman Gaines of Tennessee to secure clean paper money. In our department of "Medical Questions of Popular Interest" will be found the results of an examination which Dr. Darlington's subordinates have made of the extent to which bacteria remain upon the money which the people handle. The bill which Dr. Darlington has been supporting so effectively provides that national banks shall periodically send all the old bills they receive to the Treasury Department, and receive back new bills in exchange. Should this measure become law, then our national banks, like the Bank of England, would practically give out none but fresh bills over their counters. Of the local reforms which Dr. Darlington is pushing, the most important, perhaps, are the provisions he is making for the care of sick babies during the heated season, and for the prevention of the spread of tuberculosis, by the establishment of hospitals. All along the line Dr. Darlington has been giving to the New York Board of Health the position which the Board of Health of the great metropolis ought to hold in the eyes of the nation.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, who contributed to our last issue one of the papers on the "Woman's Suffrage Convention," and who contributes to the "Woman's Book Club" in this issue the review of a recent onslaught upon "The Higher Co-education," has perhaps a wider audience of women interested in women's problems than any other writer in the country. Her audience, it may be said, is not distinctively one that agrees with her, for Mrs. Gilman—like her grandfather, Lyman Beecher—prefers to tell people the things she thinks they ought to hear rather than the things they want to hear. Those, however, who disagree with her, often admit that she has Ruskin's quality of suggesting more new truth when she is wrong than commonplace writers do when they are right.

Mrs. Gilman was born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1860, and began her public work as a writer and lecturer in 1890. While most of her writing and speaking has been on subjects relating to social reform, she is the author of some very clever stories and poems—a volume of her verse having been

published in 1898 under the title "This, Our World." In the same year she published her volume entitled "Women and Economics"; two years later her delightful



CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

papers "Concerning Children;" and last year her book entitled "The Home, Its Work and Influence," which is now exciting a great deal of discussion. Mrs. Gilman thinks that the new order of society will develop such a specialization of industry that more and more wives and mothers will go out of their homes to do the breadwinning work in which they have become expert, and turn their children over to the care of other experts brought into the home. As a lecturer Mrs. Gilman is widely known in Great Britain as well as in America. She has recently become editor of an important department in the "Woman's Journal," and is making it as suggestive and readable as is everything else to which she turns her hand.

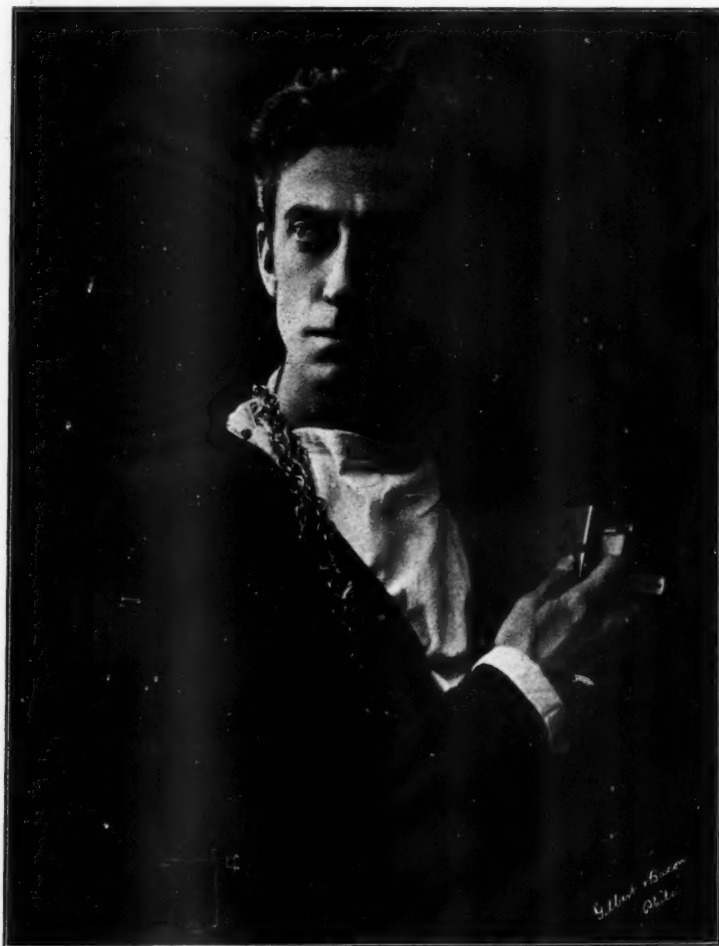
Mr. Forbes Robertson

When Mr. Forbes Robertson early in the present dramatic season made his bow to an American audience in a dramatization of Kipling's "The Light That Failed," there were not a few who rubbed

their eyes and said: "Is this *the* Mr. Forbes Robertson?" For the play was unsatisfactory and the entire performance left one unsatisfied. It was only when Mr. Robertson returned later and produced "Hamlet" that we came to realize the splendid propor-

found in the melancholy Dane a rare medium.

There is a great temptation to rhapsodize concerning Mr. Robertson's Hamlet. Yet amidst the beauty of his portrayal there is here and there a note which jars. This is



MR. FORBES ROBERTSON AS HAMLET

tions of his art and personality. Not since the days of Edwin Booth has there been such a performance upon our stage. Endowed by nature with features which are peculiarly suggestive of the character of the soul-brooding prince, possessing a voice of richness and beautiful control, graced by a keenness of intelligence and training, Mr. Robertson has

due to what is probably the keynote to his interpretation—modernity. It is the one small blemish and it does on the other hand add increased charm. It leads to a hastiness of delivery of lines at times and an impulsiveness which is a new note to the character. You do not feel the weakness of will, the timidity, the soul struggle, the awe in

this Hamlet. But on the other hand, you do feel his "princeliness." It is a Hamlet of the race of kings. You feel, too, his youth and his keenness of wit—a distinctly human Hamlet opposed to the conventional stage Hamlet. You realize how absolutely sane he is, the warmth and tenderness of his disposition. These beautiful scenes with Ophelia and the Queen ring with a pathos and truth that are compelling. So simple and direct and beautiful is Mr. Robertson's portrayal that the very speeches which from school days have grown trite have been given a freshness and originality. There was an exquisite charm in his recital of the famous soliloquy which came from his lips in a way to make every past reading slip from memory.

It is manifestly impossible in so short a compass to analyze the impersonation of so high merit. Perhaps, however, two words will serve to qualify it—or at least suggest—simplicity and beauty. Mr. Robertson's Hamlet is a figure of living vitality, not one to puzzle the intellect, but rather one to lure the senses and move the affections.

Frances
Power
Cobbe

The death in London during the first week of April of Miss Frances Power Cobb, removes from the world of

English philanthropy and literature a distinguished figure. She was born December 4, 1822, of English stock, and her childhood days were passed in a delightful and happy home. At about the age of twenty-two her inquiring mind first began to show the turn for original investigation which led in later years to the production of much of her work concerned with religious thought and research. Her mother's death a few years later and an acquaintance with the works of Theodore Parker, led to a renunciation of her traditional orthodox belief and to the publication during the following years of the "Essay on the Theory of Intuitive Morals" (1855) and "Religious Duty" (1857).

Later she traveled widely in Europe and the East. "Cities of the Past," "Italics," an edition of Theodore Parker's works, "Broken Lights," "The Duties of Women," her most popular book, and "Dawning Lights," were the products of this period.

After her return to England, active participation in reformatory and philanthropic movements, together with almost continuous writing for various magazines and

papers kept her mind and pen alert and active. Reformatory schools, woman suffrage, and anti-vivisection in turn occupied her attention, the last, in its turn, to the exclusion of almost every other interest



FRANCES POWER COBBE

In 1895 she published her autobiography, in which these varying phases of her life are touched upon. A glance at the photograph reprinted herewith by the courtesy of an American friend of Miss Cobbe of many years' standing, reveals a character of great force, independence, and nobility.

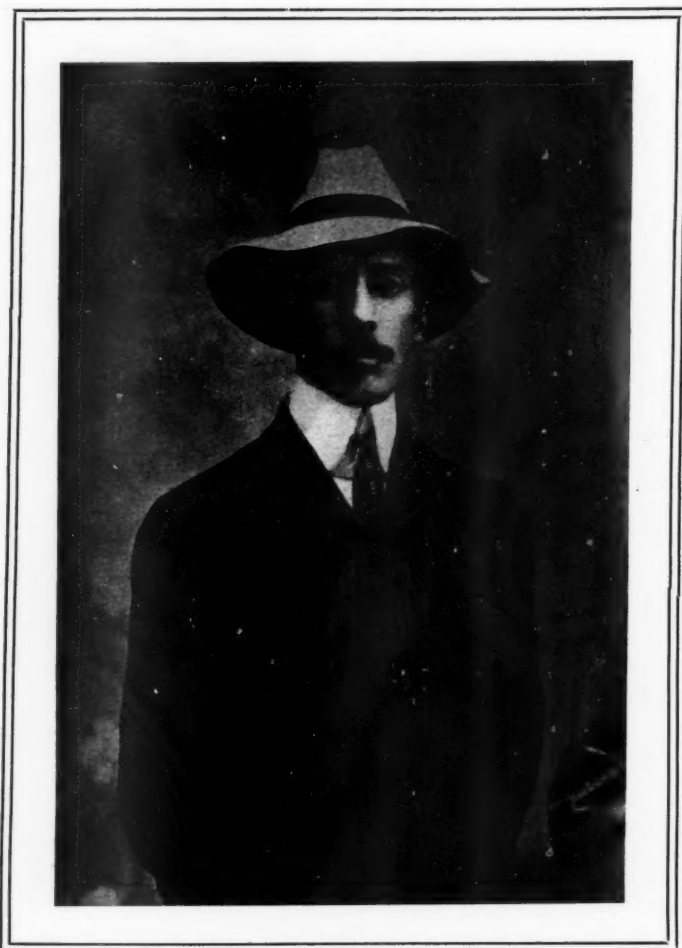
Alberto
Santos-Dumont

It falls to the lot of but few young men to become so widely known at the youthful age of thirty-one, or—literally and metaphorically—to rise so high in the world, as has M. Santos-Dumont. He has an apparently indomitable will and knows not the meaning of discouragement, defeat, or fear. One after another has he constructed his balloons and flying machines, not naming them grandiloquently as a less practical aeronaut might have done, but numbering them, until the count now reaches

No. 9. He seems to have been born to fly, for from almost the very first years of his life on his father's coffee plantation in Brazil, where he was born in 1873, he took to experimenting with toy balloons and mechanical contrivances generally.

lished, a notice of which may be found elsewhere in this issue.

Most mothers during the careering days of their sons pray for their deliverance from the perils of water and guns. We imagine Madame Santos-Dumont to have been per-



By courtesy of the Century Co.

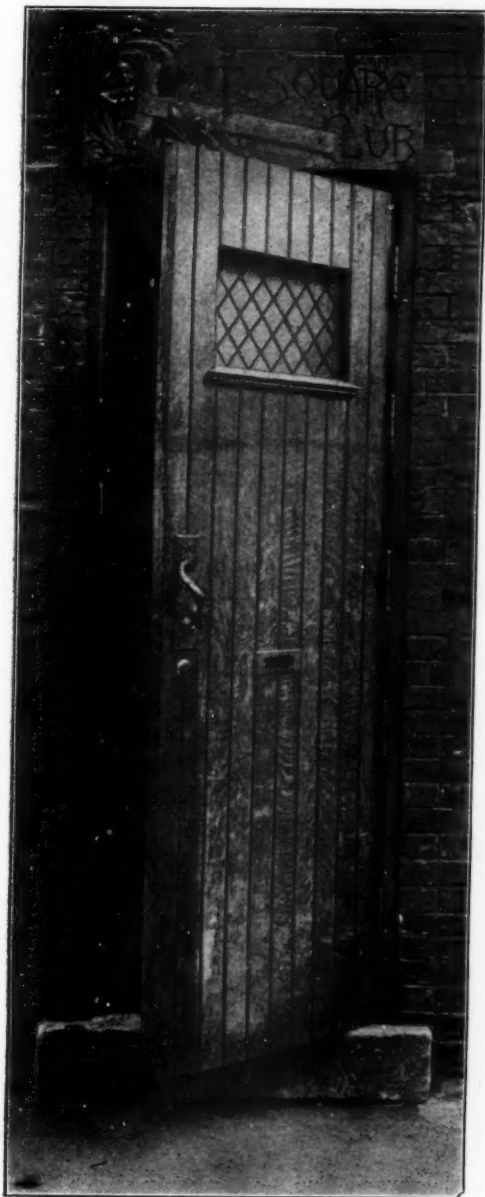
ALBERTO SANTOS-DUMONT

His first serious attempts at ballooning were made in Paris in a special balloon of the old shape. Thereafter he directed his efforts to the perfecting of a steerable balloon of an elongated shape, and the trials, discouragements, successes and perils of his later experiments are familiar to the public. It is an absorbing story as he tells it himself in his book "My Airships," just pub-

lished, a notice of which may be found elsewhere in this issue.

M. Santos-Dumont's achievements, in spite of the kindly raillery with which the public regard him, are too serious and of too great interest to the scientific world to be treated lightly as the pastime of a rich man with a fad, or, as he has been called—an "aerostatic sportsman."

The "T Square Club" of Philadelphia



ENTRANCE DOOR

AMONG the clubs and associations which have been organized at different times in various cities of this country for the fostering of good-fellowship and the advancement of interests of those of kindred professions, none has been more successful or kept more directly to the purposes for which it was founded than has the organization known as the "T Square Club," of Philadelphia. Started by young architects and draftsmen twenty years ago, its annual exhibitions have gradually grown to be features of the artistic season, and include drawings and designs from the leading architects of America.

The catalogue published this year commemorates the twentieth anniversary of the club's founding, and the tenth annual exhibition, and is dedicated to the memory of Amos J. Boyden, for twenty years one of the club's members. It has also an interesting review of the club's history, which we reprint with permission.

Two Decades of Club History

BY WILLIAM CHARLES HAYS

That day will mark the beginning of the end when the name "T Square Club" ceases to stand for distinctive aims, that conscientious efforts are steadily achieving. Twenty years ago training in architecture, in its now accepted sense, was limited to the few who might avail themselves of expensive European schools or travel. This lack of opportunity for study, singularly true in Philadelphia, was recognized by a dozen young architects and draftsmen to constitute a motive for organization. They met, formed a society called, after the name of the architects' most common drawing instrument, the "T Square Club," and emphasized their intention to be a working force by declaring the objects to be striven for—"To promote the study and practise of architecture and the kindred arts; to afford its members opportunities for friendly competition in design; and to further the appreciation of architecture by the public."



A CORNER BY THE FIRESIDE

Ever since the club's inception (beginning, indeed, at the organization meeting, before the signing of a constitution gave to the little group of men official existence) there has been maintained an unbroken series of regular competitions in architectural design, on the basis of which prizes have been awarded year after year. In this long list of successful contestants will be found to-day many names of Philadelphia's best-known architects. It is, perhaps, sufficiently interesting to note that during the earlier years competitions and exhibitions of original sketches alternately held the interest of bi-weekly meetings, and that members participating only in a desultory, half-hearted way were reminded of the club's existence by a system of fines imposed for inattendance or failure in submitting drawings. Later the number of competitions and meetings was reduced to four, and so continued until 1891, when the arrangement of seven monthly meetings and competitions was adopted. The present club calendar, providing for eight meetings—at four of which competitions are held—is a very recent innovation, or, rather, a return to a composite system derived, in part, from all its predecessors.

At first, meetings were held in the offices of various members, and it was not until March 18, 1891, that the club realized in some measure its ambition to have quarters

of its own. On this day was held the first meeting, at No. 29 West Thirteenth Street, in a room occupying the entire attic of an old house; fitted up in a characteristic fashion, this has often been talked of by the older, reminiscent members as, perhaps, the most appropriate home the "T Square Club" has ever known. The first meeting there was a memorable one, attended by about half of the total membership, then numbering seventy-five; and invited thereto was a group of appreciative guests. The opening of this new house marked a most interesting epoch in the promotion of the club's specialized activities. Two prize memberships were then established, to be awarded annually to students of the University of Pennsylvania; and a carefully considered series of lectures was provided for by the appointment of a special committee. The interest and rivalry shown in the competitions were at this time exceedingly keen, twenty-three drawings—the maximum—having been entered in the competition given in December, 1892, for a Memorial Chapel on a Rocky Coast.

The club, which had maintained its steady growth, continued to occupy this room till October, 1893. It then moved into more commodious and pretentious quarters, in the building of the Schools of Industrial Art, at Broad and Pine Streets, where the use of a

very ample, well-lighted room had been proffered them, on condition that the "T Square Club" assume charge of all responsibility for the courses in architectural design, and agree to provide for the delivery of five lectures per year by members especially qualified for such service. In less than three years the impracticability of this arrangement was made evident. But when, after more than a year's search, the present building was found and leased, the hope that at last the club was possessed of a home which would not only meet its existing demands, but also those of the future, soon grew into an abiding conviction. Centrally located, yet sufficiently isolated; large enough, yet humble; in such a place, and amid such surroundings, it is possible for traditions to form. There thrives that more intimate fellowship upon which the office relations of employer and employed impose such abnormal restraint—that spirit of *camaraderie* which perforce always constitutes the vitalizing force of every such organization.

Since October 20, 1897, when the building (once a stable, now converted into an inviting and comfortable Bohemian club-

house) was formally opened by an enthusiastic gathering of between sixty and seventy members, besides numerous guests, the far-sighted wisdom of the then acting administration has been constantly demonstrating itself.

Throughout this time educational work in architectural design has predominated in the club's constantly widening sphere of activities. And though the original necessity which gave rise to the club has long since ceased, by reason of the establishment not only of numerous excellent courses in architecture—locally offered by the University of Pennsylvania and other institutions—but also by the far-reaching educational system of the Society of Beaux Arts Architects, this has merely necessitated adapting the work of the club to these altered conditions. Its independent "Problems in Design" have, it is true, become of less moment than heretofore; but, to supplement them, there is a growing *atelier* now numbering about twenty-five of our younger members, who work several evenings each week in our club-house under our auspices, criticized by one of our members. This is



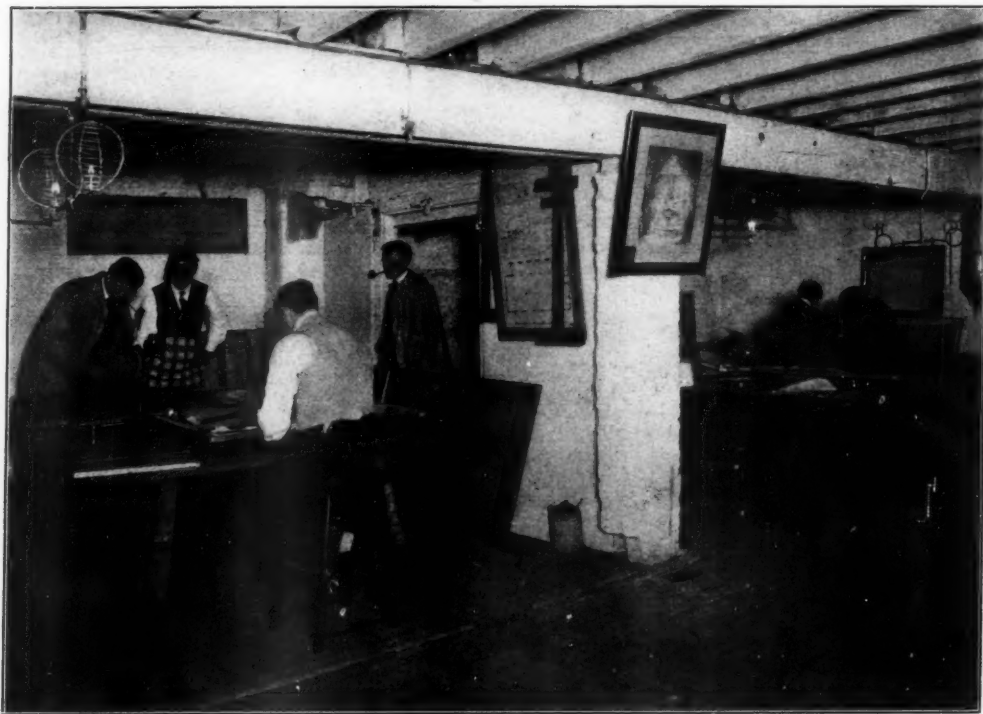
AN INTERIOR

the most acutely eager group of students the "T Square Club" has known.

Because of its exhibitions, the club comes frequently in contact with the public, as well as the architectural profession. On several occasions there have been special Club Exhibits, the first of which was in January, 1887, by request of the Salmagundi Club; a group of drawings by Messrs. Cope, Stewardson, Eyre, Truscott, Day, Hickman, Johnson, and Dull, was sent to New York. Similar exhibits have since been sent to other clubs, as well as to the Chicago Exposition in 1893.

enter the best representative exhibit. Numerous clubs competed, but in the *denouement* the "T Square Club" was adjudged winner of that Hinckle Medal of blessed memory and perennial discourse. Also in 1894, an invitation from the St. Louis Architectural Club, to send them a competitive exhibit during the session of the American Institute of Architects in their city, resulted in the winning of fresh laurels, as is signalized by that medal which now adorns the central arch of the over-mantel in the club meeting-room.

The passion of conquest now astir, still a



THE DRAFTING-ROOM

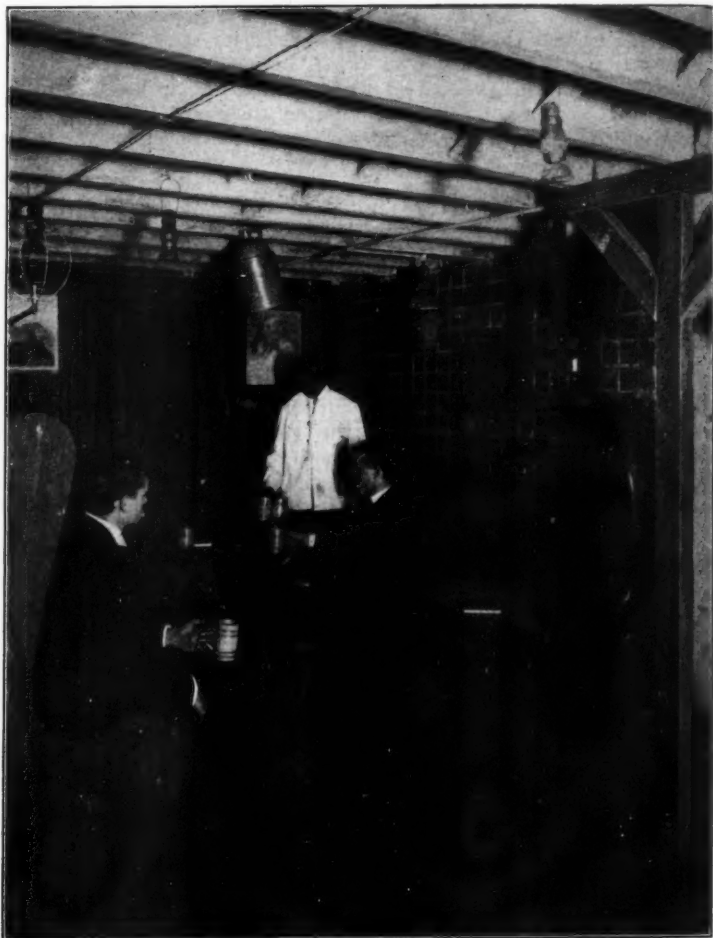
The success of the "T Square Club" has been an incentive to the formation of similar organizations by architects and draftsmen in many other cities, and since this increased number of societies naturally tended to evoke a spirit of rivalry as to the results accomplished, the Cincinnati Architectural Club finally decided to hold an inter-club exhibition of architectural drawings in their city. Their proposition included the awarding of a gold medal to the club which should

third inter-club competition was promoted to our later discomfort, the "T Square Club," through the agitators, standing but third in the judgment. But there was consolation in the fact that the same drawings, when submitted in the first competition of the Beaux Arts Society, received a first mention and two second mentions.

In the autumn of 1886, a resolution was passed to the effect that the club volunteer to co-operate with the Pennsylvania Acad-

emy of Fine Arts in securing architectural drawings for exhibition purposes, and, in the following spring, Messrs. Stewardson, Eyre, and Baker represented the "T Square Club" on the Jury and Hanging Committee at the Academy Exhibition. Before that time there had been no serious attempts in Philadelphia to promote these architectural ex-

purposes of encouraging indigenous American architecture, and of maintaining the highest standard of ethics in professional practise. It is worthy of notice that the first suggestion of such intent is found, ten years prior to the Cleveland Convention, in correspondence between the Cincinnati Architectural Club and the "T Square Club,"



GOODFELLOWSHIP

hibitions. In 1893 they came completely under "T Square Club" control.

Five years ago, at a convention held in Cleveland, Ohio, the "T Square Club" became one of the organizing members of the newly formed Architectural League of America, an association of various societies for the

to the effect that efforts should be made looking toward the affiliation of all such organizations throughout the country. The project was temporarily abandoned; but again, early in 1894, a special committee of the "T Square Club" was actively working to promote the formation of a National

Sketch Club. In May, 1901, the Third Annual Convention of the Architectural League met in Philadelphia.

The club has shown its active interest in traveling scholarships by sharing the financial burdens of that first one, offered under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, and also of the John Stewardson Memorial Scholarship; and to the activity of certain members of the "T Square Club" is attributable the foundation of the Cresson Memorial and the University of Pennsylvania Alumni Scholarships. In addition to these, the club for three years has sustained a Vacation Scholarship entirely its own.

It is probable that the near future may see realized an ideal of the late Walter Cope, who, during the club's earliest years, cher-

ished the idea of founding a scholarship devoted solely to training men for the handling of problems in landscape design and municipal improvement. The promotion of such a scholarship would be of especial timeliness just now, when the spirit of discontent with ugly municipal surroundings is everywhere so manifest. Furthermore, this would be a most appropriate measure on the part of the "T Square Club," not only by reason of the club's close relationship to one of its most honored founders, but also, because its voice has so frequently been lifted in protest against the shortsighted disregard of an existing necessity for improved conditions, and in the support of every movement that tends to civic betterment.

The Woman's Book Club

Science and the Housekeeper*

"Why is it that food spoils? Why will not food keep indefinitely without the many contrivances designed to prevent its spoiling? The answer to this question is, briefly, that other living things besides ourselves are fond of the same food of which we are fond, and that these other living beings take every occasion to consume the material which we design for our own food. Preserving the food in our pantries, cellars, and refrigerators, therefore, simply means protecting it from consumption by other living organisms; and if we can keep these organisms away, food may be indefinitely preserved. On the other hand, if we cannot protect our food from the attack of these organisms, it spoils; for the spoiling of food is simply the result of its consumption by living beings for whom we have not designed it."

"Everyone knows about rats and mice, and the various insects in the home are only too familiar pests. But not everyone understands that in addition to these large animals there is a great host of plants and animals which seize every opportunity of feeding upon that which we intend for our own use. All such small animals and plants go by the general name of *microbes* or *micro-organisms*."

*BACTERIA, YEASTS, AND MOLDS IN THE HOME.
By H. W. Conn, Ph.D. Ginn & Co., Boston.

It is in this picturesque way that the author of "Bacteria, Yeasts, and Molds in the Home" (Ginn & Co., Boston) introduces his subject, and the rest of his book is equally good reading. The young housekeeper will find in it both the "why" and the "how" of victory against sour milk, bitter bread, moldy jelly, fermented preserves and decaying fruit. The experienced housekeeper, who already knows the "how" from long practise, will find here the "why" that explains her successes. For example, in the simple matter of wiping fruit dry, and keeping it spread out on a shelf rather than left heaped in a basket, the author explains that the molds which do the mischief need moisture, and that where fruits touch each other, there is a better opportunity for moisture to condense, and mold be communicated from one to the other. Covering with sawdust or soft porous paper is thus, also, the best possible protection for fruit.

The description of the host of visible and invisible micro-organisms by which the home is assailed would be grim reading, were it not for the encouraging descriptions of their weak points. After reading of blue mold and black mold and white mold, with their millions of spores forever present in the air of almost every room, it is delightful to learn that dryness, free circulation of air, heat and cold, and sunshine, are all fatal to

their growth. More than that—"If molding is checked, or if the food is consumed at once, there is no reason why it should not be utilized, for the mold itself is not particularly unwholesome. Indeed, Stilton, Gorgonzola and Roquefort cheeses owe their delicious flavor to molds. It is not necessary to throw away moldy food; much of it may be used. It may be that the mold has developed a slight musty odor or taste which would, perhaps, injure the value of the food from the standpoint of the palate; but they will not have injured its ease of digestion or its value as a food."

Yeasts are still more interesting. "Wild yeasts," it seems, are always in the air, seeking for sugar solutions which they may devour. But too much sugar kills them, queerly enough. Man has caught and tamed these wild yeasts, so to speak, and produced the well-known domestic varieties, three in number—compressed yeast, dried yeast and brewer's yeast.

"At the present time the yeast most commonly used by the housekeeper is the compressed-yeast cake. This well-known commercial article consists of a soft, somewhat soggy material, composed of large quantities of yeast plants mixed with a certain amount of starch and a varying quantity of other material. It is the most convenient and reliable type of yeast culture that has been produced. In the fresh cake nearly all of the yeast plants are alive and vigorous, and the results obtained from their use are almost uniformly satisfactory. Compressed yeast has one disadvantage: it does not keep long. If the yeast cake is kept for a day or two, the plants begin to die, and after three or four days only a small number may be left alive. It is best preserved by placing it in cold water and keeping it in an ice chest, but it should never be allowed to freeze."

Home brewing of yeast, the author considers "unreliable and unsatisfactory" compared with the best manufactured product. But formulas are given for brewing, with exact directions as to temperature, etc. The chapters on yeast and bread making will interest any housekeeper who desires to have the best possible home-made bread.

As for the section on bacteria, it covers all sorts of things, from canning to contagious diseases, and from mother of vinegar to malaria. "Bacteria are practically everywhere on the surface of the earth. They are in immense numbers in the household, on

the walls and ceilings of our rooms, upon our pantry shelves; they are present in every bit of food which remains exposed to the air for a short time; they are in all liquid foods, particularly milk. So ubiquitous are they that it is an absolute impossibility for the housewife, by any means at her command, to keep her pantry and food free from them.

"They are too small to see, but are capable of inconceivably rapid multiplication [seventeen million from a single bacterium in twenty-four hours]. They can be dried without injury, may be frozen for months without losing their vitality, and even a short boiling fails to kill many species [the spore-bearing ones].

"The food upon which bacteria feed may be either living or dead. If bacteria are capable of feeding upon the living body, we call them 'parasites.' Such bacteria quite naturally produce injury to the life of the individual upon which they feed. In mankind they produce a great variety of abnormal results which we call diseases. The parasitic bacteria, therefore, are commonly called 'disease germs' and are the cause of most of our contagious diseases.

"When bacteria feed upon non-living material, we call them 'saprophytes.' The saprophytic bacteria are not the cause of diseases. These harmless bacteria far outnumber the disease germs. We should not therefore be frightened when we learn that bacteria are all around us, in the food we eat, the water we drink, and the air we breathe. Most of them are harmless or beneficial, and need cause us no uneasiness."

Bacteria of the harmless necessary kind give the delicate flavor of first-rate butter, the "gamy" taste of meat, and make the best vinegar possible. Spices and sugar are preservatives against bacterial action. Pasteurization of milk kills them. The ice-chest discourages them, but does not kill them, and some bacteria live at ease in ice-chest temperatures; so the wise housekeeper must clean the refrigerator thoroughly and often.

The urging of the whole book, indeed, is toward exquisite cleanliness, fresh air and sunshine. Why it is better to wipe up a floor than to sweep it; why garbage cans need hot water and soda; why food "preservatives" should never be used; why mosquito-netting prevents malaria; why fruit is best canned at home and tomatoes

in high-class canneries; why a nurse should wear a cap—all these and scores of other whys and wherefores are made clear in these short and simple pages, which are hereby recommended to housekeepers as being more interesting than half the novels that choke to-day's presses, and far more profitable in remembrance. *Priscilla Leonard.*

A Striking Novel on Divorce*

The recent characterization by a New York clergyman of the result of our lax divorce laws as "consecutive polygamy" has arrested the attention of many and makes the appearance of Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Keays' book "He That Eateth Bread with Me," most opportune. Like many novels written with a distinct purpose, the story is of the slightest, as it is only a thread upon which are hung the incidents necessary for the expression of the author's views.

Clifford Mackemer, a man of great personal charm, with a wife whose loveliness both of face and character is undoubted, has allowed himself to become captivated by a woman of great beauty, and when the story opens he has made up his mind to divorce Katharine on some pretext and marry Mrs. Durance, who, in the meantime, will have got rid of her husband in some similar way. Things have gone so far that any natural pity he feels for his wife seems a disloyalty towards the woman he intends to marry; but his one regret is for his boy, a child of seven or eight, who will remain with his mother.

Mackemer leaves his wife and in due time gets a divorce from her on the ground of desertion. A week or two later Isabel Durance obtains "freedom from her husband in some God-forsaken fever-hole in Arkansas," and shortly after the two are married.

Although Katharine's heart is nearly broken by her husband's desertion, yet she still loves him. "I deny that divorce. Clifford is still my husband. No law can alter that fact. Law cannot one day make him mine until death, and the next day give what is mine to another until death." She has a strong feeling that her husband's better nature relies on her and that in some way, through her love for him, that better nature will triumph; but in order that this may come about, her own love for him must be spiritualized and freed from any selfish-

ness, and that as renunciation has always been the price of redemption, so it must be now, the renunciation to be her part, the redemption her husband's.

With this idea strong in her mind Katharine feels that her first duty is to tell Isabel that she forgives her and cherishes no bitterness against her; so taking Whitney she goes to her husband's new home and, facing the woman who has ruined her life, explains her feeling toward her, adding that though Clifford may belong to her legally, yet morally he is still her (Katharine's) husband.

Life goes on quietly with Katharine and her boy. A young cousin, Airlie Casler, who is cultivating her voice, lives with them and contributes to the cheerfulness of the home. Dr. Regester, a clever young physician, is admitted to the family circle and an uneventful existence is theirs until one day Mackemer receives a letter telling him that his boy is very ill and has asked for him. He hastens to Katharine's house and "at the door his finger sought his latch-key pocket; then the blood in his body turned suddenly hot as he remembered, and rang the bell like any alien." Mackemer stays at the house for three days, until all danger is over, and during that time his old appreciation of Katharine's character begins to dawn again in his heart, and a vision of what he has thrown away is borne in upon him. Making Whitney his excuse, Mackemer begins to visit Katharine occasionally, each time with an increased renewal of the old feeling, until his position is suddenly revealed to him by a visit in his office from Airlie Casler, who tells him that he ought to stop coming to see Katharine; that Dr. Regester wants to marry her, and that she ought not to be prevented from obtaining happiness.

Torn with the vehemence of his feelings, Mackemer goes to Katharine and tells her that the thought of her loyalty to him has been his salvation; that if she marries Dr. Regester her position will be as unpardonable as his own, and with his faith in her shattered, life will hold nothing for him. Katharine has never had any thought of such a thing, and Mackemer is reassured and soon after, while on one of his visits to her, he feels he can stand the condition of things no longer and tells her he is going to leave Isabel. Then Katharine says to him that if he does so she will never see him again. "If you leave her, I shall have separated you

*HE THAT EATETH BREAD WITH ME. By H. A. Mitchell Keays. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

from her just as she separated you from me. I will never do that. You owe her a duty because the law recognizes her as your wife. You are not considered to owe me any, but I have your love. That is enough;" and she further says that Isabel's love for Clifford is her salvation, the greatest good she knows, and she will not be the one to take it from her.

Mackemer leaves her and for months she sees nothing of him; then her resolution begins to fail her and she has just written to Clifford to come to her when a chance interview with a simple-minded old friend shows her where she stands and her letter to Clifford is swiftly followed by a second one, in which she acknowledges her love for him and bids him farewell.

From this time Katharine's health begins to fail and Dr. Regester brings a specialist to see her, who says that her heart is weak, but that if she were really happy she would soon become strong. Meanwhile, a kindly friend has enlightened Isabel on the subject of her husband's visits to Katharine, and in a flash she realizes that the recent change in him, "that strange growth in reserve and asceticism which had baffled her," was due to those visits. Half mad with rage and pain she hurries to Katharine's house and has an interview with her. Gradually, in the presence of so much suffering, her anger abates, and when Katharine tells her how ill she is, and that soon she will have no further cause for hatred, Isabel feels within herself the first tremors of a vast moral convulsion, the throes of her awakening soul.

The excitement has been too much for Katharine; an attack of the heart ensues; Clifford arrives unexpectedly, and from a dark corner of the room Isabel, herself unseen, witnesses an interview between him and Katharine which shows her where they stand in regard to each other. With this knowledge burnt into her consciousness she slips unseen from the room, leaves the house, and makes her way to the railroad station to take the train to town. She finds, as the incoming train whistles, that she is on the wrong side of the track, hesitates for a moment, and finally starts to cross, only to be knocked down by the train and to receive injuries from which she dies within a few hours.

The closing chapter of the book is a conversation between Dr. Regester and his wife

(he has married Airlie Casler), from which we learn that though six months have elapsed since Isabel's death, Katharine has not yet seen Clifford, but that she will soon do so, and that after that nothing will be able to keep them apart.

Considering the book simply as fiction it has one or two great merits. The interest is sustained, and some of the character-drawing is extremely good. The opening chapter claims the reader's interest at once, and Whitney's talk in it is charming, the talk of a clever yet childlike child. "Well, papa, do you know what a quadruped is? . . . Now don't stop to think. Miss Wing says we must *never* think. We must just know things without thinking." "What do you call a he-emperor?" he asked presently. "That's in our lit-tra-ture lesson." "But what is lit-tra-chewer, anyway?" asked Mackemer, chaffing. "I don't know," answered Whitney, calmly. "We don't have to."

Some of Airlie's chatter is amusing, but it becomes occasionally rather tiresome in its never-failing sprightliness. Dr. Regester is the masterful type of man so dear to the heart of the youthful novel-reader, the stern, exacting lover who demands everything from the woman he asks to be his wife and in return promises "a life of hardship, of toil, of self-denial, but of peace that nothing can take away." In books this style of wooing is invariably successful, but it would be a rash youth who would try it in real life, and a bitter awakening would be his portion.

The three principal characters in the book, Katharine, Isabel, and Clifford, are well done, considering the difficult task Mrs. Keays had before her in describing and developing three such different personalities. The attitude of Katharine towards her husband and his second wife may seem unnatural, but it is just those apparently impossible situations that are apt to be taken from life. It is doubtful if the author meant to portray Clifford's character in quite as contemptible a light as she has done. After following him through his different phases of fickleness and inconstancy, to say nothing of his initial treachery to his wife, the reader wonders whether such a person was worth the trouble bestowed upon him.

But when the purpose of the book is taken into consideration, a different style of judgment must prevail. The evils of lax

divorce laws are among those upon which we generalize until some one near to us suffers through this state of things, and then our indifference vanishes in a flame of intense indignation. "He That Eateth Bread with Me" cannot fail to arouse in the minds of those who read it some of that righteous indignation against a great evil that ultimately leads to its abolition.

Mary K. Ford.

The Woman Question in Utopia*

You may not believe it, but the Woman Question is as old as the hills. The phase of it which to-day is marked by a yearning for strenuous activity is modern, but the question itself—the relative position of woman in the social fabric was not overlooked by Socrates even—it was hardly possible with Xantippe in the background—to say nothing of wise men and sages who preceded him. You have only to follow a friendly guide if you wish to be shown the truth of the matter—one who is quite earnestly in search of the truth herself, but who would scarcely be held as a reliable guide by an extreme "advocate" of the ballot for woman. She is blinded to the serious issue such an one would say, by too flippant and too volatile a humor, and never really wishes to give over her original state of woman blessedness. However, you shall be your own judge. Your guide is Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell, and your guide book is the April number of Lippincott's Magazine.

It is the present bewildering state of the question which worried her, Mrs. Pennell writes, "when women, having for a quarter of a century and more insisted upon their right to work as their chief duty, are being told, not only by men, but by their fellow-women too, that they should not work at all, that by so doing they disorganize the labor market, and that their sole business is to be supported by man. . . . In a word it seems to me that the Woman Question, moving round in a vicious circle, has returned to very much where it was when I first heard of it. And so for my own peace of mind and, incidentally, that of other women, I have been investigating the matter in Utopia, where if anywhere, perfection and absolute certainty should exist. It is

easy to settle any question when you can make your circumstances to fit your answer."

"The one drawback—let me state it at once—is that, whatever else women have done, they have never taken the trouble to create a Utopia for themselves. It is the more curious, because it would seem as if men, to whom all the plums of this world have fallen, ought to be less eager to exchange it for an imaginary one. . . . Utopia is altogether man's creation." Many of the earlier Utopias Mrs. Pennell will not recognize as such—the Athens of Aristophanes, Rabelais's Abbey of Thelema, Swift's Land of the Houyhnhnms—"for these were designed to show not how perfect we may be, but how ridiculous we are, and we women, fortunately, have not the sense of humor that makes us relish a jest at our own expense." She first found serious consideration of the question when she came to Socrates and his "Republic:"

"At the start, nothing could be more plausible and promising than the argument of Socrates. A woman could do no better. . . . To get at the truth, Socrates said, woman was to be considered first not as a woman, but as a human being. In the animal world, with dogs, for example, no division is made between hies and shes; the female gender is not left at home to mind the puppies while the males are let out to hunt. Why make the distinction in the human world? . . . Give women, therefore, the same opportunities—really, there are passages in the 'Republic' that, if printed word for word in one of our daily papers, would sound like the report of the latest Woman's Suffrage Convention.

"So far so good, and I have no fault to find. But they did not know everything down at the Piræus. Socrates only exchanged one sort of aristocracy for another, substituting the tests of talent and ability for those of birth and wealth. Woman's mere sex, according to him, is of no use to her whatever. Her position is determined by her intellectual and industrial capacity, and what emancipation is there in that? For the last twenty-five years have not we, ambitious women, been given to understand that our sex alone was to exalt us? And worse is to come. Let our educational advantages be what they may, a certain number of us will still be found qualified only to weave and to make pancakes and preserves, 'in which womankind does really appear to be great.' What will Utopia do for the woman of the Pancake Class? How much better off will she be? And what of the Universal Genius who, in this imperfect world, revels in her proud distinction as the mender of her nation's morals and her children's pinafores, the maker of the people's laws and the family jam? For her, what opening is there in Utopia, what chance under a government which will compel her to choose between morals and dressmaking, laws and jam;

*THE WOMAN QUESTION IN UTOPIA. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. From Lippincott's Magazine for April.

which leaves her no more choice than the trades-union-ruled workman in the modern factory? She may be a Prime Minister, 'if she has a mind to,' but not the mother of a family at the same time; she may be a scholar, but only at the risk of perpetual banishment from the kitchen, complete deprivation of the mending basket. There can be no half-measures, no loud talk and little work. In a word, women ask for emancipation, and Socrates gives them—logic, a very different thing. . . . I am afraid the average woman who, because her genius is for bringing up children, does not therefore long to run a state nursery, and the superior woman who, because she can legislate, does not therefore want to be cut off from her chafing-dish, will pray together that Utopia may not come in their generation. But they may take heart. Not until philosophers are kings, or the kings and princes of this world have the spirit and powers of philosophy, can the perfect state see the light of day; that is, none of us, any more than Socrates, shall live to see the evil of perfection."

Next the author ventures into Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," and very quickly comes out again, disenchanted with a land where the laws compel woman "to fight like a man in battle, labor like a peasant in the field, toil and watch like a mother in the nursery—and if she has not enough children of her own to keep her busy, her neighbor's surplus will be handed over to her. . . . Equality for her is no more than the privilege to do a double share of the world's work, and I, for one, gladly relinquish all claims to enjoy it with her."

Campanella and his City of the Sun followed next where the women were ranked with boys, and were never allowed to play the drum or the horn. "I do not know," says Mrs. Pennell, "that I have ever had a special desire to beat upon the one or toot upon the other, but I call a law unjust that would deprive me of gratification should my desires run that way." And then Lord Bacon. "I shudder when I speculate upon the depths of disgrace to which women have been destined in the 'New Atlantis.' . . . I threw Bacon away. He the creator, indeed, of Volumnia, and Lady Macbeth, and Constance, and all those 'Shakespeare' women whose virtue was not silence and self-effacement! I commend the 'New Atlantis'

to Mrs. Gallup, and other misguided people bent upon proving that Bacon is Shakespeare—Shakespeare Bacon.

"With one great leap across the ages, I sprang from Bacon to Bellamy—from the 'New Atlantis' to the 'New Boston,' and honestly, I cannot decide which of the two Utopias is the more degrading for women. . . . Better a thousand times be beaten by one's husband, or forbidden drum and horn, than be reduced to the ornamental amiability of these Twenty-first Century women who sit in modest silence, or go discreetly to bed, while the man of the house discourses upon serious subjects."

Bulwer's "Coming Race," and Mr. Wells' books fare not much better at her hands, and so, expecting little, she turned to William Morris and his "News from Nowhere."

"From no Utopia," she writes, "did I hope for so little as from this purified London on the banks of a purified Thames, with the trail of Kelmscott and Merton over it all. It is with the greater deference, therefore, I take off my hat—or, as a woman, should I say drop a courtesy?—to the one Utopia maker who has been content to leave women to 'do what they can do best and what they like best, and the men are neither jealous of it nor injured by it,' and who looked upon this as such a commonplace as to be almost ashamed to state it. It is so simple, so direct an answer to 'the Question,' the wonder is no one thought of it before. And because of their life of freedom and activity in Nowhere, women will be comely to the eye, and they will love beautiful things only, and from the world in which they live all that is vulgar and mediocre will have passed away. And art will have been born again. If Socrates alone brings consistency to the Woman Question, William Morris alone makes beauty an essential to the answer. But this beauty seems to be attainable only so as by mediæval garments and Wardour Street English, and in taking off my hat I am conscious of doubts as to whether a world where short skirts for the street have 'come in again,' and the practical American language is allowed in all places and at all seasons, is not better after all."

"Well, here, anyway, my investigation ends. Do you ask me what I have gained by it? Not exactly what I wanted, I admit. . . . For me, personally, the one thing certain is that I would not go to Utopia, not even if I were offered a free pass."



Mr. Page's Reply to Mr. Schurz

In our March issue we devoted three pages to Mr. Carl Schurz's remarkable article in a recent "McClure's," entitled "Can the South Solve the Negro Problem?" Since its issue the same magazine has published three articles by Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, entitled "The Negro: the Southerner's Problem," and the April installment is in fact, though not in name, a direct reply to Mr. Schurz's argument that the negro's enfranchisement was necessary to prevent his practical re-enslavement by his former masters. Mr. Page, it will be observed, admits the enactment of laws to force the negro to labor under regulations fixed by the white, but he minimizes the dangers thus threatened, and puts the emphasis of his article upon the evil results of negro political supremacy during the years when so many of the Southern whites were disfranchised, and Northern carpet-baggers held the leaderships. Mr. Schurz, it may be recalled, did not deny the reality of these evils, and was prominent among the Northern statesmen who urged the restoration of the ex-Confederate soldiers to their normal place in the government of their States. Mr. Page's statistics, showing the extravagance and frauds which disgraced the carpet-bag regime, are quite accurate as far as they go, though they do not bring out the fact that during these same years—years of abnormal prosperity all over the country—several Northern States also practically doubled their public expenditures, and that the terrible fall in real estate values in Louisiana just before the close of the carpet-bag regime was chiefly due to the fall in the price of cotton from 30 cents a pound in the later sixties to 14 cents a pound after the panic of '73. The chief redeeming feature of the carpet-bag governments—their establishment of a public school system—is not referred to. But these limitations in Mr. Page's article do not keep it from being a most masterly statement of the Southern view of reconstruction. No one could have been better chosen to present this view than Mr. Page, whose early stories of negro life show an affection for the negro such as few of his pro-negro Northern critics possess. After picturing conditions in the South at the close of the war Mr. Page proceeds as follows:

From the first, the conduct of the North toward the Negro was founded on the following principles: First, that all men are equal, and that the Negro is the equal of the White; secondly, that he needed to be sustained by the Government; and thirdly, that the interests of the Negro and the White were necessarily opposed, and that the Negro needed protection against the White.

The South has always maintained that these were fundamental errors.

It appears to the writer that the position of the South on these points is sound; that, however individuals of one race may appear the equals of individuals of the other race, the races themselves are essentially unequal.

The chief trouble that arose between the two races in the South after the War grew out of the ignorance at the North of the actual conditions at the South, and the ignorance at the South of the temper and the power of the North.

To this ignorance and opposition of views on the part of the two sections, unhappily, were added at the outset the misunderstandings and passions engendered by war, which prevented reason having any great part in a work which was to affect the whole future of the nation. With a fixed idea that there could be no justice toward the Negroes in any dealings of their former masters, all matters relating to the Negroes

were entrusted by the Government to the organization which had recently been started under the name of the Freedmen's Bureau.

The basis of the institution of the Freedmen's Bureau was the assumption stated: that the interests of the Blacks and of the Whites were necessarily opposed to each other, and that the Blacks needed protection against the Whites in all cases. Those who advised moderation and counseled with the Whites were set aside.

No statement of any Southern white person, however pure in life, lofty in morals, high-minded in principle he might be, was accepted. His experience, his position, his character, counted for nothing. He was assumed to be so designing or so prejudiced that his counsel was valueless.

It is a phase of the case which has not yet wholly disappeared, and even now we have presented the singular spectacle of evidence being weighed rather by a man's geographical position than by his character and his opportunity for knowledge.

The conduct of the Freedmen's Bureau misled the Negroes and caused the first breach between them and their former masters.

On the emancipation of the slaves, the more enlightened Whites of the South saw quite as clearly as any person at the North could have done, the necessity of some

substitute for the former direction and training of the Negroes, and schools were started in many places by the old masters for the colored children.

Teachers and money had come from the North for the education of the Negroes, and many schools were opened. But the teachers, at first, as devoted as many of them were, by their unwisdom alienated the good-will of the Whites and frustrated much of the good which they might have accomplished. They might have been regarded with distrust in any case, for no people look with favor on the missionaries who come to instruct them as to matters of which they feel they know more than the missionaries, and the South regarded jealously any teaching of the Negroes which looked toward equality. The new missionaries went counter to the deepest prejudice of the Southern people. They lived with the Negroes, consorting with them, and appearing with them on terms of apparent intimacy, and were believed to teach social equality, a doctrine which was the surest of all to arouse enmity then as now. The result was that hostility to the public school system sprang up for a time. In some sections violence was resorted to by the rougher element, though it was of short duration, and was always confined to a small territory. Before long, however, this form of opposition disappeared and the public school system became an established fact.

The next step in the alienation of the races was the formation of the secret order of the Union League. The meetings were held at night, with closed doors, and with pickets guarding the approaches, and were generally under the direction of the most hostile members of the Freedmen's Bureau. Without going into the question of the charges that it taught the most inflammatory doctrines, it may be asserted without fear of question, that its teaching was to alienate the Negroes from the Whites; to withdraw them wholly from reliance on their former masters, and to drill into their minds the imperative necessity of adherence to their new leaders, and those whom they represented.

The Southern people, unhappily, acted precisely as this element wished them to act; for they were sore, unquelled, and angry, and they met denunciation with defiance.

Knowing the imperative necessities of the time as no Northerner could know them;

fearing the effects of turning loose a slave-population of several millions, and ignorant of the deep feeling of the Northern people, they hastily enacted laws regulating labor which were certainly unwise in view of the consequences that followed, and possibly, if enforced, might have proved oppressive, though they never had a trial. Most of these laws were simply re-enactments of old vagrant laws on the statute books and some still stand on the statute books; but they were enacted now expressly to control the Negroes; they showed the animus of the great body of the Whites, and they aroused a deep feeling of distrust and much resentment among the Northerners. And, finally, they played into the hands of the politicians who were on the lookout for any pretext to fasten their grip on the South.

The struggle just then became intensified between the President and his opponents in Washington, with the presidency and the control of the government as the stake, and with the South holding the balance of power; and, unhappily, the Negroes appeared to the politicians an element that could be utilized to advantage by being made the "permanent allies" of what Mr. Stevens, Mr. Wade, and Mr. Sumner used to term "the party of the Union."

So the Negro appeared to the politicians a useful instrument, and to the doctrinaires "a man and brother" who was the equal of his former master, and, if he were "armed with the weapon" of the ballot, would be able to protect himself and would inevitably rise to the full stature of the White.

Then came the crowning error: the practical carrying out of the theories by infusing into the body politic a whole race just emerging from slavery. The most intelligent and conservative class of the Whites were disfranchised; the entire adult Negro population were enfranchised.

It is useless to discuss the motives with which this was done. No matter what the motives, it was a national blunder; in its way as great a blunder as secession.

The eight years of reconstruction possibly cost the South more than the four years of war had cost her. To state it in mere figures, it may be said that when the eight years of Negro domination under carpet-bag leaders had passed, the public indebtedness of the Southern States had increased about fourfold, while the property values in all the States had shrunk, and in those States

which were under the Negro rule had fallen to less than half what they had been when the South entered on that period. In Louisiana, for instance, the cost of Negro rule for four years and five months amounted to \$106,020,337, besides the privileges and franchises given away to those having "pulls," and State franchises stolen. The wealth of New Orleans shrank during these eight years from \$146,718,790 to \$88,613,930, while real estate values in the country parishes shrank from \$99,266,083 to \$47,141,699.

In South Carolina and Mississippi, the other two States which were wholly under Negro rule, the condition was, if anything, worse than in Louisiana, while in the other Southern States, it was not so bad, though bad enough.

A wild Southern politician is said to have once truculently boasted that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of the Bunker Hill Monument. Had he been able to carry out his threat, and then had he installed his Negroes in the State-house of Massachusetts, and, by a travesty of law, filled the legislative halls with thieves and proceeded to disfranchise the best and the proudest people of the Commonwealth; then had he, sustained by bayonets, during eight years ridden rough-shod over them; cut the value of their property in half; quadrupled their taxes; sold out over twenty per cent. of the landed property of the State for forfeiture; appointed over two hundred Negro trial justices who could neither read nor write, put a Negro ex-convict on the bench of their highest court, and paraded through the State something like 80,000 Negro militia, armed with money stolen from the State, to insult and overawe the people, while the whole South looked coolly on and declared it was just; then might there be a partial but not a complete parallel to what some of the States of the South endured under Negro rule.

The South does not hold that the Negro race was primarily responsible for this. Few reasonable men now charge the Negroes at large with more than ignorance and an

invincible faculty for being worked on. But the consequences were none the less disastrous.

The injury to the Whites was not the only injury caused by the reconstruction system. To the Negroes, the objects of its bounty, it was no less a calamity.

However high the motive may have been, no greater error could have been committed; nothing could have been more disastrous to the Negro's future than the teaching he thus received. He was taught that the white man was his enemy when he should have been taught to cultivate friendship. He was told he was the equal of the White when he was not the equal; he was given to understand that he was the ward of the nation when he should have been trained in self-reliance; he was led to believe that the Government would sustain him when he could not be sustained. In legislation, he was taught thieving; in politics, he was taught not to think for himself but to follow slavishly his leaders (and such leaders!); in private life, he was taught insolence. A laborer, dependent on his labor, no greater misfortune could have befallen him than to estrange himself from the Southern Whites. To instill into his mind the belief that the Southern White was his enemy; that his interest was necessarily opposed to that of the White, and that he must thwart the white man to the utmost of his power, was to deprive him of his best friend and to array against him his strongest enemy.

The one thing that saved the Southerners was that they knew it was not the Negroes but the Federal Government that held them in subjection.

The day the bayonets were withdrawn from the South, the Negro power, which but the day before had been as arrogant and insolent as ever in the whole course of its brief authority, fell to pieces.

It is little less than amazing that the Whites of the South should, after all that they went through during the period of reconstruction, have retained their kindly feeling for the Negroes, and not only retained but increased their loyalty to the Union.



Santos Dumont's "My Airships"

M. Alberto Santos-Dumont, the Brazilian aerostatic sportsman, has written a spirited and extremely interesting account of his progress in the development of the dirigible balloon. He is admirably endowed and equipped for the task to which he has set himself. Young, small and wiry, daring and sensible, ingenious, enthusiastic, and wealthy—what more is needed to make the ideal experimenter in the fascinating but dangerous field of aerial navigation?

His first flight (1897) was made in a spherical balloon. Here is his description of the experience

"Suddenly the wind ceased. The air seemed motionless around us. We were off, going at the speed of the air-current in which we now lived and moved. Indeed, for us there was no more wind; and this is the first great fact of all spherical ballooning. Infinitely gentle is this unfelt movement forward and upward. The illusion is complete: it seems not to be the balloon that moves, but the earth that sinks down and away.

"At the bottom of the abyss which already opened almost a mile below us, the earth, instead of appearing round like a ball, shows concave like a bowl, by a peculiar phenomenon of refraction whose effect is to lift up constantly to the aeronaut's eyes and circle of the horizon."

The real dangers of spherical ballooning are confined usually to the landing, while "its imaginary dangers in the air are—in the air." Once he was thrown to earth unconscious.

He describes his feeling in one of his accidents:

"For the moment I was sure that I was in the presence of death. Well, I will tell it frankly, my sentiment was almost entirely that of waiting and expectation.

"What is coming next?" I thought. "What am I going to see and know in a few minutes? Whom shall I see after I am dead?"

"The thought that I would be meeting my father in a few minutes thrilled me. Indeed,

I think that in such moments there is no room for either regret or terror. The mind is too full of looking forward. One is frightened only so long as one still has a chance."

His first dirigible balloon was completed in September of 1898. It was of the cylindrical shape which has become familiar. The first attempt to operate it ended in a false start; the second in a dangerous accident. His own account is:

"I made the great mistake of mounting high in the air—some 1,300 feet—an altitude that is considered nothing for a spherical balloon, but which is absurd and uselessly dangerous for an air-ship under trial. . . .

"So long as I continued to ascend, the hydrogen increased in volume as a consequence of the atmospheric depression. So, by its tension, the balloon was kept taut and everything went well. It was not the same when I began descending. The air-pump, which was intended to compensate the contraction of the hydrogen, was of insufficient capacity. The balloon, a long cylinder, all at once began to fold in the middle like a pocket-knife, the tension of the cords became unequal, and the balloon-envelop was on the point of being torn by them. At that moment I thought that all was over—the more so as the descent which had begun could no longer be checked by any of the usual means on board, where nothing worked.

"The descent became a fall. Luckily, I was falling in the neighborhood of the grassy turf of Bagatelle, where some big boys were flying kites. A sudden idea struck me. I cried to them to grasp the end of my guide-rope, which had already touched the ground, and to run as fast as they could with it *against the wind!*

"They were bright young fellows, and they grasped the idea and the rope at the same lucky instant. The effect of this help *in extremis* was immediate and such as I had hoped. By the manoeuvre we lessened the velocity of the fall, and so avoided what would otherwise have been a bad shaking-up, to say the least."

But he had accomplished much. For by shifting weights so as to point his balloon

*MY AIR-SHIPS. By A. Santos-Dumont. The Century Company, New York. Price, \$1.40.

on an angle upward or downward he had been able to make oblique flights through the air. Thus he could rise without sacrificing ballast and descend without sacrificing gas. And the machine answered to the rudder. The astonishing sensation was to feel the wind in his face, something unknown in spherical ballooning. The air-ship acts like a river steamboat floating with or driven against a current. "All talk about 'tacking' is meaningless."

"The movement is suave and flowing, which is doubtless owing to the lesser resistance of the air-waves. The pitches are less frequent and rapid than those at sea; the dip is not brusquely arrested, so that the mind can anticipate the curve to its end; and there is no shock to give that queer 'empty' sensation in the solar plexus.

"Furthermore, the shocks of a transatlantic liner are due first to the fore and then to the after part of the giant construction rising out of the water to plunge into it again. The air-ship never leaves its medium—the air—in which it only swings."

It was with his No. 6 ship that he won the Deutsch prize (October 19, 1901), by sailing from the Aero Club's grounds around the Eiffel Tower and back, a distance of nearly seven miles, in twenty-nine and one-half minutes (the time limit being thirty minutes).

This ship is 110 feet long by 20 feet in diameter, pointed at both ends, and having a gas-capacity of 22,239 cubic feet. The propeller is driven by a four-cylinder petroleum motor of 12 horse-power. Subsequently he built an omnibus ship of about three times this size and a runabout of about one-third this size.

These air-ships operate at heights ranging from about 150 to 400 feet. Of course, much greater heights can be attained, but at considerable risk of "cold explosion" in the

event of failure of operation of the escape valve. To such an explosion the death of M. Severo on May 12, 1902, is attributed. Spherical balloons are not subject to this risk because open at the bottom.

In fact, the greatest enjoyment to be had is in skimming along over land or water, "guide roping," as it is called. For the trailing guide rope acts as automatically operated ballast to prevent the ship from lurching upward or downward.

The ship responds readily and accurately to the rudder. M. Santos-Dumont has landed his runabout at the door of his dwelling on the corner of the Champs Élysées. On another occasion he came to rest safely within a balloon-house, entering by a door 16½ feet wide and 50 feet high.

The speed cannot be determined with definiteness, but twenty-five miles per hour in still air is readily attained and maintained indefinitely.

Such a ship could be of great use in warfare, particularly in hunting out and destroying submarine craft, which can usually neither be seen nor struck from battle ships.

In the rapid and successful development of this remarkable dirigible balloon, M. Santos-Dumont has been "inventor, patron, manufacturer, amateur, mechanic, and air-ship captain, all united." He probably could have succeeded so well nowhere outside of France. Over the border they have been known to shout at balloonists. We will close with one more quotation:

"Prize or no prize, I must work; and I shall always work in this my chosen field of *aéro-station*. For this my place is Paris, where the public, in particular the kindly and enthusiastic populace, both knows and trusts me. Here in Paris I go up for my own pleasure, day by day, as my reward for long and costly experiment."

Thomas Ewing, Jr.



The Religious Architecture of Japan*



THE TEMPLE OF HO-O-DO—UJI

Few magazine articles have an interest so great; both for the general reader and for the student, as have two papers on the "Religious Architecture of Japan," recently printed in *The Churchman*. They are written by Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, the well-known architect and writer of Boston. We regret that our space permits only the barest outlines of Mr. Cram's articles, which, in justice to him, we should state have been greatly condensed.

JAPAN is the offspring of two religions, Shinto and Buddhism: the first one of those forms of tribal or ethnic religions compounded of nature and ancestor worship; the second a very exalted form of spiritual philosophy, probably the highest that has ever been developed without the aid of Divine inspiration. Under the sole dominion of the first the inhabitants of the Japanese archipelago had made no very startling advance, but they had been prepared for the coming of the vitalizing fire of Buddhism, the ground had been made ready; the seed only was wanting. In the year 552 the first wave of the great Buddhist tide of missionary activity touched the shores of "The Land of the Morning Mist" in the shape of certain Korean priests sent by the King of Kudara. Forty years later Prince Shotoku

Taishi, regent of the Empire under the Empress Suiko, accepted the new faith, and from that moment civilization began. The great monastery of Horyuji was the first Buddhist foundation, and it was completed substantially in its present shape in 607. Although built wholly of wood, three of the original buildings are still standing—the great gate, Azeku-no-mon, the main temple or Hondo, and the pagoda or Go-ju-to. The other buildings, though restorations, are accurate reproductions of those destroyed through process of time.

Architecturally all are pure Chino-Korean of the sixth century, one of the most extraordinary architectural styles in the world, for it is the counterpart of the Romanesque of the south of France, and the two styles bear exactly the same relation to the root style of Greece, with the single exception that in the West there was no change in materials, while in the East there was a reversion to the original and primitive wood.

*THE RELIGIOUS ARCHITECTURE OF JAPAN. Two papers. By Ralph Adams Cram. *The Churchman*, Nov. 7, 1903, and March 5, 1904. Copy-right, 1904, *The Churchman Co.*



OLD PAVILION NEAR NARA

From Athens to Asia Minor, thence to Persia and so to India, architecture, painting and sculpture worked their way back against the sun and over provinces where still remained traces of enormously ancient civilization. Bit by bit the original impulse was modified and took on new forms; the mysterious and mystical East entered in, dominated and revolutionized the Hellenic impulse, and at last, when the great progression reached China, the wonder of old Cathay wrought the final change. Mysticism and meditation, the soul of the infinite East, had wrought out of alien shards its own intimate and ex-

quisite habiliments. In the West, action and conduct and the spirit of innovation, driven by dominant Christianity, had transmuted the original Greek through the decadent Roman, into the vigorous, aggressive, practical Romanesque; in the East, mysticism and tradition, guided by the subtleties of Buddhism, had wrought their own intimate change.

When at last the limit of land was reached and the advance guard of the new life of the East stood on the shores of the confining sea, almost the last vestige of Hellenism was gone, and only in the entasis

of the columns of the great gate and in the thin folds and studied calmness of the sculptured drapery of the statues is to be seen the lurking traces of Greek art; and within a few years these also were to disappear, giving place to what may be called the Gothicism of the indigenous Japanese spirit.

These few little temples on the outskirts of Nara are the most precious architectural monuments of Japan; together with the marvelous statues of their own and the succeeding century, they are priceless documents in the history of the art of the world. From the seventh to the thirteenth centuries China and Japan stood as the most highly civilized countries of the globe, and therefore their art was the most perfect then existing. With the development of medievalism in Europe, Christian civilization took the lead, but for six centuries the East bore the banner of art and civilization.

From the standpoint of the casual traveler, even of the architect, Japanese architecture is at first absolutely baffling; it is like Japanese music, so utterly foreign, so radically different in its genesis, so aloof in its moods and motives from the standards of the West, that for a long time it is a wonder merely, a curiosity, a toy perhaps or a sport of nature, not a serious product of the human mind, a priceless contribution to the history of the world.

Yet when the revolution is accomplished and the rebellious mind is bent to the unfamiliar course, this strange architecture comes to show itself in its true light. It is more nearly Greek than any other, for it is the perfecting of a single, simple and primitive mass, by almost infinite refinements of line and proportion. The Gothic cathedrals of France and England were strokes of mighty genius, unconsciously created under the influence of overmastering emotion; the temples of Horiuji, Nara, Uji and Kyoto were the result of a conscious and Hellenic striving for the ultimate perfection in line and curve and form. The sinuous following of line, the steely curves of the roofs, the massing of the shadows, the fretting of the light and shade—they are all the final things; beyond them is no further possibility. There is nothing in the Parthenon more keenly perfect than the sweep of the roof angles; nothing in the Erechtheon more graceful and mobile than the Imperial pavilion of the

Fujiwara, now the Ho-o-do of Byodoin.

Proportion, composition and the following of line—these are the three architectural triumphs of the Chino-Korean architecture of Buddhism, and they are so victorious, so ultimate, that we can only admit that the power that brought them into being was a power of beneficence and might.

When Buddhism came to Japan, bringing a highly developed style of architecture, it found the racial religion housing itself in huts barbarous in their nature, and differing but slightly from the rough dwellings of the people; walls of posts and planks formed the enclosure, and this was roofed with sloping poles forming a steep gable, and projecting through the heavy thatch in X form. The ridge was kept in place by transverse logs of unhewn timber, and this was, so far as we know, absolutely all.

The splendid architecture of China superseded all this with scant delay, and scarcely



SHINTO TORII

an hundred years after the building of the Horiuji temples, the Japanese, emancipated from barbarism, began the work of developing the Chinese style on their own lines.

The progress was direct and unbroken

through the epochs of Nara, Kyoto, Kamakura and Yedo, until it culminated and ceased in the overwrought shrines of Shiba and Nikko; but simultaneously and amicably a more or less independent style was developing in the shape of the architecture of Shinto.

For centuries Shinto architecture differed little from that of Buddhism beyond the fact that it sternly rejected color, that it was always parsimonious in its giving of carving and other decoration, that it refused roof tiles and held by the traditional thick thatch of velvety hinoki bark, and that it retained the semblance of the X rafters and the transverse logs of the ridge. Shinto added nothing either to the architecture of Buddhism or that of the world, except the one triumphant form of the torii, one of the most perfectly simple, exquisite and classical forms ever evolved in the art of building. The original significance of this master stroke of art is long since forgotten; it has become but a general sign of holiness, a gate of entrance to the sanctuary, a frame for some beautiful view when the focal point is some sacred thing. Hellenism gave the world the orders, Islam the dome, Christianity the pointed arch and vault, Buddhism the perfect roof built up of sequent curves, and Shinto—the poor striving of barbarians after something of holiness and truth—the torii, the one of all the great architectural forms that has no utilitarian value, but is the perfect decorative form.

There is little in Shinto architecture, apart from this one triumph, that need detain us. Whatever of good it possesses was bor-

rowed from Buddhism. It was slowly dying away when, for patriotic reasons, the Imperial Government saw fit to make the barren old religion the State religion of Japan, disestablishing the far loftier system, to which the nation owed so nearly all of her greatness. Shinto did, indeed, inculcate the very passion of loyalty, of honor to parents, to the Mikado; but beyond this it seems to the Western mind to have small claims on admiration. Nevertheless, the revolution was



THE GATE OF CHION-IN—KYOTO

accomplished; the treasure houses of Buddhism, the temples, monasteries and shrines, were sacked and despoiled, and for a time the noble Chino-Korean style fell into disuse, while unspeakably hideous barracks like the Shokonsha in Tokyo were built in the "purest Shinto." Latterly, however, Buddhism has begun to regain something of its ancient glory, as is proved by the vast and splendid temples of the Higashi Hongwanji in Kyoto, fully finished only five years ago, monuments to the indestructible faith of the people and the persistence of strong and fine architectural tradition, instead of a mad Westernism and an infidelity waxing fat on the mistake of the government that thought to change its religion with its military and governmental organization.

It is a great artistic catastrophe that an inordinate passion for fighting on the part

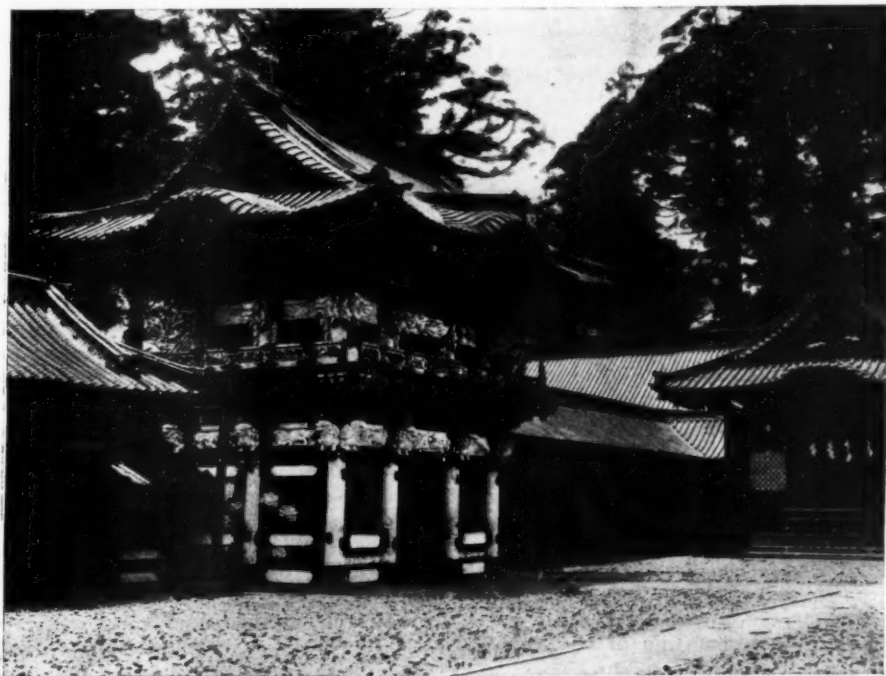
of the strenuous Japanese, coupled with the perishable nature of their building materials, should have resulted in the almost total destruction of the religious architecture that came into existence between the last years of the seventh century and the first year of the seventeenth. From the great Fujiwara or Kyoto period, extending from A. D. 700 to the triumph of Yoritomo in 1192, nothing whatever remains except the marvelous Ho-o-do of Byodo-in at Uji. This exquisite "Phoenix Hall," originally a pleasure pavilion of the splendid Shoguns, is now a temple; and as one first sees it in the dusk of early evening perhaps, rising above the dark little tarn clogged with pale iris, it seems like a dream of some magical fancy of Kublai Kahn. It is a figment of imagination, not a solid fabric in time and space. Viewed architecturally, it reaches the highest level in point of composition and design, taking place with St. Mark's in Venice, Gloucester cathedral and the Taj Mahal.

Apart from St. Mark's in Venice and the Capella Palatina in Palermo, I know of no religious interiors that can vie with such

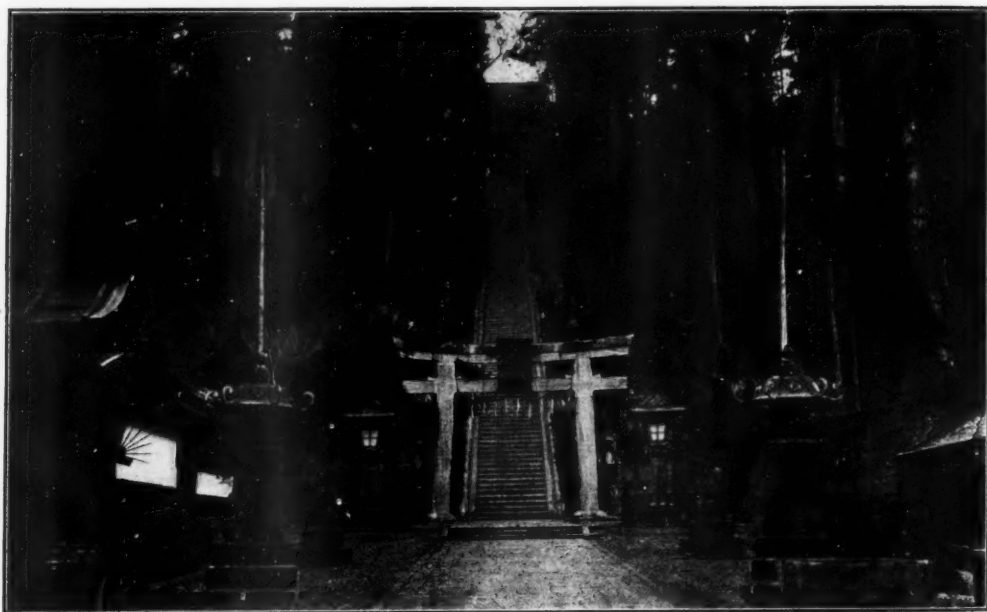
caves of glory as Chion-in. Words simply fail when an attempt is made to describe the unparalleled splendor of such temples. Black lacquer and gold and cinnabar; chiseled baldachinos of exquisite metal work; massive ropes and tassels of blood-red silk; censers of gold and silver and bronze; great lotus plants sheeted with beaten gold; vestments of stiff brocade heavy with massed embroidery; deep-tongued bells, sonorous drums; strange unearthly chanting of tonsured bonzes; clouds of pale incense—it is all like some vision out of the mysterious, intangible past, aloof, unapproachable.

And nowhere, not for one minute fraction of an inch, is there any failure of faultless art.

In St. Mark's are tawdry analine paper flowers against the *pala doro*. Our Lady of Chartres is decked out in cheap finery of the theatrical costumer. St. Albans Cathedral is desecrated by the Brumagem "Gothic" of the modern Vandal, Lord Grimthorpe; but here in Japan, where with corrugated iron "churches" and trade altar ornaments we are doing what we can in a religious way to paralyze the art instinct of the last artistic



TEMPLE GATE—SHRINES OF NIKKO



AN APPROACH TO A JAPANESE TEMPLE

people in the world, the temples themselves still remain virgin and undefiled. If a man wants to see what good art can mean and be when it is unspotted by modernism, he must go, not to Italy or France or England, but to the Buddhist temples of Japan.

When the founder and first Shogun of the Tokugawa dynasty, Iyeasu, died, his son Iyemitsu began the erection of the tombs and shrines of Nikko, the last word of religious architecture in Japan. With the temples of Shiba and Uyemo and Tokyo they form an episode in themselves, unhealthy, exotic, decadent. That they are in a way supremely beautiful is perfectly true—they are the apotheosis of colored and carved decoration; but it is beauty gone mad, and bursting beyond all bounds. It was precisely what was happening in the West, luxury sucking the heart out of art, the fire of genius burning itself away in the enormous pageant of a palpitating aurora. The glory was unspeakable, but the ashes that remained were dry and dead. The fire had burned itself out.

Then came the opening of the ports, the revolution, the restoration of the Mikado,

the abolition of feudalism, the disestablishment of Buddhism, the rehabilitation of the Shinto anomaly, and the Constitution. Feudal and Buddhist civilization crumbled, and nothing permanent seemed to take its place. Occidentalism became a Black Death to the arts of Japan, and for a time the outlook was dreary indeed. Latterly, however, things are brightening a little. Buddhism is pulling itself together and becoming aggressive. Shinto is becoming little more than an edict. There is a healthy rebellion against Western canons of painting, and a few strong men are carefully gathering up the scattered shards of the past, nourishing the flickering fires of art that had not wholly died away. There is a strong revulsion of feeling toward the good artistic models of a few centuries ago. From this will result one of two things, either an archaeological Markheim, soulless, dead, doomed to sudden extinction, or a knitting up of the raveled cord of history; a new lease of life for artistic Japan, a new era of æsthetic glory. At present it is impossible to say what will be the issue.

Ralph Adams Cram.

J o g g i n g *

"BUT if we walk we shall not be in time to dress for dinner," said Mrs. Edward, anxiously. Mrs. Chris, in whose house the dinner was to be, did not seem troubled at the idea.

"Never mind if we aren't," she said easily. "There will be no one but our two men." Mrs. Edward frowned disapproval.

"But doesn't one dress for one's husband very much more than for anyone else?" she protested. "Surely it is better to impress him than——"

"Oh, of course; only I thought just to-night—" and Mrs. Chris meekly abandoned the cool, clean dusk for the stuffy interior of a crowded car. "One takes things more easily when one has been married three years," she added, with a smile that was half apology.

"Yes; and that is why married life is usually so stupid and dreary," said Mrs. Edward, promptly. "Of course, I don't mean yours, my dear—but most people's. Edward and I don't intend to slip down into the commonplace. I have such a horror of 'jogging'! Haven't you?"

"It doesn't sound—exciting," admitted Mrs. Chris, with a glance half amused and half worried at the slim, clean-cut, elaborate personality beside her. She had invited her brother-in-law and his new wife with trepidation, for Edward had always stood as something of a model to his family, and his wife would undoubtedly be even more of a model. But she had not foreseen anything quite so complete as Mrs. Edward. Of course one must be patient of theories in the newly married, yet her tranquillity was disturbed. And when, after fifteen minutes more of the same theme, she followed her

guest up the steps, she was wondering whether, after all, it was not due to Chris that she should have her hair waved.

Mrs. Chris's dressing was delayed by a struggle with her husband, who objected vigorously to putting on evening dress every

night for a mere brother, and who had to be cheered after being vanquished. Her two guests were already in the living-room when she hurried down, and something in their attitudes brought back the worried feeling, without the amusement—some way; Mrs. Edward sat so prettily, with a little air of visiting, and Edward was talking to her quite as though he had just been introduced. Had it been she and Chris, she realized, she would have been lounging over a magazine



with a cheerful "H'm, h'm," for any remark he chose to make from beyond his paper. "I wonder if we have not missed something?" she thought. "Are we 'jogging'?"

Next morning Mrs. Edward appeared in a neat walking-suit, and glanced with surprise at her hostess's morning gown.

"Don't you walk to the station with your husband?" she asked.

"Well, I sometimes meet him at night," Mrs. Chris explained, helplessly irritated at her own attitude of apology. "You see, I have to attend to things about the house, mornings."

"But surely you don't put your house before your husband!" Mrs. Edward's earnestness amounted to dismay. "Why, I don't know how Edward and I would get through the day without that walk together in the morning. One can't afford to let those things go, can one? Do slip on a street skirt, and let us all go together!"

"Why—I might as well," said Mrs. Chris unhappily, and hurried to make the change. This new relative was proving something of a tax. And yet——

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"I suppose we have been slipping down horribly," she admitted to Chris as they set forth after breakfast, in the wake of Mr. and Mrs. Edward, who were talking with the volubility of mere acquaintance.

"Well, let's pull up, then," he agreed, putting his hand under her elbow, and jumping her across a flooded gutter. It was a pleasant ten minutes, and she turned back from the station with a resentful consciousness that this new relative might prove enlightening, after all.

"We have been jogging," she admitted to herself, and with a sigh set her mind to reform.

Chris, finding his womenkind in low-cut gowns every night, outgrew his reluctance to evening dress, and even developed a mild enthusiasm for it.

"One might as well live like a gentleman; it is abominable to get so sloppy," he confided to his wife, being evidently now of the belief that the reform had come entirely from him.

"You are right," she agreed, quite seriously. "I am glad you care about such things."

"Well, I felt we were rather slipping down," said the unconscious Chris, admiring the cut of his shoulders in the mirror.

They played cards evenings, because Mrs. Edward said it developed sociability.

"So many married people forget to visit with each other," she explained to Mrs. Chris. "They don't even talk, except about practical things. On the boats and trains you can pick out the married ones by the blank way they sit together. Oh, it is so stupid! A woman who will let the relation slip down like that deserves all she gets."

Mrs. Chris's face wore an uneasy, almost a furtive, expression.

"They—they grow careless," she murmured.

"Cards or anything you do together will help you keep out of the commonplace," Mrs. Edward went on. "Even if you don't like cards, a game or two after dinner will bring you closer for the whole evening. And one can't afford to neglect these things, my dear."

"Chris rather likes piquet," said Mrs. Chris reflectively.

And so every evening the card-table was drawn out and a sociable hour was passed there, to be followed by a still more sociable hour of music. None of them played or sang very well, but the spirit of festivity was encouraged. After that, at Mrs. Edward's suggestion, the lights were turned down, and they sat pleasantly about the fire talking. Mrs. Edward had always some interesting topic from the day's reading or experiences to set before them.

On the last night of the visit, sociability was at its climax, and Mrs. Edward had been at her best.

"She's a wonder, by George!" said her brother-in-law.

"Indeed she is," agreed Mrs. Chris, with a small sigh.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward went away on the next day, but the good they did lived after them. Every morning Mrs. Chris was ready at eight o'clock to accompany her husband to the train, and they both spent the brisk ten minutes in congratulating themselves on the new custom. Mrs. Chris kept the candles and the bon-bon dishes on the table, and they nightly faced each other in evening dress, pleasantly festive. She persisted heroically in her new enthusiasm for cards, and daily kept an alert watch on the periodicals,

that she might have interesting themes to suggest over the fire afterward.

"This isn't jogging," she said to herself, as she toiled upstairs after the seventh triumphant evening.

In the morning she overslept, and Chris was less amiable than usual.

"For Heaven's sake, hurry, or I'll miss that train," he complained as she was adjusting her veil: Mrs. Edward had declared a veil indispensable to the keeping of a husband's love. It drew viciously across Mrs. Chris's eye-

lashes this morning, and her "I am hurrying" was not wholly genial. They left the house in silence.

"Couldn't you walk just a little quicker?" Chris spoke with exaggerated forbearance.

"I can run, if you like," Mrs. Chris was



curt. Two more blocks of silence followed. "It's a lovely morning, isn't it?" Mrs. Chris's light friendliness creaked somewhat with effort, but Chris respected the intention.

"Bully," he assented, cordially. Talk languished again.

"You had plenty of time, after all," said Mrs. Chris at the station. Chris met the relapse in kind.

"The train is behind time; it is one minute after now," he said, coldly.

Mrs. Chris came in late that afternoon and had to scramble into evening clothes. Chris, being late himself, hooked her up with grim patience.

"Why don't you get things that fasten in front?" he demanded. She smiled good-temperedly.

"Because I think these promote sociability between husband and wife," she said, in the accents of Mrs. Edward. He laughed as though something had been dawning on him, too.

"She's a wonderful woman, just the same," he persisted.

After dinner Mrs. Chris thrust a finger longingly into a new novel, but her husband was getting out the cards, so they played, and then visited, with occasional relapses into silence.

"If you will excuse me, dear, I want to look at a magazine I brought home," said Chris suddenly.

"Of course!" Mrs. Chris responded with a burst of cordiality, and the novel was already on her knee. An hour of quiet followed.

It was four mornings later that a threatening gray sky made Mrs. Chris hesitate at the window as they rose from breakfast.

"I'm afraid it is going to pour," she began, apologetically. "Do you know, dear, if you don't mind, I think I'd better not walk down with you."

"Well, perhaps you are wise," admitted Chris. There was unmistakable relief in his face. They came together for their "good-by" with a little rush of affection.

The rain fell in good earnest that afternoon. Mrs. Chris, coming in wet, curled up in an old blue tea-gown for a luxurious hour. When her husband returned she was still no nearer a dinner toilet. He stood hesitatingly at the door of his closet, his eyes on a beloved old coat.

"No one would be apt to come in to-night," he ventured. She looked longingly down at the old tea-gown.

"Oh, no one," she encouraged him. He took down the smoky, shapeless, disreputable old garment and slipped into it contentedly.

"Oh dear, dinner will be ready in five minutes," she sighed, sitting up with a firm air of purpose.

"Why don't you go down in that?" suggested the kindly Chris in the fulness of his satisfaction. She demurred feebly, but let herself be persuaded. They had not had such a whole-souledly sociable little dinner for weeks. After it, Mrs. Chris waited in suspense, but nothing was said about cards. Presently Chris took up a magazine and dropped down by the lamp.

"I'll just glance at this," he murmured. Mrs. Chris established herself with her book in the big chair opposite. An hour of serene silence ticked away. The falling of a log on the hearth made her glance up. Chris bent forward to replace it, then stretched luxuriously and pulled up another chair for his slippered feet. Their eyes met and they smiled at each other, a sudden smile of understanding and deep content. Then in unbroken silence they went back to their reading. They undoubtedly were jogging.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.



The Book of the Month

Herbert Spencer's Autobiography

Referring to the reviews of his first real book, "Social Statics," Mr. Spencer says, "The usual purposes of a reviewer are—first to get his guineas with the least expenditure of labour; second, to show what a clever fellow he is; third, to write an amusing article; fourth, to give some account of the book; which last purpose, often practically unattempted, is rarely fulfilled." Foreswearing three parts of this program, we address ourselves to the fourth in spite of the philosopher's discouragement, to say nothing of being confronted with 1,268 pages and an authoritative limitation of two words of our matter to a page of his. When a book has been so long expected as this has been, the event is apt to fall below the height of our anticipation. It does not do so here. The book is a much more interesting one than the general reader has good reason to expect. It gives an impression of Spencer's personality much more agreeable than that made by his *opera magna*. It assures us of his versatility to a degree of which we had no conception, and of his quick response to many things to which we thought him dumb. It is singularly frank in both its objective and subjective disclosures, so much so that Huxley found it as direct as Rousseau's "Confessions" but with nothing of their baseness to expose. It has the self-engagement of a man brooding on a great philosophical system and thrown back on himself by the invalid habit of his life. The insomnia and dyspepsia though recurring frequently in the second volume are not much dwelt upon and the prevailing note is genial though he had as good reason to curse and swear as Carlyle. The style, perfectly lucid, is much better than that of his philosophic writings; for one reason, because it is so much less technical. If there is little humorous reflection on the circumstances of his life and the angles of his character, there is a lively sense of others' wit, as where he laughs with Huxley when he says that "Spencer's idea of a tragedy was a deduc-

tion killed by a fact;" or where he heartily concurs with Samuel Rogers' opinion of the Grotes: "I like the Grotes; she is so gentlemanly and he is so lady-like."

The book is divided into twelve parts; in each part there are several or more chapters, sixty in all. The first part, "Family Antecedents," traces the roots of Spencer's individual being back into the ancestral soil. One of them is the "non-conforming tendency, the lack of regard for certain established authorities and readiness to dissent from accepted opinions. Beyond the relative independence of nature thus displayed, there was implied a correlative dependence on something higher than legislative enactment." "In all my writings relating to the affairs of men, it is contended that ethical injunctions stand above legal injunctions." Collateral as well as direct lines are considered and it seems that one of his uncles was a black sheep, but Spencer finds no corresponding hair in his own wool. His parents' characters are carefully dissected and every worse or better trait is rigorously laid bare. His resemblance to his father was remarkable, both for good and ill. "There remains only to name one great drawback—he was not kind to my mother." The mother, on the contrary, was singularly kind to all. "Indeed, when trying to recollect a display of unamiability I cannot do so. . . . Generally patient, her submissiveness invited aggression. A trait which injuriously co-operated with this was an utter absence of tact." Something of this Spencer inherited; none of the meek submissiveness. "My mother belonged to the class of those who deserve much and get little, and it is a source of unceasing regret with me that I did not do more to prevent her inclusion in this class."

One of his first essays in philosophy is described by his father: "One day when [he was] a very little child, I noticed as he was sitting quietly by the fire a sudden titter. On saying 'Herbert, what are you laughing at?' he said, 'I was thinking how it would seem if there had been nothing besides myself.'" His first essay in science was in

*AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Herbert Spencer. In two volumes. Pp. 655, 613. Cloth, 8vo. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$5.50 net.

entomology. "I made in course of time a considerable collection of moths, butterflies, etc. My father encouraged me to make drawings of the insects. In some cases I added descriptions." This when he was seven years old. "Throughout boyhood, as in after life, I could not endure prolonged reading. . . . Averse to lesson-getting, I was not slow in miscellaneous acquisition." He mourns his filial disobedience and its grave results. "I was neither forced into conformity, nor led into it by normal means. Continual reprobation for disobedience established a certain kind of alienation; or at least absence of attachment." When thirteen he was sent to his uncle's school and shortly ran away in a fury of disgust. "That a boy of thirteen should, without any food but bread and water and two or three glasses of beer, and without sleep for two nights, walk forty-eight miles one day, forty-seven the next, and some twenty the third, is surprising enough. It is strange that the exertion was borne at all; it is highly improbable that it was done without injury." Nevertheless he was sent back and "all shortcomings recognized, I derived great benefit from being made to apply far more than I should have done otherwise."

"It was either during the autumn of 1836, or that of 1837, that I hit upon a remarkable property of the circle, not, so far as I have been able to learn, previously discovered." Another and more prophetic sign of his intellectual force, following in 1840 his first civil-engineering, was his rejection of Lyell's attempted refutation of Lamarck's development theory. "My inclination to accept it as true, in spite of Lyell's adverse criticisms, was, doubtless, chiefly due to its harmony with that general idea of the order of Nature toward which I had, throughout life, been growing. Supernaturalism, in whatever form, had never commended itself. From boyhood there was in me a need to see, in a more or less distinct way, how phenomena, no matter of what kind, are to be naturally explained. Hence, when my attention was drawn to the question whether organic forms have been specially created, or whether they have arisen by progressive modifications, physically caused and inherited, I adopted the last supposition, inadequate as was the evidence and great as were the difficulties in the way. Its congruity with the course of procedure throughout things at large, gave it an irresistible attrac-

tion; and my belief in it never afterward wavered, much as I was, in after years, ridiculed for entertaining it."

A succession of agreeable chapters details the course of his experience as journalist and engineer. His engineering was a much more extended and efficient business than has been commonly supposed. "In surveying and leveling, in making drawings for railway works, and in discharging the functions of secretary and sub-engineer, my first engineering period was passed. After this came a time of scheming and experimenting—mechanical, chemical, electrical; and a time during which there was some artistic cultivation in drawing, modeling and music, as well as some pursuit of natural history; a time, also, of public political activity, as well as political writing, broken by brief efforts to open for myself a literary career. Then followed a second engineering period, bringing me in closer contact with the preliminary business of railway making; joined with the exercise of some authority, as the regulator of assistants and supervisor of plans. . . . Next came the period distinguishable as that of inventions—successful and unsuccessful, but chiefly the latter. . . . And along with all this had gone a running commentary of speculative thought about the various matters presented."

Never married—fortunately, he thinks, for himself and the "impossible she"—he writes, "I am not by nature adapted to a relation in which perpetual compromise and great forbearance are needed. An extreme critical tendency, joined with a lack of reticence no less pronounced would, I fear, have caused perpetual domestic difference." But the qualities confessed did not prevent his life from being singularly rich in friendships. These make the sunny exposure of his book, and it is significant of his essential kindness. One of his best friends was George Eliot, but much that he has to say of her has leaked out heretofore through one crack or another. "Striking by its power when in repose, her face was remarkably transfigured by a smile; there was habitually an expression of sympathy, either for the person smiled at or the person smiled with." "Capacity for abstract thinking is rarely found along with capacity for concrete representation, even in men; and among women such a union of the two as existed in her, has, I should think, never been paralleled." "It was, I presume, her lack of

self-confidence which led her to resist my suggestion that she should write novels. I thought I saw in her many, if not all, of the needful qualifications in high degrees. . . . But she did not believe she had the required ability." When she came to herself, Spencer was early in her secret and he could not keep it close. Her friends expected him to lie as bravely as Sir Walter Scott, but "a denial from me," he says, "would have been futile. The truth would have been betrayed by my manner, if not otherwise. I have so little control over my features that a vocal 'No' would have been inevitably accompanied by a facial 'Yes'." "As a companion, Lewes was extremely attractive (when I first knew him), and afterward I was impressed by his forgiving temper and his generosity. It is undeniable that he discharged the duties which devolved upon him with great conscientiousness and at much cost in self-sacrifice." The reference here is to his first marriage. Once he writes Spencer that "Marian is crying over her young people [in one of her novels] in the next room."

Huxley and Tyndall are never touched but to be made more excellent to our appreciation. Huxley "lends some color to the dictum that genius is a unit and where it exists can manifest itself equally in all directions." Two faults are charged against him. "One is that he is too yielding. For if he is asked to undertake anything, either for the benefit of an individual or another or with a view to public benefit, he has difficulty in saying no." The other fault was that he habitually worked too hard. Of Tyndall, whom he considers as much poet as scientist, he writes, "and it is equally so with Professor Huxley—one of his chief interests in science is its bearing on the great questions which lie beyond science, the light it throws on our own nature and the nature of the universe, and the humility it everywhere teaches by everywhere leaving us in presence of the inscrutable." No one in these pages stands in more radiant light than John Stuart Mill. Altogether generous and noble was his offer to Spencer in 1866, "that you should write the next of your treatises and that I should guarantee the publisher against loss." This was when pecuniary embarrassment brought the publication of the Synthetic Philosophy to a sudden halt. Mill's offer was gently put aside, but E. L. Youmans coming from America with seven thousand dollars was not to be withstood.

For Youmans, Spencer has the warmest praise and amplest recognition. "Among professed worshippers of humanity I have not heard of one whose sacrifices on behalf of humanity will bear comparison with my friend's." John Fiske, on the contrary, is conspicuous by his absence; astonishingly so, considering the amount and character of Fiske's contribution to Spencer's vogue in America. There is but a single, and that casual, mention of his name. It occurs in the chapter on Spencer's visit to America, which meant much gravel in his shoes. Of his view of Niagara Spencer says little; but the water that finds him and leaves him particularly cold is our American ice-water, our habit of drinking it. Lake George figures as "Lake St. George." But George the Second was no saint.

Very interesting accounts of all of Spencer's books and more elaborate articles are given. In the case of "Social Statics" and the first "Principles of Psychology," he writes such reviews as he thinks should have been written, but were not. One time he got so out of conceit with the reviewers that he withheld his books from them. Messrs. Appleton inform us that since 1860 they have sold 368,755 volumes of his writings. The corresponding English figures are not given. Spencer's enjoyment of music and other forms of art is a recurrent note. His judgments were highly individual and he did not always stick to his *last* in either sense of the word. His confessions of ignorance and neglect in the way of reading are as frank as possible; some of them are less creditable than frank. Buckle he tasted, but no more; similarly Kant; and Plato he could not endure. Shelley, and especially his "Prometheus Unbound" was long a favorite, but with weakening hold. Epic poems were his abomination, Homer's with the rest. In the main purpose of his life he had what Grant's father called "the gift of continuance," but not with the special book or task. Here he must have variety.

The reader will expect to find his account of the inception of the Synthetic Philosophy particularly interesting and he will not be disappointed. Its beginnings are carried farther back than heretofore and there is a noble passage too long for quotation (Vol. II, pp. 5-16), tracing the various steps of his advance. His syllabus as written in January, 1858, is given, nearly two years before the publication of Darwin's "Origin of

Species." Of this he writes: "Up to that time, or rather up to the time at which the papers by Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace, read before the Linnæan Society, had become known to me, I held that the sole cause of organic evolution is the inheritance of functionally produced modifications. The "Origin of Species" made it clear to me that I was wrong, and that the larger part of the facts cannot be due to any such cause. Whether proof that what I had supposed to be the sole cause could be at best but a part cause gave me any annoyance I cannot remember; nor can I remember whether I was vexed by the thought that in 1852 I had failed to carry further the idea there expressed, that among human beings the survival of those who are the select of their generation is a cause of development. But I doubt not that any such feelings, if they

arose, were overwhelmed in the gratification I felt at seeing the theory of organic evolution justified."

The closing chapter, "Reflections," is a remorseless self-dissection, extenuating nothing. The book, as a whole, makes Spencer's personality a reality for us, where heretofore it has been vaguer than his philosophical abstractions. Less his valetudinarian habit he would have been very different and much more attractive. His devotion to his great task was splendid and his entire sincerity of personal behavior was a good example for "men of a thousand shifts and wiles." The book ends upon a note of genial sympathy with those traditional beliefs and forms which for Spencer himself were impossible.

John White Chadwick.

THE BATTLEFIELD

A DESERT place where grew no kindly herb;
A waste of sand where splintered rocks lay dead,
Where rivulets flowed not, nor flowers swayed—
And smiting rays fell from the sun o'erhead.

One lonely figure robed in ashen gray,
Whose patient eyes saw nothing, seeing all;
Nor marked the shadows' slow-revolving course,
The flush of dawn, the purple darkness' fall.

There rode no hosts led on by warrior kings;
No trumpets sang; there waved no banners gay;
No fierce assaults nor routed quick retreats,
But silent hours wore out the night, the day.

Alone against a world the leader stood—
Alone where ages met the parting ways,
To guide aright whoever seeks the light,
To shame from wrong with level, loving gaze.

There was the battle waged, the victory won,
That conquered conquerors, that high above
All greatness, glory, power, and all law
Forever fixed the empery of love.

There triumphed He, our conqueror and king,
Who won for us, and made all earth his prize;
Who gave his life for victory over death,
Who fell that mankind evermore should rise.

Tudor Jenks, in April Century.

In the World of Religious Thought

Religious Education Association

The event of greatest significance in the world of religious thought this season was the second annual meeting of the Religious Education Association, held in Philadelphia, March 2-4. The general theme of the convention was "The Bible in the Home, the School, and the Life." The work of the convention was divided into seventeen distinct departments, covering the study of the application of the Bible to as many phases of human life and activity. Sectional meetings were held throughout the city.

It was prophesied that the discussion of Sunday school methods would become the storm-centre of the convention, and conservative representatives of standard Sunday school methods expressed no little anxiety as to the destructive possibilities of this great movement. But, while this section of the convention largely predominated in attendance and discussions of the most advanced character prevailed, the resultant impression left upon the thought has been well expressed by Zion's Herald, in the following paragraph:

"It is clear that the movement does not represent an attempt to further the destructive and insane forms of so-called higher criticism. Indeed, we heard the president of one of the safest and most conservative theological seminaries of the country declare that he had heard more about mother-love, the religious life of childhood, the nurture of the spiritual life, and similar themes in this convention, and its predecessor in Chicago, than he had ever heard in any presbytery or synod in any single session he had ever attended. This judgment accords with our own, made after studying at close range this whole movement from its beginning. Every session has had a distinctive devotional and spiritual tone and power.

The central theme of the convention—"The Bible in Practical Life"—dominated throughout. The treatment of the subject was under the heads of "The Bible in Religious Experience," "The Bible in Education," and "The Bible in Social and Civic Life." Probably the most notable single address was the annual survey of the work of the association, prepared and presented by President Charles Cuthbert Hall, who

was elected President for the ensuing year, to succeed Dean Frank K. Sanders of Yale. President Hall dwelt on the following points: 1, The vastness of the forces concerned with moral and religious education; 2, the lack of co-ordination of these forces; 3, the inertia of conservatism in the churches and the apparent tendency in American life to undervalue the moral and the spiritual; 4, the presence of much unorganized sentiment in favor of better things; 5, the timeliness of the Religious Education Association movement now existing.

The fruits of the movement which have already begun to appear were summarized by Dean Sanders, as the following noteworthy developments:

The widespread introduction into colleges and schools of the study of the Bible; the successful promotion of special classes for systematic study of the Bible; and the gradual production of a suitable literature for study and reference.

The extent to which the association has already appealed to the religious public is strikingly indicated by a note from "The Congregationalist."

What made the convention like its prototype in Chicago unusual was the massing in it of interests and forces which no other religious gathering in this country exactly duplicates. It was not merely its interdenominational character which gave it distinction. That was noticeable to be sure, particularly on the opening evening, when the chief participants in the exercises were a Methodist bishop, a Quaker college president, a Congregational theological professor, a Congregational pastor, a Presbyterian theological professor, an Episcopal bishop, a Lutheran university professor and a Baptist pastor. But the convention drew together different types of leaders and workers who do not often touch shoulders.

One of the Philadelphia daily papers well summarized the significance of the association meeting, and the scholarly addresses which will be published, in these words:

"It is none the less needed because altogether original; it will mean to the intellectually alert among the forces of religion all that the President's message means in public affairs and politics."

The Church and Labor

In a brief article in "The Congregationalist" and "Christian World," Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, makes an appeal to the churches for sympathy with the workingman. He acknowledges that the workingman to-day does not regard the average church as friendly to his interests, or even intelligent regarding the conditions he faces. The appeal he makes is not for "charity," but for justice. Mr. Gompers expresses his opinion that, while some immediate suffering would follow the suspension of the efforts of charity organizations, such an event would hasten the day when the poor would "have less charity but more justice."

After mentioning some of the specific laws which organized labor is seeking to enforce in the various states, for the protection of life, for the abolition of child labor, for sanitary shops and factories, and for other protection of human life against the negligence or parsimony of employers, he says:

The workingmen want the church to preach the gospel and the right of man to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"—the right not merely to maintain that life, but the opportunity for better homes, better surroundings, higher education, higher aspirations, nobler thoughts, more humane feelings, and all the human instincts that go to make up a manhood that would be free and independent, loving and noble, true and sympathetic.

The workingmen want the sympathy of the church not only in their spiritual but in their temporal welfare. If there be any people anywhere who have some excuse for being wrong, it is the workingmen, for they have been deprived of the opportunities for education and refinement and the advantages which come to all others in society. When they err as a matter of judgment, they do not want the chidings of the church and the attempt to place them in the wrong, but they want sympathy and loving advice, so that they may correct the error and proceed on the right road.

An editorial in "The Michigan Christian Advocate" on the same topic quotes the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, as saying that "the true solution of the labor problem is to be found in the practical application of religious principles," and adds: "Who is to apply the religious principles? What body of people are to teach and preach and exemplify the principles of our holy religion in such a way that the tough problems now perplexing our American yeomanry will melt and merge and dissolve like snow in thawtime, swelling

the streams of brotherly love, and turning disorderly social conditions into the sweetest and best of social harmonies? The church or churches that can fling themselves into this breach and work out this problem happily will be as much the agent of God as was the Lutheran reformation or the Wesleyan revival."

Just how the churches are to be brought to this position of leadership appears to be the problem. One recent writer complains that good legislation is not secured "because the churches, which should be powerful in the formation of an enlightened public opinion, are inadequately aroused on the question."

Metaphysics or Morals?

That there is living interest in the question of creeds in churches, is indicated by the many inquiries that have come to us in response to the article in our last issue on "Creed or Life."

One enterprising church in Wisconsin has announced as its "Bond of Union" the following:

We accept the religion of love and service which Jesus lived and taught, and declare it our purpose to strive to do the will of God and to make the Christ spirit dominant in our lives and in all the relations of men to each other.

We require no creed-test from those who associate with us in seeking the true life. The above bond of union is the basis of our fellowship; assent to it is the sole condition of membership in our church.

While another, in New York State, publishes in its Manual, which is without a Creed qualification, the following "Object of the Church:"

The church is a company of people banded together to establish Christ's righteousness in the world.

This object is all-comprehensive, and therefore a society which is grounded upon it, which has for its aim the living out a complete life, is the only society worthy to be called "the body of Christ." His object was not the establishment of ordinances or forms of worship, but the creation of a society on earth which shall be the human fulfillment of the divine ideal. Only an organization which is thus comprehensive in its purpose can secure among men right relations with God and with one another.

Both these churches belong to what is known as the "Orthodox" wing of Protestantism rather than to the so-called "Liberal" denominations.

Just to what extent churches with ethical rather than metaphysical creeds are be-

coming more numerous, does not appear in the religious press, but the action of Plymouth Congregational Church, Des Moines, Iowa, is significant. The Ministerial Association recently passed a resolution excluding from fellowship all who were not of Orthodox Protestant churches. Whereupon the pastor, Rev. J. W. Hodgson, and pastor emeritus, Rev. A. L. Frisbie, D.D., issued the following statement, through the calendar, to the members of Plymouth Congregational Church: "Your minister and minister emeritus wish you to know that they are not members of the Ministerial Association of this city, and cannot be conscientiously as long as fellowship is denied Jews, Catholics and Unitarians. In their opinion the action of the association. . . . finds no justification in the ideals of modern civilization."

Dr. W. S. Rainsford, rector of St. George's Church, New York, in his "A Preacher's Story of His Work," says: "What we need to-day in the church is a restatement of the truth in terms that men can accept. I do not think belief in a creed should be demanded of a man before he can enter the church. All the Master demanded was that a man desired his presence and wanted to follow him."

That this spirit of revolt from the static, or deposit theory of religious truth is not confined to the Protestant denominations or even to the English-speaking people, is indicated by the positions recently taken by the Abbé Loisy, the famous French Catholic exegete. His most recent works, which have provoked the strongest opposition from the Vatican, are "*l'Évangile et l'Eglise*," and "*Autour d'un petit Livre*." His books have been placed on the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, a fact which, in the present state of religious thought in France, has only served to add to public interest in them and to increase their circulation.

The Abbé Loisy believes "that Catholic dogma is in a state of uninterrupted growth and should never fail to adapt itself to changing time, thought and conditions; that a fanatically tenacious clinging to ancient ideas and ideals will necessarily invite danger and decay."

Constructive Criticism

The positive and constructive spirit growing among higher critics, is a hopeful advance upon the spirit formerly mani-

fested by many of them. In the earlier days of modern biblical criticism, students found themselves so entirely occupied in the destruction of what appeared to them erroneous views that they were able to give but scant consideration to affirmations. Even the most radical critics are now recognizing that there is a residuum of value in the New Testament records, even after they have been subjected to the most destructive criticism. This fact is illustrated by the conclusions of Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, in his articles in *The Ethical Record*, on "The Effect of Higher Criticism Upon the New Testament." Criticism and affirmation are thus intermingled:

"The recent investigations concerning the term 'Son of Man,' have led a number of Semitic scholars to the conviction that Jesus never used this phrase concerning himself as a Messianic title. With this the last argument in favor of his having regarded himself as the Messiah falls to the ground. He appears as a prophet. Similarly his use of the term 'Son of God' indicates that he gave to it an ethical sense, and did not associate with it any metaphysical significance." . . . "The discovery of this older tradition adds immeasurably to our assurance that there is a historical nucleus in the gospels that Jesus of Nazareth actually existed, and that his teaching was of such importance as to justify the connection of the Christian movement with his name. His matchless parables, his free and critical attitude to the law and the temple-cult, his opposition to the religious leaders of the day, his courageous defense of the little ones, his fraternizing with the socially ostracized, his lofty idealism, his ardent expectation of the Kingdom of Heaven, his distrust of the Messianic idea, his humility and his love, account sufficiently for the actions of both his enemies and his friends, for the prophet's death, and the inscription on the cross charging him with what he never was—an aspirant to royalty—and for the transformed and spiritualized Messiahship later ascribed to him by his disciples."

The author contends that the greater the divergence of this older tradition from the later views recorded in the present gospel records, the greater is the guarantee of its essential trustworthiness. He describes the synoptic gospels as a palimpsest, "presenting on the surface a picture of Jesus the Messiah, the Son of God," clothed with all the mysterious and miraculous elements ascribed to him by historical Christianity since the fourth century—"while below this later creation there may be seen the outlines of a figure more human, but not less majestic, the prophet of Nazareth, whose teaching, spirit, and character made an epoch in the history of the human race."

Medical Questions of Popular Interest

Money as a Carrier of Disease

Dr. William Park, a bacteriologist, in the research laboratory of the Department of Health, has been conducting a series of experiments on the possibility of infection being conveyed by money handled by persons suffering from contagious disease; and a partial report has just been issued. The experiments with paper money are not yet complete, the present instalment dealing mainly with metallic money. Even with regard to this, which some might suppose to be incapable of conveying dangerous germs, sufficient is shown to put persons on their guard against the common habit of holding coins between the lips.

Dr. Park covered metallic money with a thin layer of diphtheria bacilli. On examining the coins forty-eight hours afterward, he found all the bacilli dead, while others placed upon glass and paper were alive. Coins were dropped into culture broth and allowed to remain twenty hours. On inoculating the fluid with bacteria, it was found that the copper and nickel had made the fluid strongly antiseptic, while silver had only made it slightly so. Coins were then placed upon a nutrient gelatin inoculated with bacteria, but none developed in the immediate vicinity of the metals.

The fact having been established that the metal tended to destroy the bacteria, it was necessary to see how soon such destruction took place. A large number of coins were collected from children having diphtheria and tested about six hours afterward for pathologic bacteria. Thirty-five pennies, four dimes, seven nickels were taken from the children. From the thirty-five pennies, diphtheria bacilli were obtained from three, and micrococci from eight. From the seven nickels streptococci were obtained from one and staphylococci from two. From the four dimes streptococci from one and staphylococci from one. This practical test demonstrates that coins taken from diphtheria cases, and equally certain from other infectious cases, are liable to spread infection, if distributed within a few hours after contamination. A number of coins were taken from persons suffering from tuberculosis and tested for living tubercle bacilli twenty-four and forty-eight hours after removal. No living bacilli could be demonstrated.

The experiments on paper money will be waited for with some eagerness, but already Dr. Park announces that from one dirty bill

taken from a store 135,000 bacteria were taken, and 126,000 from another.

The investigation so far has established that bacteria are not killed by any substance in paper money, but remain alive until time and drying destroy them. No actual disease bacteria have been as yet demonstrated.

In connection with this report, it may be mentioned that Mr. Gaines, of Tennessee, on January 23, of this year, introduced into the House of Representatives a measure enacting

That the Treasurer of the United States be directed to establish and maintain the physical cleanliness and serviceable character of all the United States paper currency in circulation.

This is to be accomplished by requiring all national banks and all other banks acting as depositories of Government money, as well as all others which desire to avail themselves of the privilege, to remit to the Treasurer for redemption and reissue all mutilated paper money which comes into their possession as often as the amount on hand shall be as much as \$1,000. In fixing the definition of "mutilated," it is provided

That such definition shall include all United States paper currency that is soiled, stained, greasy, or otherwise unfit for circulation, or is a menace to the public health, whether otherwise mutilated or not.

Increasing Insanity

At a meeting of the British Medical Association Dr. Robert Jones, Superintendent of the London County Asylum, said that London was responsible for the production of over seventy insane persons per week, and that the number was destined unrelentingly to increase. The ratio of mental disease has been steadily growing since 1859, the first year when the number of lunatics in England was officially registered. In that year there were 36,762 insane persons, a proportion to the population of 1 to 536. To-day they number over 113,964, which makes the proportion 1 to every 293. Not only so, but, in the face of vast improvements in hospital arrangements and methods of treatment, insanity is becoming less curable. The type of brain disease is changing, and for the worse.

Even a quarter of a century ago, according to the New York Evening Post, the prevailing form was different from that of to-day. A century since maniacal insanity was more common, and its recovery-rate was 67 per cent. Last year, in all the London asylums, the recovery-rate from all cases of mania was only 38.4 per cent. There is also an increased tendency to melancholia, which is even less curable than mania. Furthermore, 100 years ago there were few cases of premature dementia in young persons, which leads to complete idiocy. To-day this form of insanity may, as Dr. Jones remarks, "almost be described as the scourge of our asylums, for it attacks prematurely our most promising youth, it is practically incurable, and helps to fill our asylums of the future with the hopelessly insane."

Similar complaints come from other European countries. In view of the overcrowded condition of the lunatic asylums in Germany, a Prussian journalist proposed the other day to stop building churches for healthy minds, and use the money to erect hospitals for the mentally diseased! As regards our own country, the results of the last census relating to the prevalence of insanity, are, unfortunately, not yet available; but in the decade from 1880 to 1890, the ratio of the insane increased in the cities of 50,000 or more inhabitants from 231.6 per 100,000 to 242.7. On the other hand, the ratio for the whole country actually decreased from 183.3 to 170 per 100,000, and herein lies suggestion as well as hope for the future.

The fact that cities are the chief breeders of insanity, has long been known to alienists. Dr. Hammond wrote in 1883 that "large collections of people in one place, certainly tend to the increase in the number of the insane. The larger the city, and the more the inhabitants are crowded together, the greater, other things being equal, will be the number of the insane." It is also known that it is the poor who are most prone to insanity. Overcrowding, underfeeding, bad air in foul tenements, alcoholic excesses, and other vices, undermine the vitality of thousands and lead to mental as well as physical breakdown. Add to these, for all classes, the epidemic get-rich-quick fever, the growing bitterness of competition, the anxieties and uncertainties of professional life, the general forcing of the pace with the resulting nervous strain, the economic discontent seemingly growing even with increase of wages, the unrest among women, and we appear to have causes enough for the belief that the progress of civilization increases brain disease.

Different Breads and Their Values

A series of experiments recently conducted by the United States Department of Agriculture are of interest. The experiments were made to determine the relative values of different kinds of bread.

A number of men in sound health were experimented upon; some were working-men, others were students; men of both sedentary and active habits being included in the trials.

A teamster, a college athlete, a naturally lazy fellow, and both corpulent and lean men were subjects of experiment. In one set of tests, the men were fed for several days upon graham bread and milk. Then white bread was substituted for the graham, and for the same number of days rations consisted of white bread and milk. All of the food consumed was weighed, and samples were analyzed, as were also all of the waste products from the body. The graham and the white flours were milled from the same lot of wheat. The conclusion reached, writes Harry Snyder, chemist of the United States Agricultural Experiment Station, University of Minnesota, in Harper's Weekly, is briefly stated as follows:

According to the chemical analysis of graham, entire-wheat, and standard patent flours milled from the same lot of hard Scotch Fife wheat, the graham flour contained the highest and the patent flour the lowest percentage of total protein (glutinous matter). But according to the results of digestion experiments with these flours, the proportions of digestible or available protein and available energy in the patent flour were larger than in either the entire-wheat or the graham flour. The lower digestibility of the protein in the graham flours is due to the fact that in both of these a considerable portion of the protein is contained in the coarser particles (bran), and so resists the action of the digestive juices and escapes digestion. Thus while there actually may be more protein in a given amount of graham or entire-wheat flour than in the same weight of patent flour from the same wheat, the body obtains less of the protein and energy from the coarse flour than it does from the fine, because, although the including of the bran and germ increases the percentage of protein, it decreases the digestibility. White bread supplies more available nutrients to the body than bread made from graham, entire-wheat, or any other kind of flour milled at the present time.

Graham bread has its place in the dietary of some persons of sedentary habits who do not have sufficient physical exercise. In such cases the bran excites peristalsis, gives the muscles of the intestines needed exercise, and assists in correcting costiveness. This is a purely physiological action, and is due mainly to the mechanical action of the branny particles upon the intestinal tract.

While white bread contains more available nutrients in the forms of gluten and starch than graham bread, it is claimed by some that graham is preferable because it contains more available phosphates. Experimental evidence does not bear out this claim. The phosphates of graham, like the gluten, while greater in amount, are in less available form than in white bread. A ration of white bread alone contains sufficient phosphates to establish a phosphate equilibrium in the body of an adult; and, furthermore, not all of the phosphates of white bread are absorbed by the body, and if more were needed they would be digested and absorbed.

Science and Invention

The N-Rays

To add to the interest of the situation, to increase, shall we say, the embarrassment of the physicists, M. Blondlot has come forward and claimed that he has discovered a new type of radiation, which he has named the N-Rays, from the town of Nancy, where he conducted his experiments. The following history of his discovery, given by Dr. J. B. Whitehead in *The Electric Review*, shows how necessary it is to safeguard all such investigations, and how carefully physicists work for corroboration.

Like the Roentgen rays and those of radium, the new radiation was able to penetrate opaque substances, but unlike them it was a periodic disturbance—that is, it had definite wave-lengths, as do light and heat radiations. It was in the latter aspect that the new radiation appeared of great importance and interest to physicists, for the waves were of lengths hitherto unknown.

The announcement by so well known a physicist as Blondlot of such a discovery was at first received without question. Nor is it evident as yet that there is any doubt as to the existence of these so-called N-rays. Their properties have been described at length, and from the most recent accounts one wonders what new sources of the rays are next to be discovered. Blondlot found that they were emitted by a Roentgen tube, a Welsbach light, a glowing metal, and by the sun. Later it developed that they were given off by metals under tension and bending stress, and now, according to Charpentier, human nerves, muscles and the rain during activity emit N-rays, so that by means of a phosphorescent screen one may "see himself think." Certainly the interested reader is justified in assuming that they are as real and as evident as the Roentgen and radium radiations.

As a matter of fact, a grave doubt is entertained among many physicists as to whether the N-rays exist at all. Blondlot's announcement described experiments which indicated that the rays were of the same nature as those of light and heat, and that they came within the heretofore blank region of wave-lengths lying between the longest light and the shortest electric waves. This announcement alone would have been sufficient to attract the attention of physicists. As it was, many of the best known in the world at once attempted to repeat Blondlot's experiments, and all, certainly without important exception, met with no success. These failures were in no sense due to any inherent difficulty or delicacy of the experiments, as they were perfectly simple and straightforward. The sole evidence of the existence of the rays in any of Blondlot's experiments was the brightness under

their influence of an electric spark, a flame, a piece of faintly illuminated paper, or a phosphorescent screen. In other words, it all depended on Blondlot's eyes, and other investigators simply failed to observe the variations of luminosity detected by him.

This phase of the matter has been lucidly treated by O. Lummer in "Notes in Elucidation of the Most Recent Researches of M. R. Blondlot on the N-Rays." The paper was read before the German Physical Society, and a translation is to be found in "The Scientific American" for March 19. Herr Lummer does not call in question the results claimed by M. Blondlot, but he very fully points out what a weak reed visual tests alone are to lean upon. To resume Dr. Whitehead's paper:

Additional confusion has been created by Blondlot's most recent work, which seems to indicate that the wave-lengths of the N-rays, instead of being longer than the longest or infra-red light rays, are shorter than the ultra-violet or shortest known rays. He has shifted them from one end of the visible spectrum to the other

A New Rival of Ceramic Products

When we consider how frequently ceramic ornaments used in building and ornamentation exposed to the weather are injured and disfigured by the changes to which they are subjected, it is evident that a material which is capable of resisting the action of frost, rain, drought, and the growth of vegetable matter will prove a formidable rival to the substances hitherto used in the manufacture. A Frenchman appears to have hit upon one such, called Calcium Steel, from its composition and hardness. The "Scientific American" gives a very interesting paper, translated from a French periodical, detailing its qualities and the methods of manufacture.

The product is compact, plastic, and homogeneous; it is extremely hard, unchangeable under the action of atmospheric agents, not oxidizable, not attacked by acids, and a bad conductor of heat and electricity. It can be filed, drilled, sawn, engraved, and polished, like metals; it can be enameled, painted, and decorated like glass and ceramic products. These qualities give it an incontestable advantage over similar ceramic products. It will, therefore, be employed in many industrial branches.

The two bodies of which it is composed, Sandy

Felspar and Calcareous Flux, mixed in definite proportions, may be molded cold, pressed like bricks and tiles, and heated afterward at the high temperature necessary for vitrification; or simply melted at the fusing point, and the liquefied matter run into molds, like iron, bronze, and other metals. It is annealed in order to impart malleability and to prevent cracks, which would be produced in contracting by too rapid lowering of the temperature. Calcium steel is white, but it may be colored as desired by the addition of clay, glass, slag, or metallic oxides to the raw material.

There are two ways of producing calcium steel, viz., either by direct fusion or by firing after molding. There is a third method, employed in manufacturing glass-stone, but it is very troublesome. The first method of manufacture consists in mixing intimately feldspathic sand and hydraulic lime in crucibles, which, placed in suitably constructed furnaces, attain gradually the fusing point. The liquid product is run into molds of sand or other material and assumes all the forms desirable. The molds are placed in special furnaces and reheated to a temperature below fusing, and brought down gradually to the temperature of the surrounding air. Then the objects, after being cooled completely, are removed from the molds. It is possible by this method to produce statues, ornaments, pipes and other objects not requiring a great deal of strength. For such purposes the material is much superior to cast iron, and the articles are much less expensive. Its physical properties render pipes of this material incontestably superior to pipes of cast iron, whether employed for conveying water, gas, acids, or other matters. Another consideration is their light weight, which diminishes in an appreciable manner the cost of transportation and of placing the pipes. In regard to statues and ornaments of all kinds formed of calcium steel, the inoxidability renders the objects unchangeable for an indefinite period, with no expense for keeping them in order.

The second method of manufacture consists in mixing the sand and hydraulic lime in suitable proportions, which, however, may be varied, according to the hardness desired. These materials are moistened, and worked up in order to form a paste, more or less resistant, as the case may require. This paste is pressed cold into molds, preferably of plaster, because plaster absorbs the moisture, so that the paste becomes solidified. It is left to dry in the open air, and the hardened molded objects are put in furnaces and heated to the temperature of vitrification. From this point they are brought down to the temperature of the surrounding air so as to secure annealing. Objects molded cold do not lose their form during vitrification. Special ones may remain in the plaster molds, but for others it is sufficient to cover them with a thin layer of refractory powder.

When a comparison is made of the advantages of the material and the probably less cost of manufacture, a point made much

of in the article, it is evident that the present ceramic industry may be considerably influenced by M. Bonnot's discovery.

Thawing Out Frozen Water Pipes Electrically

What householder has not metaphorically torn his hair out by the roots on coming down some cold winter's morning to find that the pipes are frozen and the water supply cut off! The plumber came and took charge, wasted a day in futile efforts, or, succeeding in melting the ice, deluged the place and departed, leaving the last state worse than the first. Here is a new method which is easily accessible by the dwellers in towns where there is an electric service. A notice of it may be acceptable next winter. The account is from Electricity.

The extreme severity of this winter has caused more frozen water pipes than were ever known before, and in the suburban cities a great amount of inconvenience and even suffering has been caused by this state of affairs.

The plumbers being unable to solve the problem of relieving the suffering householder, it seems but natural that electricity, the great "cure-all," should step into the breach and once more prove its usefulness to mankind.

To Mr. Walter P. Schwabe, of Rutherford, N. J., should be given the credit of first employing on an extensive scale the heating effect of the current for the purpose of thawing out these frozen pipes. He employs two 10 kilowatt transformers connected in multiple, and stepping down from about 2,400 volts to about 50 volts. A water rheostat is used to control the primary current and an ammeter is also in the primary circuit. The whole outfit is mounted on a delivery wagon drawn by one horse, and three men are employed. All the wires being overhead, it is a simple matter to connect the primaries of the transformers to the commercial lines by sending a man up the nearest pole. Heavy leads of No. 0 cable are then attached, one to the service pipe requiring thawing, and the other to the service in a neighboring cellar. The circuit through the primary is then closed by means of the water rheostat, and in about one minute a perceptible heating is noticed in the pipe. This is increased until the water flows. Ten minutes is about the average time required to bring the water. Sometimes it flows in about three minutes, and at others it requires as many as twenty.

Whenever two houses in the immediate neighborhood require thawing, they can both be done at the same time. One gang of men has done as many as twenty-eight houses in one day, the average charge being about \$8 per house, and the cost of the outfit not being more than \$8 per day, this business is certainly a good paying one for the electrical supply companies.

The Drama

Edited by Eckert Goodman

Ibsen, the Master Builder

On March 20th, Henrik Ibsen celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday. On the 28th of March there was presented in New York City for the first time in English, his powerful tragic play, "Rosmersholm." The temptation to recapitulate, however briefly necessity forces, is too strong to be resisted. It has been several years since the last play of the Norwegian appeared. Ill-health has apparently laid a heavy hand on a once hearty frame, and it is doubtful if we shall again have another piece of work from him. What enemies and their battles waged against him could not do, infirmity has been able to effect—to bring him to silence. And this it has done only after he has had his say, has accomplished his mission. He has lived to see his lessons go home, his teachings justified, and his influence stamped upon almost every dramatist of his time.

The amount of calumny and vituperation and abuse that has been heaped upon Ibsen's head would cram a large book. He has been called almost everything from an anarchist to a degenerate. Reviled, misjudged, at times cowardly assailed, he has literally fought his way out. Struggling with poverty, he began the contest even as far back as those days at Grimstad, when his aspirations seemed circumscribed by the possibilities of an apothecary shop. His first plays brought him little save ridicule and contempt. Whatever shred of good will he had at the hands of his countrymen he forfeited with "Peer Gynt" and "Brand." The biting sarcasm and bitter truths of those plays—the real and the ideal Norwegian—were not swallowed without protestation and wry faces. Yet the antagonism was almost entirely local, and had his reputation rested upon such plays and their predecessors, Henrik Ibsen might have had a great fame in Norway and yet scarcely have been known to the world.

It was his plays of modern social conditions which drew upon him the attention and the criticism of the world. They began with "The League of Youth." There is some-

thing in the story of the production of this play which reminds one strangely of the first production of "Hernani." Both Hugo and Ibsen were in revolt. Both fought for naturalness. Of course Hugo's "naturalness" was of a nature which has long since been called "romantic," the very thing against which Ibsen was fighting. Both went down into the pit and battled against blind tradition. It is doubtful if Hugo or Ibsen guessed how far-reaching would be the effects. "The League of Youth" was the first Norwegian play of modern life. It marked for Norway the birth of a new drama. And to the world at large it signalized the advent of a new and original creative force. Here for the first time began a drama singularly like the old Greek drama, but set to modern conditions, a drama in which not merely passions, but the soul itself is tested, a drama which might be called the drama of the innermost question mark.

The first phase of this drama found expression in revolt phrased in terms of individualism and freedom. Allied to these was the chastisement of hypocrisy, not the external and palpable hypocrisy of Valpone or a Tartuffe, but the smug inner hypocrisy which comes from a sleeping conscience. In "Pillars of Society," which, by the way, is shortly to be produced here, are already seen these motives working powerfully and forcefully. Consul Bernick is both a social and political hypocrite; yet Consul Bernick is an eminently respectable member of the community, a man of power and authority, widely respected, such a man as you might hold your worthy neighbor. But when you strip him bare of his external garnishments you see him a moral weakling and a coward. Here, too, you may find Ibsen's first blow against the hypocrisy of the marital relationship which is not founded on perfect sympathy and understanding. In the absolute lack of this sympathy and understanding—the living lie of marriage—you see the hollowness and immorality of that sort of marriage which is, as Stevenson says, "a sort of friendship tolerated by the police." This

powerful, masterly play is Ibsen's first blow against falsehood in the name of truth, and contains in many ways the germs of all that follows. And it leads naturally to the next play, the play which brought about his head the criticism of the whole world.

In "A Doll's House," the ideas suggested in "Pillars of Society" are elaborated and enlarged. Individualism and freedom are still in the background. But the almost meaningless relationship between Consul Bernick and his wife becomes in this piece, in the case of Nora and her husband, the main theme. The hypocrisy of marriage is here brought into the center of light. The theory of individualism is naturally enlarged and now takes in woman, and Ibsen becomes the great advocate of woman's rights. It is not necessary to discuss here the storm which this play called forth. The great outcry was, of course, against Nora's leaving husband and children and going out into the world to learn her womanhood. According to Ibsen's teaching, not to have done so would have been immoral. It was her duty to her own soul which forced such an act upon her. Had she remained, what then?

According to Jaeger, Ibsen's biographer, "Ghosts" is an answer to this question. This is the nemesis which overtakes the blind following of a narrow duty and a blindness to a greater duty. Here is the length to which the absolute inviolability of marriage may lead; here is the destruction which may await those who mistake convention for real duty. Yet even so individualism may run too far. In Mrs. Alving there is both blind duty and free will combined. In her, too, are the consequences of the lie, the hypocrisy, but it is a broad and great hypocrisy and a conscious one. Pastor Manders, on the other hand, represents the smugness of hypocrisy and narrowness, the sense of duty which at bottom is the hypocrisy of conscience, a predecessor of Rector Kroll. "Ghosts" is Ibsen's strongest blow against hypocrisy and his most powerful questioning of freedom and individualism. Considered as a play merely, it is one of the most perfect seen upon the stage since the days of Sophocles.

The play of "Rosmersholm," which the Century Players produced in New York, should be glanced at as showing a new note. Coming as it does after "An Enemy of the People," with its answer to the critics' wrath

over "Ghosts," and after the despondency of "The Wild Duck," it shows the Norwegian reaching a new plane and one of higher idealism. Hypocrisy now drops to the background and individualism and freedom come forward. It is the play of the will that is here treated. In Rebecca West will is all. It is individualism carried forward from Nora through Mrs. Alving. Here is the will that reaches its goal, but in going is colored by human nature, passion. It then becomes criminal. It passes through this stage to come in contact with the ideal to issue into the realm of unselfish love. Here individualism is broken upon the wheel of self-sacrifice and finds realization in self-effacement. It is in a way the very apex of the pyramid which Ibsen has builded. The marriage relationship is shown here in both its phases. Hypocrisy again is treated and in several forms. In Rector Kroll we hark back to Pastor Manders; in Ulric Brendel and Peter Mortensgaard to Consul Bernick, while in Rosmer there is a character of great simple beauty combined with cowardly weakness—a hypocrisy.

In following out this bare outline it has naturally been impossible to treat the many and varied meanings with which Ibsen packs his plays and their special interest to his own country. To turn then to his dramaturgic skill. As a technician, Ibsen ranks with the greatest names in the history of the drama. He has shown the value of short, meaning sentences. He has exemplified the poetry and tragedy of the commonplace. He has demonstrated the value of action over movement. His plays begin where those of other dramatists usually end. His battle ground is the soul struggle. He makes no appeal to the heart; he aims directly at the head. In his teachings, he has in almost every play fought against hypocrisy in every form. Two things he has stood for—truth and freedom—sunlight and fresh air. For the rest he has been satisfied to raise the doubt, to call forth the question, knowing that thus truth will most likely come. His plays when read in order will be found closely interwoven and knit together by a consistently developing chain of philosophy. He has dared to think and has dared to say. Already the abuse has ceased and he is fast coming into his own. And the position which he is likely to occupy is not hard to see. It may not be among the three great dramatists of all times, but it will be close to them.

Nature. In and Out-of-Doors

Edited by Robert Blight

The Use of the Wing in Attack by Birds

"The Observing Eye" is a trite, but very suggestive term. An eye that is "observing" can see a thousand things which escape the notice of an ordinary eye. It was this that Emerson noticed in Thoreau, and that made the latter so delightful a companion during a country ramble, and which makes the volumes of the latter equally delightful companions during a quiet hour in the armchair on a winter's night. The "observing eye" looks at things in a totally different way to that in which the ordinary eye regards them. The ordinary eye is not even as good as that of the photographic camera, for that sees all there is to be seen; but the "observing" eye surpasses the lens in that it adds a quality so well described by Tyndall as "the scientific use of the imagination." Without this, half the pleasure of "observing" is lost. Hundreds of persons have watched pigeons squabbling on perches in the yard and on the roof, but how many have observed what "E. K. R." the contributor of the "Wild Country Life" notes to "Country Life," that worthy English compeer of our own publication of similar name?

A conversation I had the other day reminded me of the illustration which was published with the last instalment of these notes, representing a kestrel at bay with the wing furthest from the enemy upraised, and, in order to confirm the exact meaning of this upraised wing, I spent some time to-day watching the quarrels of a number of homing pigeons which, with some Barbary doves and a pair of turtle-doves, occupy one of our walled yards. In the same way that, when you take a country walk, you cause quarrels among the hares, partridges, skylarks, etc., by driving them into each other's spheres of influence, so one's presence in a pigeon-house is always a cause of miscellaneous strife. In one case a little Barbary dove had flown up to a perch on which two pigeons were seated, and when the pigeon on the right threatened it, the dove raised its left wing and drooped its right wing in readiness to strike, at the same time sidling away from the enemy. This brought it near to the pigeon on the left, who at once commenced to make hostile demonstrations, whereupon the dove raised its right wing and prepared to strike with the left.

On the board below the nest-boxes, when I last

visited the pigeons, a bullying cockbird used to parade his fighting weight and charge at every pigeon which attempted to alight. Now, by some means, a pair of pigeons have established their claim to one end of the board and have built a nest upon it. Of this pair the male was on the nest when I entered, and the female, quite a small bird, was on guard; and when the bully, who owned the rest of the board, retreated before me to the occupied end, he appeared to think that he could easily fluster over her. But no; she retreated only a few inches, and then up went the wing further from the assailant, while the other began to flick nervously in readiness to strike, and the bully withdrew.

I have noticed also that, besides hawks and pigeons, swans and parrots also raise the further wing when their intention is to strike at you with the nearer one, as do hens or ducks on their nests; and it is no doubt the resistance of the air to this raised wing which gives the blow of the other its peculiar force. If you put your hand into a pigeon's nest-box, you receive a very appreciable rap over the knuckles from the sitting bird; and it is to this power of striking severely with the wing that we may, I think, attribute the immunity of sitting pigeons from the attacks of rats. What is only a rap over the knuckles to you might fracture the skull of a rat.

But the noteworthy point about this use of the wing is that it is only employed by the weaker combatant as a last resort, as it were. When two pigeons are *very* evenly matched in a fight, both will sometimes use the wing in alternate whacks at each other's heads, each keeping the further wing raised and extended; but the first one to get a blow fairly in is the victor, and the other does not remain within reach of a second. Except in such cases, it is always the weaker bird which uses the wing, either in defense of its home, or because it has been driven to the wall and can retreat no further. From this, I think, it is plain that the use of the wing is a dangerous tactic, almost as likely to cripple the user as its assailant, and therefore is only employed when a bird is desperate. Also, I think that it is this use of the wing in dire emergency which is at the bottom of the queer antics which birds play when they "pretend to be lame" in defence of their nests or young. With one wing raised and the other drooping, the partridge who scurries about in front of an enemy, when her helpless young are hiding in the grass, doubtless meant in the first instance to threaten a blow of her wing; but as this manoeuvre had usually the result of making the enemy follow her up, and so saved her young, it appears to have become stereotyped as a sort of fantastic performance which has all the appearance of deliberately assumed pretence of wounds and lameness.

The Vanishing Beaver

In "Country Life in America" for April, is an article by Josef Brunner on "The Vanishing Beaver," which is illustrated with one of the most remarkable series of photographs ever presented in a magazine. The pictures were taken by Mr. Brunner at close range, and afford evidence of what can be attained by patience and the true naturalist spirit. The observations, novel and valuable, must be read to be appreciated, but one excerpt here must suffice. After a plea against the extermination of these most interesting animals, the author tells how he converted a destructive rancher to his views:

For thirty-one miles along a certain Montana stream all the beavers had been killed by trappers. There was only a single colony left at the lower end, and when I pitched camp nearby a trapper was waiting to complete the extermination. I soon saw what was going on, but my remonstrance to the rancher met with incredulity.

"They're not good for anything, anyhow, except their fur," said he positively.

However, I finally induced him to ride along with me next day and see if I could not change his opinion. We mounted at daybreak, and by sunrise were riding along a creek which had had an abundance of beavers in bygone days—as the decaying trees and black stumps showed. The dam had been torn down years before, the stream was running in a deep bed, the vegetation of the surrounding country was ruined, and consequently the pasture was exceedingly meagre. I pointed it out to my companion, but he insisted that it proved nothing, as the country might always have been barren. After an hour's more riding we passed a flat with a luxurious growth of grass.

"There must be a beaver dam here," said I.

Sure enough, when we went to the creek we found one. I looked triumphantly at the rancher, but he shook his head and made no remark except a "hm." Going on again, we reached a section where the beavers were practically undisturbed, and had dams at every turn of the creek. The water was level with the banks and the vegetation was of almost tropical luxuriance. This continued for five or six miles, when we cut across country to the stream on which were the rancher's house and my camp. Everywhere we found the same story.

I had left my companion to his own thoughts ever since his doubtful "hm," and nothing more was said between us until after supper. Then he filled his pipe, smoked awhile, and finally remarked:

"I've seen the things we saw to-day hundreds of times, but I never made connections before. What I thought was poor soil was poor only because the beavers hadn't irrigated it. None of them shall be killed on my land till they are as plentiful as ever they were." So far he has kept his word.

The Burrowing Owl

The habit of keeping pets appears to have nearly died out. Reference is not made to puppies and kittens whose hard lot it is to be mauled about by children. They are not pets, but victims. We refer to the wild creatures brought home by the schoolboy, fed with care, watched and tamed with affection, and treated as "one of the family;" often, we fear, more gently than some members of that same family. Sentimentalists may rejoice at this disappearance of the fondness of "enslaving" the free, but it can be safely said that the effect upon the boy was humanizing, and the lore he stored up has been of far greater use to natural history than printed records testify. Still, although the habit has gone, for good or ill, it may be our lot to be able to achieve a work of mercy, as did a correspondent of "Outdoor Life," and the pleasure resultant may be a worthy reward.

While driving across Dakota's prairie in autumn, I saw a burrowing owl running before my horse and dragging a broken wing. I alighted and drove him among the weeds at the roadside where he turned at bay, glaring at me with his great yellow eyes. As I stooped to pick him up he uttered a succession of sounds not unlike the alarm of a small clock. In my astonishment I would have dropped him were his sharp claws not firmly implanted in my wrist. I wrapped him in the robe at my feet and, though I left his head free, he did not attempt to escape, but kept one eye upon me in an unwinking stare. When given his freedom in the kitchen he found refuge under a chair, from which stronghold he bid defiance to all overtures of friendship. In time his hostility wore off, and he became the pet of the family, receiving our caresses with stolid indifference, but never failing to utter his strange, shrill cry when approached by a stranger.

We fed him largely upon raw meat which could be swallowed whole. A mouse, his favorite food, was swallowed head foremost, and if it proved unusually large, he would rest for several minutes, with it part way down, and then, as though he had gained strength and courage, renew his efforts to force the food downwards. When I first saw him do this, fancying that he was suffering from strangulation, I pulled the mouse out by the tail, when, with a scream of rage, he pounced upon my offending hand. Ever afterwards he was allowed to take his meals according to his own rules of etiquette. When, after a successful mouse hunt, we gave him a greater number than he could eat, he would bite the head from each remaining member, and, laying them with tails pointing the same way, perch upon the pile in an attitude of deepest meditation. While he guarded this precious store, even his most trusted keeper could not approach his cage without meeting the glare of those fierce eyes, nor touch him without receiving a cruel scratch.

If a dish of water were placed in his cage, he would not drink it, and would not swallow it, even when forced to take it from a spoon. When the supply of meat failed, he would eat bread soaked in milk, but was never known to swallow water. He died without apparent cause late in the summer following his capture.

The Winter Aconite

It is somewhat strange that the Winter Aconite has not found favor in this country as a very early spring flower. It is not really an aconite, although belonging to the Ranunculus family. *Eranthis hiemalis*, as it is called botanically, is a near relative of the Hellebores, has foliage resembling that of the Aconites, solitary bright yellow flowers surrounded with a bright green involucre, is perfectly hardy, will thrive in any decent soil, and being only a few inches in height is well suited to be planted in the front of borders. You may see it in bloom even in January in England, forming a pleasing contrast with the snowdrops; and it will grow under trees on a lawn, requiring no further care when it is once established. The following excerpt from "Country Life" (England) well describes this pretty plant, which is curiously absent from florists' catalogues. There is another variety, *Eranthis sibiricus*, just as pretty, but it has five petals, while *hiemalis* has six or eight. It is a native of Eastern Siberia, and equally hardy with *hiemalis*, which is a native of high grounds in Central and Southern Europe.

Once again this cheery little yellow flower, in its quaint collar of green leaves, stars many a woodland walk and border. We noticed a little patch of it close to an old apple tree a few days ago (February 20th), and were delighted with the effect of the yellow flowers when wide open to the warm sunshine. Near to this bright coloring were snowdrops and sweet violets. It is when planted in orchard, woodland, or on bank, that the Winter Aconite is most attractive, and it is a happy companion to the Scarlet Dogwood. We got this notion from the Royal Gardens, Kew, where so many delightful flower schemes are carried out. A bed of the Siberian Dogwood has the surface covered with Aconite, and the picture is worth reproducing. Aconite enjoys a warm soil, and frequently dies out when in cold and heavy ground. Hundreds of acres are covered with the plant in Lincolnshire, and the flowers are sold in the markets for buttonholes. One bloom is sufficient; there is no need of foliage, for the flower has its own leaves as a foil. Plant it freely in woodland, under the branches of trees, even, and there will be a scattering of stars over the brown earth. The Aconite is quite comfortable under tree branches, a fact worth knowing, as it is these spots we frequently are at a loss how to beautify.

The Garden vs. the Veranda

Is a change coming over the Spirit of the Age? Are we really growing fonder of seclusion and finding relief in leaving the world at the door, instead of inviting it into the quiet recesses of the home? Can we enjoy a stroll through the seclusion of a garden shut out from the gaze of the multitude as much as a luxurious lounging on the front porch? It sounds too good to be true; but "Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished." A writer in "Town and Country" raises hopes which may, perhaps, be realized when the love of gardens has sunk a little deeper into the heart than it has at present. Let us hope that Joy Wheeler Dow, the writer, is an inspired sibyl.

"There was a contrivance invented during our dark, transitional period following the inauguration of President Jackson in 1829, intended to bestow untold comfort upon the people of the United States, which has not turned out to be an entirely artistic success. This is the American veranda. It exemplifies, as a rule, a mediocre state of architectural taste; it expresses no history; it darkens our rooms in winter when we need the sunshine, echoes a hollow sound when we walk across it, and is so trumpery looking withal as to suggest the parvenu. Besides, there is an abhorrent publicity about the veranda, especially the front one, which we no longer relish. Americans are beginning to look more and more to the garden and garden appointments which are legitimate and historic, and less to the veranda. The garden permits of a certain amount of privacy to one's life that seems only fitting and decent. There is no privacy to be derived from the regulation front veranda. In late years the educated American realizes in it an incongruous, false note which defeats his realization of Anglo-Saxon home-feeling in a dwelling-house, and from which he turns with relief to the edifying significance of the garden."

The author of these trenchant words, with every syllable of which we are in sympathy, then goes on to show that the "formal" garden is the one for limited space, as well as for the larger areas at the disposal of the millionaire. If by "formal" she merely means that the lines of arrangement must be rigid, there is truth in her remarks, but if "bedding," "carpet designs," and the like, are meant, we cannot agree. A simple, straight border, if planted with a large variety of flowers, will give infinitely more pleasure and, consequently, more restfulness, than any bedding arrangements can afford. It is the simplicity, the variety, the interest created by a multitude of individualities among the flowers, that make the garden a fitting place to enjoy that change from the world's distractions

which brings peace of mind. "Pergolas, summer houses, terraces, sun-dials, and steps" do "sound like expensive ornaments;" but if we put these aside we are once more in sympathy.

Even a high garden wall of brick is by no means prohibitory; one need not cost more than a veranda; and look at the manifold benefits accruing to its lucky possessor—privacy, shelter, picturesqueness, and "atmosphere." The garden wall is simply a continuation of the house wall, either along the street or to the rear; the street enclosure is the more fascinating. I am sure you have not forgotten those rare village gardens that you have, at intervals, run across during your life! And no doubt you have secretly wished that one day you could own one yourself—just such a garden as you may have seen at Germantown or Annapolis, or in Salem, perhaps, or in Bristol, R. I. Only you have not known exactly how to go about it. It seemed impractical. All your friends had verandas instead, which are so easily tacked on to any house. But the time is coming when we shall return with new love to the garden—to the natural solution of the problem of our happiness—and take up life where our ancestors left it.

I have heard it explained that the reason why they had gardens, and not verandas, was because they did not fully understand the climate as do we. But I think they understood the climate perfectly after two centuries' acquaintance with it, and had sufficiently demonstrated to themselves that an excrescence with a flat, tin roof built next the lee side of a house did not promote the comfort of its occupants either in winter or summer; certainly not in comparison to the varied desiderata, including the circulation of air, to be attained by a sheltered peristyle or pergola.

Extraordinary Timbers

There is no great credit for us in claiming to possess the biggest trees in the world, but there is no dishonor in so doing, although we had nothing to do with placing the gigantic sequoias in this continent. The Australian Eucalypti come very near rivaling these monarchs of the forest, but there is no doubt that the sequoias are the larger trees. Visitors to the Exposition at St. Louis will have the opportunity of seeing another wonder in timber, for there will be eight poles there which have no equals in the world. "Forestry and Irrigation" gives the following account of them:

The eight corner poles that are to support the Washington State building at the World's Fair at St. Louis have arrived. Seven of the poles are

100 feet in length; the eighth is 110 feet long. Each is squared to 24 inches for its full length. With the poles came a round pole, 100 feet long, which will be used as the flag-staff for the Hoo-Hoo House. The poles are of Douglas fir, weigh 29,920 pounds, and contain 5200 feet of timber. They were shipped on four flat cars from Skagit County, near Tacoma, and the freight bill was \$1100.

The eight squared timbers are said to be the most valuable pieces of timber, aside from rare woods, ever cut. Their great value lies in their length. It is not unusual to find a tree that will yield a round and tapering pole of 100 feet long, but it is very unusual to find one which will permit of being squared to 24 inches for 100 feet of its length.

In fact, the wonder lies in the symmetrical growth; and it is this which distinguishes the conifers above all other trees. Who that has strolled through a pine grove with the clean, gracefully tapering trunks rising into the azure has not felt that Nature is a master architect in designing her temples? It is not merely as logs of wood that these columns will be interesting at St. Louis, but as specimens of Nature's greatness.

A Beautiful Hedge Ruined

Here is a short paragraph which reminds us of Captain Cuttle's oft-repeated remark: "When found, make a note of." Owners of gardens with valuable plants and trees have no right to use patent weed-destroyers. It is but reasonable that what destroys one species of plant may possibly destroy another also. "Country Life in America" inserts this letter without remark, but it is to be hoped that some of the experts connected with it will tell us more about the advisability of using any chemical as a destroyer of weeds, even on gravel walks, if they are bordered by trees.

I have just had a beautiful hedge destroyed for which I would not have taken ten thousand dollars. It was a beautiful arbor-vitæ hedge, thirteen hundred feet long, and twenty years old. It was in perfect condition until in an unlucky moment I bought some patent "weed-destroyer" and put it on a walk about four feet away from the hedge. This walk was eighteen feet wide and seven hundred feet long. Under direction we put the stuff on the center of the walk. We used a very fine watering pot. (They said a cart would do.) The wretched stuff was not used within four feet of the stems, but my beautiful hedge is dying.

Educational Questions of the Day

Lending Libraries and Cheap Books

The rapid increase of free libraries in this country is a sign of the times. The very fact that so many communities have been willing to avail themselves of the munificence of Mr. Carnegie and to inaugurate institutions which will be permanent charges upon their revenues, is evidence that popular education has conduced to a reading habit on the part of a large proportion of the people. With many of these, no doubt, the accumulation of a library of ever so small proportions would be a grave matter, and whether this reading habit induces, on the part of those who can afford it, a desire to possess books of their own, is a question. Most probably it does to a limited extent; but as there is reason to believe that the greater part of the reading done is that of the fleeting literature of the day, it is easier for the reader to obtain what he wants from the library than to order it through the bookseller. But, supposing that a reader desires to possess a copy of some "standard" work, can he obtain it at a reasonable price? A few years ago there was a cheap edition of such works, well printed, neatly bound, and in every way suitable for the library of a person of moderate means; but one hears nothing of it nowadays. You can get "sets" of books of this and that kind by instalments, but are these "sets" such possessions as a general reader would care to have, if his library is to be limited in number and price? The whole question is worth consideration, especially in the face of attempts to control the price of books on the part of the book-makers. Books now are regarded as merely another means of accumulating the "almighty dollar," not as they were in days gone by, when they were the friends of man.

Sophie Kropotkin, in the "Nineteenth Century" has a good and trenchant article on the subject, and it would be false charity on our part to let the English have all the good advice she gives.

Much has been written lately in condemnation of the free libraries, on the ground that they are chiefly used by those who care only for light reading, and that the more serious books were rarely in demand. It is quite true that out of

each six books taken during the year from a free library five will be novels. But it would be quite unfair to take no notice of the considerable number of more serious books that are read as well. From the annual report of one library, I see that during the last twelve months more than 7000 books have been borrowed from the departments of "theology and philosophy," "biography and history," "travels and topography," and "laws, commerce, politics, etc."

It seems to me that the rôle of the free libraries has not been quite understood, and that the poor reader has been unjustly censured. It would perhaps be more correct to say that the free libraries have fulfilled their function admirably, having developed a taste for reading, and having contributed to create a new class of readers, especially in the young generation. If these readers have a decided taste for novels, these novels are certainly of a better sort than the penny dreadfuls or the Police News, which were formerly so widely read by this class of readers. Busy people, who have little time for reading after a day's work, must first be brought into the habit of caring for a book in their spare time, and this is generally done by light reading. Nowadays, too, the novel is the young people's way of learning something about the world and its ways.

To create in the reading public a love for a higher order of books is certainly an urgent necessity; but for this purpose something else besides the lending library is necessary—I mean cheap editions of serious books. It is a fact that books of a serious character cannot be read quickly, and a volume borrowed from a lending library cannot be kept for months. If it takes a philosophically trained man more than a month to read a volume of Spencer or Darwin, how much more is it necessary for the average reader of the free lending library to have plenty of time for the comprehension of such books?

The writer proceeds to give some instances of cheap books which may well make American book-makers and book-sellers stand aghast. In England a six-penny edition of Tolstoy's "Resurrection" sold to the number of 130,000 in a single month. But even England is not, according to Miss Kropotkin, a place of cheap books. If you want them, go to Russia. The Russian student can have a collection of the chief works of Darwin for two and a half dollars; Buckle's "History of Civilization" for seventy-five cents; Flammarion's "Astronomy," with 382 illustrations and three chromo-lithographs, for \$1.50. These are but a few of the striking instances she produces of what is done in Russia for the "masses." And this in the face of a censorship of the press, of which she says:

The sad conditions of a severe censorship in Russia have ruined many publishers, and hinder a good many original works from seeing the light. Publishing firms have therefore to rely a good deal upon translations, and it is wonderful to see the number of good books, well translated and well published at an extremely modest price, that circulate in Russia. The absence of literary treaties, which permits books to be translated free into Russian, certainly cannot explain this fact, because nowhere are the author's rights costly upon translations of serious books, nor is the remuneration which is paid to the translators in Russia lower than it is here. It is simply the taste for reading the best works of all European literature which has been developed in the country, to a great extent, by the cheap editions. The result is that there is certainly a great deal of truth in the saying which we often hear, that the Russian reader knows the literature and science of other countries better than the readers of those countries themselves.

Another important feature of the Russian publishing activity is the attention that has been given to the country laborer, the peasant. Some publishers, inspired with the desire of spreading knowledge among the peasant masses, as well as others who are guided merely by commercial calculations, publish a mass of excellent literature and popular science in editions of hundreds of thousands of copies, on good paper, well printed, the books ranging in price from one to thirty kopeks (half a cent to fourteen cents).

These meager excerpts from a remarkable article only faintly represent the astonishing state of Russia in the matter of good literature for the masses.

The Spirit of Research

Many comparisons have lately been made between American and Old World systems of education, especially in connection with the reports which have reached us as to the criticisms made by the Moseley Commission. The general consensus is that in the matter of elementary and secondary education there are many good points of which we may be justly proud. When, however, we come to the "University," comparison is not so easy, because we have applied the term "university" to some institutions which do not correspond to those ancient seats of learning in the older world. In fact, in nearly all our "universities" instruction is given and examinations in it are held which find no place in a German "university," for instance. There the curricula and methods of study more resemble those of our "post-graduate" course than anything else. If we realize this, there is food for thought, and, derogatory as some things sound, wise counsel in the following remarks of Dr.

Pritchett, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, as given in *The School Journal*:

The fundamental distinction which one finds in comparing our institutions with those of Europe is to be found in the difference between our elementary instruction and that given in our higher schools, universities and technical schools. The education of the European boy in the school which leads up to the university or to the technical school is simpler and more thorough, so that when he comes into the technical school or university he is a better grounded man in the fundamentals of education, and he enters into an institution where, in virtue of this fact, the entire method and spirit are changed. He no longer finds himself face to face with required daily recitations, he is practically freed from the burden of examinations, and he enters into a relation with his teachers which only men can have with each other. American institutions are almost the only ones in any country which undertake to force into the mind of an adult man a course of instruction which he does not care to have.

The great activity in research in European institutions is due, first of all, to the spirit now alive there which makes research a test of a man's success and of his efficiency; but it is due, in no small degree, to the fact that European teachers are relieved of this enormous burden which American teachers have upon their shoulders. Looking at the German institutions, one feels that as research institutions they have great advantages over ours in these three respects: First, because research itself is a part of the ideal of the professor's life, and the spirit of research a part, and the most vital part, of the educational spirit. Secondly, their freedom from the burden of instruction which our teachers bear, and the opportunity thus afforded to give free play to the research effort. Finally, the fixity of place and the guaranty of a retiring salary, which removes the ever-present problem of support in old age.

How important is the development of the research spirit as a part of national progress we are only just beginning to realize. The American is energetic, resourceful, and superficial. He can make a little knowledge go farther than the citizen of any other country. Resourcefulness and nervous energy were great factors in the pioneer days, and they are great factors still. But they become relatively less effective as civilization advances. They will not last in the competition with careful training and thorough knowledge. Our pioneer period has gone by, and one of the problems before the nation is the development of a devoted, intelligent spirit of research. In order to develop this spirit an environment favorable to it must be created in our institutions of learning.

It is not the self-assertive man who lays down the law with sledge-hammer force who makes the best professor, but he who, full of sympathy with every worker, looks calmly over the whole field and chooses out the best path through it. But, you must give such a one a calm atmosphere.

Art and Architecture

A Renaissance of Art in Japan

The war holds public interest in Japan to the exclusion of almost every other topic, and the interest of outside nations also may be said to focus on the war field, either from a viewpoint of international politics, or from admiration of the valiant little people who are putting up so plucky a fight. There are other matters of import, however, that lie close to the affections as well as to the patriotism of a Japanese in which we, as a nation, should feel concern, more particularly as we have been chiefly instrumental in bringing about the present pitiable condition to which we refer—viz., the degenerating influence of commercialism in Oriental art. The art lover who has kept a keen and watchful eye upon the conditions of Japanese art as influenced by Western trade, can point to no case in the history of art where the degeneration has been so swift and so sure. The contrast between the shining examples of its best periods which one may see at the Metropolitan Museum of Art or the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, and the pitiable shams made by the million to catch a roving untrained eye, which are sold for a song at the "emporiums" of the cheap shopping districts, is greater even than the contrast between the Metropolitan Museum itself and the cheap bazaar of Chatham Square.

Fortunately for Japan, she has the man for this emergency as she has the men for her war, and under his guidance such traditions are being fostered as may eventually bring about a happier condition of affairs. This leader of a Renaissance is Mr. Okakura, who is one of the authorities of the world on Oriental art. He is now in this country to classify what is said to be the most valuable collection of Japanese prints outside of the British Museum—that of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. With him are three Japanese artists, who, with their leader, represent the cult of individual native ideals as opposed to the modern spirit. They call themselves Bijitsuins, taking the name from the Bijitsuin, or Hall of Fine Arts, founded by Mr. Okakura sixteen years ago, when, as Director of the Imperial Academy at Tokio, he

opposed the Government's leanings toward Western influences in art as well as in other fields. He was appointed to study and report upon the art of Europe and America, and fearlessly declared that "Japan had nothing to learn from the art of the Western World"; that, on the other hand, "it behooved the Government to preserve Japan's priceless inheritance, and enlarge upon it in the lines upon which enduring fame had been achieved." His report being declined, he resigned his Directorship of the Imperial Institute and founded the Bijitsuin.

"Like all art collections," says a writer in the New York Times, interviewing a member of the party, "private or public, it has much that is not really good, but on the whole there is much truly rare and valuable. The war, I greatly fear, will rob Japan of many of her finest collections. Some went during the Chinese war. The feeling in my country is so deep and universal that any sacrifice will be made to raise war money.

"It was quite like Mr. Okakura to offer his museum for sale for the benefit of Japan. He is not a man of any particular culture or scholarship, but he is enormously rich and very public-spirited. He bought a temple of two hundred years ago and has filled it with the art of that period. The temple is inclosed in a large modern building, where he has grouped and classified much that is rare and curious in Tibetan, Chinese, Siamese, Korean, and Japanese idols."

"Mr. Okakura made his money during the Chinese war. He supplied the armies. He is a contractor. He owns nine railroads. His business enterprises are manifold. He spends money as lavishly as he makes it. He's always doing something for the people. Not long ago he gave land in Tokio and \$500,000 for the erection of a commercial school.

"Mr. Okakura has little sympathy with the academic, the cut-and-dried rule of schools. He does not take kindly to exhibitions. Educational to the masses they undoubtedly are, but to the artist they are of little or no service. Art exhibitions, he thinks, do not tend to develop individual talent. Every painter knows who will win the prizes at the expositions in Paris, Japan

or New York, does he not? Everyone knows what to expect in this work. The man who misses a medal, even if his painting be poor, may have more individuality in his work than has the prize winner. The Bijitsuin Hall of Fine Arts is in Uyeno Park, Tokio. It is the center of a colony of ateliers to which artists come from all parts of Japan after the manner of the Barbizon school. Attendance varies from 100 to 500. Rules are so few that students are scarcely conscious they exist.

"Millet is well known in Japan. I cannot say we had the Barbizon school in mind when we laid out the colony at Uyeno Park. At the time of Japan's restoration there were two schools of painters. One clung to the ancient traditions, the other affected the art of the Western World. The Bijitsuin strives to preserve the best in the art of Old Japan, vitalizing it with the new life, the new conditions that now exist. Here is my friend, Shisui Rokkaku. He has brought about a revolution in lacquer work. Until he began to experiment, all the schools of Japan did fine decoration in gold on lacquer, all after the same manner. Rokkaku does bold work in various metals, giving the art a breadth and scope until now unknown.

"It is our purpose to let an artist work out, in the Bijitsuin school, his own individuality in favorable environment, without conforming to any set rules or methods. That is the only way art should be expressed, through a painter's individuality—what is in him, the man, and not what any school declares must be in him or his work to meet that school's or popular approval.

"The Bijitsuin painters exhibit twice a year in Tokio. Goho, the greatest landscape painter to-day in Japan, will have ten landscapes at the World's Fair.

"So tenacious are the Bijitsuins, that since the Mikado's court has adopted European dress Mr. Okakura has not been to Court, refusing to discard the picturesque haori, kimono, hakama, and setta. Em-

broidered in the black silk haori, which each painter wears over his kimono, is his family coat-of-arms."

The fields covered by Mr. Okakura and his associates in their endeavors, as we understand them, are those of the painters, the potters, the decorators, the artist artisans, the more familiar phases, in short, which in the popular mind stand for the only manifestations of art in Japan. Of its architecture the average individual has only vague notions, relegating the style, as a rule, to the shelf of architectural odds and ends, or regarding it as a curious manifestation of the fantastic imagination of a heathen people. How far wide of the mark such a conception leaves one, will soon be revealed by the most cursory glance at the history of Japanese temple building. It is in its way as venerable, as distinctive, as individual an artistic expression as were ever any of the great architectural expressions of the Western World. Japan has its architectural jewels of priceless value which, though fallen to neglect and ruin in many instances through the debasing influence of the Western spirit, yet shine among her ancient glories as St. Mark's shines for Italy, or the Parthenon for Greece. This subject has been most carefully and enthusiastically treated by a recent writer whose article is reprinted elsewhere in this issue.* Therein it will be found that the history of architecture of other nations has repeated itself—a period of development, of progress, of culmination, of decline, and now a turning to the nobler standards of the past with hope for a new era of artistic glory. To all lovers of the art of Japan in its purest and most unadulterated phases it is a reassuring thought that there are those among her own people who are alive to the degradation of her art and keenly active in its restoration.

S. A. C.

*See THE RELIGIOUS ARCHITECTURE OF JAPAN
By Ralph Adams Cram. Page 531.



A Poet's Poet

Among the world's literary critics, no American poet probably ranks so high as George Edward Woodberry, whose poems have just been collected in a single volume, published by the Macmillan Company. Mr. Woodberry's very culture seems to have restricted his audience and kept his verse from obtaining the hold it deserves upon the popular heart, for as a thinker and scholar he instinctively addresses himself to those living in his own intellectual environment. But the feeling which he expresses is that with which the common life of our country throbs—and, indeed, the fault most frequently found with him by discriminating critics is that Mr. Woodberry's faith in his country is so complete that he is likely to believe in the goodness of everything America does. Of Mr. Woodberry's patriotic poems we give below two specimens; but we devote even greater space to stanzas from his long, elegant poem entitled "The North Shore Watch," mourning the death of a companion as dear to him as Arthur Henry Hallam to Tennyson, and inspiring in him meditations of similar beauty.

On a Portrait of Columbus

Was this his face, and these the finding eyes
That plucked a new world from the rolling
seas?

Who, serving Christ, whom most he
sought to please,
Willed the great vision till he saw arise
Man's other home and earthly paradise—

His early thought since first with stalwart
knees
He pushed the boat from his young olive
trees,

And sailed to wrest the secret of the skies.

He on the waters dared to set his feet,
And through believing planted earth's last
race.

What faith in man must in our new world
beat,
Thinking how once he saw before his face
The west and all the host of stars retreat
Into the silent infinite of space!

Wendell Phillips

I saw him stand, upon the Judgment Day,
Who in his life all human wrath had
braved,
The appealing angel in his voice, and say:
"If but one soul be lost, how is man
saved?"

The North Shore Watch

Why fear we? Wherefore doubt? Is Love
not strong,
Whose starry shield o'er-roofs our mortal
way,
Who makes his home within our hearts
lifelong,
An instinct to divine, a law to sway,
A hero's faith to stay?

See, all life beats responsive to his might;
Its yearning in his tameless hope began;
Its dawning triumph in the heart of man
Is his far-beaconing light;
He builds the empire of the golden years;
The red strife, too, in his, the field of blood
and tears.

Through Him we look toward life with
conquering eyes,
Nor swerve, nor falter, though his dire
must blend

With our young hearts as flame with sacri-
fice,

Consuming all we are for that great end
He bids our souls befriend;
The laws invincible of his firm state
Work with us till the vision grows the fact,
And thought, slow-suppling into perfect
act,

Makes our desire our fate:
Nor elsewhere unto truth may man attain,
Though built in Shelley's heart; though
robed in Shakespeare's brain.

Love blends with mine the spirit I deplore,
Like music in sweet verse that lasts for
aye;

While yet we wandered by our native shore,
He sent the blessings for which all men
pray,

That cannot pass away;
He wrought with ministries of star and
flower

And the gray sea, to build our lives secure;
He made the sources of the spirit pure,
And with truth lent us power;

And him to me He gave—and lo, his gift
Is changeless, and doth now my soul from
death uplift.

*POEMS. By George Edward Woodberry. The
Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

C h i l d ✎ ✎ V e r s e

The Drowsyland Express.....Hilton R. Greer*

From Twilighttown to Sleepyville
Is a long, long way, I guess,
But the fastest train in the world, I ween,
Is the Drowsyland Express!
There's a kiss for fire and a song for steam,
And Love to manage the train;
Just a moment's stop at the City of Dream,
And it's on through the night again!

Then, it's O, my little one,
Ho, my little one,
Sweet of the tawny tress!
It's off and away
At the close of day
On the Drowsyland Express!

A Nursery Tea.....Youth's Companion

When I have cake and jam enough
For two, or maybe three,
I beg Louise or Grace to come
To supper here with me.
But when there isn't very much,
And yet I'd like a guest,
I'll tell you who's the nicest one,
The pleasantest and best;
It's my dear Angelina Maud,
'Cause when I move her up
In her high chair, and set for her
A plate and spoon and cup
And things to eat, she sits right there
With such a lovely smile
And not one bit of appetite!
And when a long, long while
Has gone, and still she doesn't touch
A mouthful, then I say,
"I'll eat your share to save it,"
And she smiles and smiles away!

Elizabeth Lincoln Gould.

The Wise GnomeSt. Nicholas

Within a deep and darksome wood there lived a
learned gnome,
And in an ancient saucepan he made his cozy
home.
His name was so impressive, it filled every one
with awe—
'T was Diomed Diogenes Demosthenes de Graw.
His fame for wisdom was so great that even
passing birds
Would stop and listen eagerly to Diomed's wise
words.

One day two little jub-jub birds were walking
by that way.
They paused and said: "Oh, Diomed, do teach
us something, pray."

*From *Sun Gleams and Gossamers*. Hilton R. Greer.
Richard Badger.

"Ay, ay," the ancient gnome replied; "now
listen well, you two;
A bit of information I will gladly give to you.
Yon lustrous luminary—empyrean queen of
night—
Our libratory, vibratory, lunar satellite,
That rotary orb revolving 'round our sphere
terrene,
Is but coagulated curds, tinged chromium
berylline!"

Although a bit bewildered, the jub-jub birds
said, "Oh—
Oh, thank you, dear Diogenes; that's what we
wished to know."

Carolyn Wells.

The Lost Cap.....Youth's Companion

He hunted through the library,
He looked behind the door,
He searched where baby keeps his toys
Upon the nursery floor;
He asked the cook and Mary,
He called mamma to look,
He even started sister up
To leave her Christmas book.

He couldn't find it anywhere,
And knew some horrid tramp
Had walked in through the open gate
And stolen it, the scamp!
Perhaps the dog had taken it
And hidden it away;
Or else perhaps he'd chewed it up
And swallowed it in play.

And then mamma came down the stairs
Looked through the closet door,
And there it hung upon its peg,
As it had hung before.
And Tommy's cheeks turned rosy red,
Astonished was his face.
He couldn't find his cap—because
'T was in its proper place!

Hush! Hush! Hush!*

Here we sit in our rocking-chairs
And rock, and rock, and rock;
Here we sit in our rocking-chairs
And watch the cuckoo clock.
Hush! Hush!
Hush! Hush!
For now 'tis nearly noon!
Hush! Hush!
Hush! Hush!
The cuckoo is coming soon!

*From "Little Rhymes for Little Readers." By Wilhelm-
ina Seegmiller. Rand, McNally & Co.

The Library Table

Dr. Rainsford's Story of His Life

The Outlook Company, New York, has just published "A Preacher's Story of His Work,"* by the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, D.D., rector of St. George's Church. It is not difficult for the reader to adopt the advice of the publishers "and settle himself, not to read, but to hear," for the book is literally a transcription to paper of an informal and conversational description of the unique institution that has grown up in the crowded East Side of New York, under the direction of this unconventional worker. If one were looking for literary gems he would turn from this volume in disappointment. The artistic value of the work would manifestly have been increased by the omission or radical alteration of many paragraphs.

But it is precisely in these original and homely features that the reader who loves people more than books will find the charm. Dr. Rainsford sits in his room, "where books and antlers covering the walls, bear skins on couch or floors, and papers on desk betoken a life of combined thought and activity," and wanders, in a quite reminiscent fashion, over the interesting events of his life. The public has asked for his story and he takes the public at its word, expecting interest, not criticism.

The especial value of this book to Christian workers, whether lay or clergy, is found in the delineation of the experiences through which the author passed from his early religious views and methods—when his idea of Bible inspiration was "a divine dictation" and he was essentially a revivalist—to the present time, when he stands quite apart from the typical preacher of his own or other denominations, believes in the Bible as a great store-house of truth and inspiration, and believes in the possibility of applying the Christian principle in any community; affirming that "if a man would minister successfully he must have his finger on the pulse of the community where he is and know how it beats."

*A PREACHER'S STORY OF HIS WORK. By W. S. Rainsford. The Outlook Company, New York. \$1.25 net.

Dr. Rainsford gives a graphic sketch of the changed conditions in New York since the beginning of his work there. "Since I came to New York, below Twentieth Street, forty churches have moved uptown, and over three hundred thousand people have moved into that section of the city from which the forty churches have gone." He believes that the church should be able to adapt itself to new conditions, instead of abandoning the field as soon as the family that could live in a twenty-foot front moves away and is succeeded by five or six families occupying the same house. His secret of success is "By altering the machinery to the needs of the people."

He makes a powerful appeal for genuineness and simplicity of character as essentials in Christian work, believing one should be willing to face failure rather than attempt to disseminate ideas which he does not believe. Perhaps it is the frequent failure to do this that has justified his opinion that "the cultured laity are not giving up religion, but too many of them are ceasing to look for it in the churches."

The Climax of Introspection

If one were really "Richard," the son with whom Ellis Meredith communes in "Heart of My Heart,"* the book would be as tender and uplifting as the benediction with which it closes. The effect of the book wholly depends upon the attitude of the reader. If he bring to it the imaginative power which can accomplish absorption into the mythical youth for whose perusal this diary is intended, its brooding motherliness will quench the critical faculty. But if the reader preserves his identity the blush at being caught reading what was writ for another will surely mantle his cheek—unless the prevailing introspective literature has hardened him.

This book marks the climax of the introspective and intimate tendency. In religious circles the testing of inner states and feelings was so long dominant that we became accustomed to viewing souls inside-out.

*HEART OF MY HEART. By Ellis Meredith. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Mental analysis is now supreme, and our own or other people's mind under the microscope is no longer a curiosity. Pseudo-friends have turned over to a prying public the correspondence they were pledged never to disclose, and thus have furnished actual mental phenomena. But never was the prophecy—"what ye have spoken in the ear in the inner chambers shall be proclaimed upon the housetops," so fulfilled. Not only spiritual and mental states are revealed, but physical sensations are noted as well.

Happy is the child whose pre-natal life is as tenderly cherished as that of "Little Dick," for this diary exalts an ideal communion of the Holy Trinity of Father, Mother and Child. But surely there are fathers and mothers who will deprecate an attempt to initiate men and women by proxy into the sacred mysteries of parenthood! There even may be men who would say, with the author, "I do believe that the element of the unexpected, the infinite surprises of a woman's nature, are among her chief attractions; but not if she cold-bloodedly arranges them, like a professional scene-shifter." Perhaps from the author can be gleaned the chief criticism of the book—"I have never had much patience with diaries. They lead to introspection if they are literary, and put an undue importance upon dollars and cents if they are practical." This raises the question whether the author's only consistent course would not have been to reserve this diary for "Laddie."

But fathers and mothers who have gone with joy to meet the Angel of Life will deeply appreciate the lofty and poetic expression of their own thoughts, and will live over again all the quivering expectancy.

A Questionable "Human Document"

It is a favorite trick of the writer who mistrusts his own ability, to represent his story as being the actual experience of some person, told with perfect and uncompromising frankness, hoping that the interest attached to what is known as a "human document" may atone for deficiencies in his work. This device came into use soon after the publication of Marie Bashkirtseff's Letters, and has been responsible for the appearance of books like "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," as well as the still more objectionable "Diary of Arthur Sterling"; and it is evidently the cork relied upon to float the

book with the uncouth title "I: In Which a Woman Tells the Truth About Herself."*

Of course, no human being ever is perfectly frank about himself (even the truth of some of the Bashkirtseff letters has been questioned), and it is better so, a stripping of the soul being, to the minds of the fastidious, fully as objectionable as would be that of the body; but a title such as the above is generally an excuse for a frankness which can make things interesting, even if it does not impose upon us, and "I" is no exception to this rule.

We are introduced to the heroine at the age of eighteen, a nice, unconscious girl, not good-looking, but with possibilities. Her mother, convinced that she is not sufficiently handsome to ensure a social success, encourages her to go to college, and at the close of her Freshman year Sidney returns, bringing a pretty friend with her. Clarice is a charmer and among her victims is Irving Lloyd, Sidney's neighbor and great friend. At the end of the visit, Clarice and Irving are engaged, and Sidney, passing through the throes of jealousy and wounded vanity, has become a woman.

Her four years at college ended, Sidney returns to her home, improved in every way and conscious of a power over men which she is determined to use. She has acquired luxurious habits; silk under-garments are now a necessity, as well as scented baths, while nothing but ivory is to be found on her dressing-table, silver being rejected as too "tinny." She also develops a fatal tendency to call a dressing-gown a "lounging robe," and in all probability "retires" instead of going to bed. Irving (whose engagement has long since been broken) is the desirable man whom Sidney determines to capture; in three weeks they are engaged, and the old wound in her vanity is at last healed.

One morning, while drying her hair on the porch (for all her luxurious habits do not seem to have suggested the propriety of finishing her toilet in her room), in company with the infatuated Irving, who is helping to comb it with the ivory comb, his great friend Dr. Kirke arrives. This gentleman is a sort of virtuous though uninteresting Rochester, but keen withal, for he sizes up Sidney with a glance which seemed to say, "You are

*I: IN WHICH A WOMAN TELLS THE TRUTH ABOUT HERSELF. Anonymous. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

simply a rather homely woman working a fine skin, a white arm, and a lot of rather good hair for all they are worth, and perhaps a little more."

Sidney and Irving marry and go to live in a suburb of Boston, where they have a small but very artistic house and the usual perfect maid-of-all-work, only found in the pages of romance.

Thereupon through the relations, business and friendly, of Irving, who is an architect, with Ross Kimball, a capitalist, and with Dr. Kirke, begin the complications of the story. It would be futile to narrate them in detail. Suffice it to say that Sidney, who is nothing if not keen-witted when she chooses to be, soon perceives the professional limitations of her husband, and after repulsing the capitalist and his suit, retires to a Florida orange grove with her husband, where, after a year or so, he dies and she eventually marries Dr. Kirke.

There is nothing new about the plot of this book. It has for its central idea the

pursuit of the man by the woman, and his capture through flattery and appeals to the weak points in his character. It is an old story and not a very edifying one, nor does the frankness with which the process is described make up for the artificiality and general unwholesomeness of its atmosphere. The character of Sidney does not, as is evidently meant, enlist our sympathy as being, in spite of all faults, essentially human. "A coldly amorous egotist," is Dr. Kirke's earliest judgment of Sidney, and though he saw reason to change it later, it remains with the reader as a rather happy hit. The best-drawn characters in the book are Miss Kirke, the Doctor's sister, and, oddly enough, Ross Kimball, whose characteristics are hit off once or twice in short phrases that are really illuminating. The book has not much literary merit, and the publishers will hardly be besieged by throngs clamoring to know who wrote it; but it is by no means dull, and this is the first and best virtue in a novel.

Mary K. Ford.

Glimpses of New Books

[The brief notices printed in this department do not preclude more extended reviews of the same books in the preceding department—The Library Table.]

Fiction

AN EVANS OF SUFFOLK. By Anna Farquhar.
L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

The "Evans of Suffolk" is an Englishman, of good family, weak and unprincipled, who falls into disgrace in this country. His daughter, after a checkered early life, marries a man of high social position in Boston, but without disclosing her history, and under an assumed name, and as a single woman, although she is a widow. It is strange that, in her desire to escape from her father, she should have chosen a Boston man, for she has worked there and the father lives near Gloucester; but so it is. Moreover, she married from friendship rather than love, although she soon began to love her husband intensely. The dread of exposure, intensified by some disturbing incidents bordering upon undoubted recognition, renders her life a trial, but she goes bravely on until the climax when her husband has to know all.

The story is undoubtedly a strong one but it will be seen that there are elements which are well nigh impossible with an educated woman, as the chief character most certainly is. The concealment also at the marriage, which indeed almost amounts to legal fraud, is passed over

by the author with the easiest kind of a confession. This again mars the excellence of the book, for excellent it is in the way in which character is drawn out by the movement rather than by the usual disquisitions. This is indeed a special feature of Miss Farquhar's work. There is a wave of humor and satire at times which enlivens a story which might otherwise border upon the sad. The book is well worth reading, but there will be a sense of something lacking at the end. That is due to the difficulties mentioned.

A LITTLE TRAITOR TO THE SOUTH. By
Cyrus Townsend Brady. The Macmillan
Co., New York. \$1.50.

We have here a tale of the Civil War told in Mr. Brady's best manner. The pith of the story lies in the fact that a young lady, with two lovers, finds that there is to be an attempt to blow up the Federal admiral's ship by means of the submarine boat. The admiral is her father, having remained faithful to his flag. One of the suitors, the one she really loves, is put in command of the expedition, and by a stratagem she manages to put him in confinement and prevent him from obeying orders. For this he is arrested for trial by court-martial, but she confesses and offers herself as a victim. General Beauregard, having an inkling of the state of affairs, discovers that she cannot be tried if she loses her identity. There is but one way in which woman can lose

her identity, so all ends happily. There is a tragedy certainly, but it is one in which death is a blessing in disguise. Read "A Little Traitor to the South."

OLD HEIDELBERG. By *Wilhelm Meyer-Förster*. Translated by *Max Chapelle*. *Dodge & Metcalf, New York.*

This is a really good story of a Saxon prince who, after being educated in strict seclusion in the castle of his uncle, the reigning prince, is sent to Heidelberg, with a jolly old tutor, to spend a year at the university in "serious scientific study." Science, however, is not the subject of this course of instruction. He joins a student organization, learns to sing, fight, and quaff beer; he learns too what love is, for he becomes attached to a pretty waitress; and then is suddenly called home to the deathbed of his uncle, and becomes the reigning prince in his stead. The reader must find out the tragedy, for it is really one in its influence upon life, but before he reaches it, he will long to have a part in the life at Old Heidelberg.

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE. By *Josephine Caroline Sawyer*. *Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.* \$1.50.

Miss Sawyer disclaims historical accuracy of fact for her novel, but there are indications that the period is that of the beginning of the fifteenth century, and the scene is Scotland. James, son of Robert III., had been taken prisoner by the English, and the Duke of Albany was Regent.

A young Englishwoman, Lady le Despener, goes to Scotland for her honeymoon, but soon becomes a widow, her husband being killed in a tournament. A Percy and a Douglas fall in love with her, and through the machinations of the elder Douglas his son becomes betrothed to her. He, however, discovers that she loves Percy, who is his friend, and he contrives a marriage between them. By this he incurs the anger of the regent, the father of the lady, his own parent, and the nobles assembled to witness the wedding of a Douglas. Church and State alike are arrayed against him. The tale is a good one, presenting a striking picture of self-sacrifice for friendship's sake.

THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY. By *Sara Andrew Shafer*. *The Macmillan Co., New York.* \$1.50.

This is a charming story of girlhood and boyhood, and, incidentally, of the life of older persons, in a village somewhere among the prairies. The chief character, we can scarcely call her "heroine," is a girl who is decidedly what we knew in days gone by as a "pickle." Nevertheless, she is very lovable, and had a present and a future which we like to see so sympathetically described by her biographer. The book is full of human interest, of character delicately but firmly drawn, of vivid incident and lively action. It is a book to be read and then re-read.

THE YELLOW HOLLY. By *Fergus Hume*. *G. W. Dillingham Co., New York.* \$1.50.

Lovers of the mysterious and the provokingly intricate will find a book to their mind in "The Yellow Holly." Mr. Hume has not lost his craft since he kept people awake o' nights with his "Mystery of a Hansom Cab." In the present work the story is well told, and, if some of the characters are at times repulsive they are never less than human. It would be useless to give a synopsis of the story; it must suffice to say that readers of Mr. Hume's thrilling works will not be disappointed.

YARBOROUGH THE PREMIER. By *Agnes Russell Weekes*. *Harper & Brothers, New York.* \$1.50.

In many ways this novel is well conceived. It relates how an Englishman, scion of a good family, violates honor and natural affection in his unscrupulous efforts after political eminence. Had the writer created a new country for the scene of her story, the unanimous verdict would have been that it was a good and clever tale. As it is, to intimate, as a novelist necessarily does in drawing a picture of a special country and definite period, that the political methods of England admit of such a situation as we have here, is to ask the reader to believe what he knows from every newspaper to be untrue. Hence, from shortly after the beginning of the action an air of unreality creeps over the narrative. This spoils an otherwise good work.

TAMARACK FARM. By *George Scott*. *The Grafton Press, New York.* \$1.25.

"Tamarack Farm" is said to be semi-biographical. It tells of a boy born of New England parents on a farm in New York State, who, on arriving at manhood, enlisted for the Civil War. The early scenes on the farm and in the country village possess the charm of a well-told tale of rural life. During the war the soldier comes in contact with Jenny Wade, who was killed at Gettysburg, and to whose memory the book is dedicated; while he also meets a southern woman, who is the means of saving him from a second detention in a southern prison after his escape therefrom. The book is above the average of war stories in its simplicity and sustained interest.

THE WOODHOUSE CORRESPONDENCE. By *George W. E. Russell and Edith Sichel*. *Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.* \$1.50.

In the dedication this volume is inscribed to the esthetic, the magnetic, and the splenetic; and it is called "Studies in Idiosyncrasy." That is just what it is, and the idiosyncrasy most manifest is selfishness. The study is carried out by a series of fictitious letters written mainly by a hypochondriac English gentleman and his fashionable and would-be fashionable relatives. They are clever, and a vein of humor, not intentional on the part of the supposed writers but evident to outsiders, runs through the series. The book is an excellent specimen of collaboration.

Nature Study

WILD BIRDS IN CITY PARKS. By Herbert Eugene Walter and Alice Hall Walter. A. W. Mumford, Chicago. 25 cents.

This booklet should not be measured by its size and price. In fact, it appears to be the explanatory text of a series of pictures of birds issued by the same publisher. The forty-five pages contain brief descriptions of birds observed in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and some excellent suggestions for persons who have access to similar places of recreation in the neighborhood of cities. The book well illustrates the pleasure which can be enjoyed even by residents in centers of population. The models for records will be found very useful, not only by the city student of nature, but also by all rural observers.

BIRDS OF CALIFORNIA. By Irene Grosvenor Wheelock. A. C. McClurg & Co, Chicago. \$2.50.

This work of Mrs. Wheelock's deserves high praise, for it shows not only a knowledge of the technical characteristics of the birds of California, but also a sympathetic interest in and close observation of their habits. The descriptions and notes on distribution, habitats and breeding season, and nests and eggs, are well fitted to assist the student of Californian ornithology, while the text is full of interesting and well-selected information. The volume is illustrated with drawings of more than ordinary merit as exhibiting the various species in characteristic attitudes and haunts. The book is a valuable contribution to the natural history of the State.

Poetry

THE POEMS OF JOHN CLEVELAND. By John M. Berdan, Ph.D. The Grafton Press, New York. \$1.50.

We are indebted for this edition of Cleveland's poems to the fact that the editor took up Cleveland as the subject of his thesis for his doctorate at Yale. It is not to be regretted that he did so, for the political poems will always be interesting, whether read in this edition or that of 1687, to students of the Stuart period of English history. The non-political poems, however, can never have permanent value, except as curious specimens of the so-called wit which was in vogue at that time. Dr. Berdan places Cleveland in his true position when he says "he suited his age so completely. . . . that no other time has turned to him for sympathy." It is, however, creditable to the literary study of to-day that such a modern edition is forthcoming.

IMPERTINENT POEMS. By Edmund Vance Cooke. Forbes & Co., Boston & Chicago. 75 cents.

This is a collection of twenty poems that have appeared in the "Saturday Evening Post" and

"Ainslee's Magazine." They are of various meters and varied excellence, but all have a spice of humor in them and, in the main, wholesome admonition. Two are especially "impertinent," but uncommonly good—"Desire," and "How did you die?"

BUILDING THE OLD HOUSE IN. By Maidie E. Barnitz. Broadway Publishing Co., New York.

This is an attempt to put into 48 quartetto stanzas, often of a halting and crude meter some beautiful and generally optimistic thoughts

Religion

THE UPPER WAY. By William Curtis Stiles. Eaton & Mains, New York. \$1.00.

This book is "an attempt to present the theme of Christian salvation in untheological terms." The author seeks to blend the evolutionary theory of creation with the popular "orthodox" views of sin, hereditary taint, repentance, and the strait gate and narrow way—"Deviate here a millionth part of the diameter of a hair and you may wander forever in black endless spaces and never reach the heavenly luminary"—salvation through suffering love, by a plan which love conceives for "the wound inflicted on God himself" in the breaking of the Divine law. Man's part in the process is to look to Jesus and follow him. There is nothing new in the book excepting the form, and the definitions of great themes in jaunty and unconventional manner. The volume can hardly hope to make the popular appeal which it attempts, but may serve to weaken the hold of traditional expression among theological students. No attempt is made to apply the Christian principle to man in society, but only to man as an isolated individual.

THE EASTER STORY. By Hannah Warner. Harper & Brothers, New York and London. 50 cents.

This little volume contains a fairy story, told by the Grandmother Fairy to the fairies in the Easter flowers. This story is followed by "The real story of Easter," as related by Luke.

GUIDES TO THE HIGHER LIFE. By Rev. J. Walter Sylvester. Selections from Sermons and Other Writings, edited by Annie T. Keiser. J. B. Lyon Company, Albany, N. Y. \$1.00.

A book of quotations arranged for every day in the year. The spirit of the author is indicated by his introductory word: "Go out to-day determined to grapple in a new spirit with all the ordinary experiences in life, and see if they will not react upon your faith, quicken within you a new sense of the divine life." The author's appeal is to practical application rather than to meditative contemplation of Christian doctrines and principles. "To believe in the

religion of Jesus is not to hold the doctrines of this or that creed; it is to believe that his way of life, the way of love and service to other people, is the true way. Two things remain forever great, man and God—all else sweeps by and on. There is something in every man that responds to that which is divine."

Biography

WILLIAM PENN. *By Augustus C. Buell.*
D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.25.

Mr. Buell has given us a very useful study of the great Quaker, one which will amply meet the needs of those who do not care to read the "Biography" by Janney, or Clarkson's "Edition of the Memoirs." He has treated his subject tersely, emphasizing salient points, and dividing the life into well-marked periods. An interesting point, often overlooked in the study of Penn's religious life, is the effect which the writings of John Saltmarsh had upon him, and to this Mr. Buell calls special attention. He also, without undue severity, makes clear the disastrous effect which the narrowness of Quakerism had upon the interesting social and political experiment which was made in the founding of Pennsylvania. It is out of the question to expect any new research in the materials of Penn's life, but the compact presentation of facts should give this volume permanent value.

HEADLIGHTS, NO. 1, WASHINGTON. *By Rev.*
A. M. Bullock, Ph.D. *Printed for the*
Author. 80 cents.

Eulogies of George Washington are abundant. It is right that it is so. There is no reason why we should rest satisfied with the praise bestowed upon him by those nearer his own period. Gratitude is best kept alive by the newer estimates of the results of Washington's work and personality which succeeding ages show with increasing importance as each year goes by. Dr. Bullock has added one more to the long list. It is unnecessary to say that it contains nothing new, but it is an eloquent and worthy tribute to the great president's memory, both in matter and form, for it is a dainty specimen of bookmaking.

History

IN FAMINE LAND. *By Rev. J. E. Scott, Ph.D.,*
S. T. D. Harper & Brothers, New York.
\$2.50.

Even in these rapid days, when each one almost annihilates its predecessor, the charitably disposed will recall the appeal that was made to them for the sufferers in the famine in India in 1899-90. In this large volume the Rev. J. E. Scott has related the story of that terrible visitation. It is something more than the story of a missionary, almoner. The author has made a clear, able and comprehensive study of the causes of famines in British India, the methods of mitigating the effects of these causes, and the steps taken by the Indian Government to relieve the distress of the victims. The primary cause is the failure of the monsoon, a cause en-

tirely beyond the control of human agencies, but this is aggravated by the teeming multitudes and their unthrift. Storage for irrigation is the only means that can be taken to lessen the effect of drought, and the irrigation works of India have attracted the attention of the world for some years. Wholesale distribution of food according to a fixed principle is practised by the Government, and Mr. Scott's statements on this point are especially valuable. The actual history of the visitation in question is indeed a sad one. It was doubtless necessary to enter into minute details in order to give one-half of the world a notion of how the other half suffered; but the harrowing narrative haunts the memory, and the illustrations are probably unique in their ghastliness among recent publications.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. *By William*
E. H. Lecky. *With historical notes by Henry*
Eldridge Bourne. D. Appleton & Co.,
New York. \$1.25.

This volume consists of three chapters of Mr. Lecky's "History of England During the Eighteenth Century," which deal exclusively with the French Revolution. To speak of the well-known text would be a work of supererogation, but it can be said that this handy and useful book will be very acceptable both to the student and the general reader. In addition to the footnotes, Mr. Bourne has placed a body of very illustrative notes at the end of the volume, but it is to be regretted that references to them are not indicated on the pages to which they relate. The slight change would be of great assistance to the reader.

Science

THE UNIVERSE A VAST ELECTRIC ORGANISM. *By George Woodward Warder. G.*
W. Dillingham Co., New York. \$1.20.

It has been revealed to Mr. Warder (really that it is the only suitable expression) that electricity is "the voice of Deity and the word of His Omnipotence." "The Universe a Vast Electric Organism" contains this momentous announcement. "Remarkable" is but a mild term for the work, but it is indeed remarkable in that it contains no original investigations which would enable us to revise the conclusions from the work of the past, no review of evidence already forthcoming as to the laws and nature of electricity, no valid argument based upon such evidence, but merely cullings from the expressions of former workers. It is true that these cullings indicate a vast amount of reading, but they are separated from the contexts and quoted on the simple plan of "Scientists say—I say;" "they think—I think." Seeing that the subject is one of purely scientific nature, it is unfortunate that we should have to be content with Mr. Warder's "*ipse dixit*." We humbly think that the "cross-eyed reasoners," as Mr. Warder calls some scientists, may take heart still and believe that their work has not been, is not now, and will not be, in vain. To them we shall look for a definition of what place is to be accorded to electricity in the scheme of creation.

Among the May Magazines

We always knew Northampton, Massachusetts, to be a delightful old town, but after reading George W. Cable's article, "The American Garden," in May "Scribner's," it seems more charming than ever as a place for the man who has wearied of metropolitan strife and longs for the quiet life and a garden. There in Northampton, Mr. Cable tells us, they have been holding annual prize competitions of amateur flower-gardens and with occasional citations of these gardens he gives us a friendly talk on gardens in general. He touches upon the use and abuse of formal gardening, the place in the design held by the house, upon sincerity and simplicity, and upon the delights of changing one's garden.

"One of the happiest things about gardening" he writes, "is that when it is bad you can always—you and time—you and year after next—make it good. It is very easy to think of the plants, beds, and paths of a garden as things which, being once placed, must stay where they are; but it is short-sighted, and it is fatal to effective gardening. We should look upon the arrangement of things in our garden very much as a housekeeper looks on the arrangement of the furniture in her house. Except buildings, pavements, and great trees—and not always excepting the trees—we should regard nothing in it as permanent architecture, but only as furnishment and decoration. At favorable moments you will make whatever rearrangement may seem to you good. A shrub's mere being in a certain place is no final reason it should stay there; a shrub or a dozen shrubs—next spring you may transplant them. A shrub, or even a tree, may belong where it is this season, and the next and the next; and yet in the fourth year, because of its excessive growth, of the more desired growth of something else, or of some rearrangement of other things, that spot may be no longer the best place for it.

"Very few shrubs are injured by careful and seasonable, even though repeated, transplanting. Many are benefited by one or another effect of the process: by the root pruning they get, by the "division," by the change of soil, by change of exposure, or even by backset in growth. Transplanting is part of a garden's good discipline. It is almost as necessary to the best results as pruning—on which grave subject there is no room to speak here. The owner even of an American garden should rule his garden, not be ruled by it. Yet he should rule without oppression, and it will not be truly American if it fails to show at a glance that it is not over-gardened."

The intimate personal view of a great man, which is always so much more interesting

than the well-known facts of his life, is revealed charmingly in the case of Ruskin by the letters published in the May "Atlantic." They were written to Charles Eliot Norton and are accompanied with note and comment by Mr. Norton. Read this semi-humorous plaint from the author of the "Stones of Venice":

[Undated, but May, 1857.]

DEAR NORTON, . . . And so you are going to Venice, and this letter will, I hope, be read by you by the little square sliding pane of the gondola window. For I hope you hold to the true Gondola, with Black Felze, eschewing all French and English substitutions of pleasure-boat and awning. I have no doubt, one day, that the gondolas will be white instead of black, at the rate they carry on their reforms at Venice.

I went through so much hard-dry, mechanical toil there, that I quite lost, before I left it, the charm of the place. Analysis is an abominable business; I am quite sure that people who work out subjects thoroughly are disagreeable wretches. One only feels as one should when one doesn't know much about the matter. If I could give you, for a few minutes, just as you are floating up the canal just now, the kind of feeling I had when I had just done my work, when Venice presented itself to me merely as so many "mouldings," and I had few associations with any building but those of more or less pain and puzzle and provocation. Pain of frost-bitten fingers and chilled throat as I examined or drew the window-sills in the wintry air; puzzlement from said window-sills which didn't agree with the doorsteps—or back of house, which wouldn't agree with front; and provocation, from every sort of soul or thing in Venice at once; from my gondoliers, who were always wanting to go home, and thought it stupid to be tied to a post in the Grand Canal all day long, and disagreeable to have to row to Lido afterwards; from my cook, who was always trying to catch lobsters on the doorsteps, and never caught any; from my valet de place, who was always taking me to see nothing; and waiting by appointment—at the wrong place; from my English servant, whom I caught smoking genteelly on St. Mark's Place, and expected to bring home to his mother quite an abandoned character; from my tame fish, who splashed the water all over my room, and spoiled my drawings; from my little sea-horses, who wouldn't coil their tails about sticks when I asked them; from a fisherman outside my window, who used to pound his crabs alive for bait every morning just when I wanted to study morning light on the Madonna della Salute; from the sacristans of all the churches, who used never to be at home when I wanted them; from the bells of all the churches, which used always to ring most when I was at work in the steeples; from the tides, which never were up, or down, at the hour they ought to have been; from the wind,

which used to blow my sketches into the canal, and one day blew my gondolier after them; from the rain, which came through the roof of the Scuola di San Rocco; from the sun, which blistered Tintoret's Bacchus and Ariadne every afternoon, at the Ducal palace,—and from the Ducal palace itself, worst of all, which wouldn't be found out, nor tell me how it was built (I believe this sentence had a beginning somewhere, which wants an end some other where, but I haven't any end for it, so it must go as it is;) but apropos of fish, mind you get a fisherman to bring you two or three *cavalli di mare*, and put them in a basin in your room, and see them swim. But don't keep them more than a day, or they'll die; put them into the canal again.

**

What is a "whipper-in"?—you have asked yourself probably some time, in reading an English novel of social and political life where the hero fills this strenuous office for his Government. In the May "Century" its mysteries are revealed. Henry Norman, M. P., discourses upon "The Mother of Parliaments," and in the course of his article comes to "The Whips."

The whips of whom I have spoken are an institution without exact parallel, so far as I know, in any other representative body. They are of two kinds, written and human. The former is a written statement, mechanically reproduced, of the business during the day, delivered by messenger at the residence of every member every morning, containing a request, more or less urgent, that he will be present. The urgency of the request is indicated by the number of times it is underlined. Thus a "four-line whip" must not be lightly disregarded, while a "five-line whip" means that a member disobeying it will find himself in serious trouble with the officials of his own party, and possibly even with his constituents. The written whip is thus a purely partizan document, sent out by party messengers, at party expense. It emanates from the human whip, whose function is that of the whipper-in of a pack of hounds—from whom his name is obviously taken—namely, to see that all his forces are on hand and at work.

On the Government side the whips are officials, with regular offices and salaries. The chief is called Patronage Secretary to the Treasury, and draws a salary of £2000; the others are Junior Lords of the Treasury, and draw salaries of £1000 each. Their duties at the Treasury are of the most formal description, all their energies being given to party organization and attendance at the House of Commons. The Opposition whips are the same, with the important exception that they hold, of course, no offices and draw no salaries.

The chief whip of the party in office is a very hard-worked and much-harassed man. He is in closest touch with his chief, the Prime Minister; he must keep him informed of currents of feeling in the party; he must assist him in planning the details of business in Parliament; to him go all members on his own side with "views," or grievances, or requests, or ambitions regarding knight-

hoods and baronetcies and peerages; he has charge of the party funds; to the constituencies he is the official head of the party organization; most important of all, he must take care that there is at all times in the House of Commons a majority of members of Government views, that the ministry may never be defeated by a division unexpectedly taken. Upon this, of course, the very life of the whole Government depends, for a ministry holds office only so long as it enjoys the confidence of the House of Commons, and an adverse vote on a serious issue, when the whips are "telling," involves the immediate placing in the King's hands of the resignations of the entire ministry.

The Government whips can account at any moment for every member of their side: they have always a complete list of those present in the House, and the numbers of the Opposition present; they know not only where every one of these men is living in town, but during critical times they are even kept informed of where he is spending the evening. When, as at present, the normal Government majority is well over a hundred, the task of the chief whip is comparatively easy; but when, as during the last Liberal Government, under Lord Rosebery, the majority at best is only about a dozen, it is a herculean task to insure that there shall be at all times in the House more supporters of the Government than of the Opposition.

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As one of the big ocean liners was warping into her dock not long ago, a lady stepped up to a friend on deck and said:

"Do you see anything queer about me?"

"No," replied her friend. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing; only I have a silver tea-set hanging under my skirts."

That woman had no intention of smuggling. That is a vile infraction of the law which only the distinctly criminal commit. She was merely intending to "evade the customs." She was in much the same frame of mind about it as the civilian who went with the allied troops on their famous and profitable march through the Forbidden City of Peking. As he drew near the guard on his way out, he said to his companion:

"I wish I didn't have to go so near that sentry."

"Why?" asked the other.

"Because, unless I move with such caution as to give me away, I positively clank."

This is the attitude which most of the thousands of men and women who go abroad every year maintain toward the law which levies duties on their foreign purchases and toward the customs inspection which tries to enforce that law. They would be grieved and shocked at being called smugglers. They merely play an amusing game of hide-and-seek, in which they laugh if they win, and pay the duties only if they are caught. There is no moral turpitude in that, they argue. It is right enough to beat Uncle Sam, a thing to be proud of, an exploit to be bragged about, as it not infrequently is, in church societies and at sewing-bees. Everybody whose friends have been abroad has heard that sort of talk.

So begins an article "Hide and Seek with the Customs," by O. K. Davis in the May "Century," and there is much else in the

paper to appeal to the reader who has ever shared in the serio-comic play of "The Customs," or who has ever been a little tragedy all by himself owing to the rigid rule and maddening injustice of some of Uncle Sam's agents.

The Brave Little Man. . . . By William Page Carter

All torn, but sweet, is the old straw hat,
As it hangs on the rack in the hall.
There's mud from home on two little shoes
Where he played on the hills last fall;
There's dust on the kite, and the little stick horse
Stands still as ever he can,
Listening, perhaps, in the corner there
For the voice of the brave little man.

There's never a song of bird, nor bloom
Of rose that blows in the spring,
Nor shout of boy, nor gleam of sun
But where some tears will cling.
There's never a flash of the evening star
On the hearthstone's fireside
Of winter night but will bring some tears
For the brave little man that died.

Kind friends they were; we kiss them for him,
And lay them out of sight—
The two little shoes, the torn old hat,
The little stick horse and kite;
And down in his pocket a rusty nail,
A bit of chalk and string,
A broken knife, an alley or two.
Oh! the birds, the bloom, and the spring!
And star of God at morning's song,
Noon-time and twilight tide,
One sweet little face, some tears will come
For the brave little man that died.

From Leslie's Monthly Magazine for May.

There is much food for thought in the excerpt we print herewith from Agnes Repplier's article "The Gayety of Life," in the May "Harper's". Its dominant note is "Be cheerful; be happy!"—and the two men of whom she speaks are well worthy of emulation in that respect.

Hazlitt, who was none too happy, but who strove manfully for happiness, used to say that he felt a deeper obligation to Northcote than to any of his other friends who had done him far greater service, because Northcote's conversation was invariably gay and agreeable. "I never ate nor drank with him, but I have lived on his words with undiminished relish ever since I can remember; and when I leave him, I come out into the street with feelings lighter and more ethereal than I have at any other time." Here is a debt of friendship worth recording, and blither hearts than Hazlitt's have treasured similar benefactions. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson gladly ac-

knowledgeed his gratitude to people who set him smiling when they came his way, or who smiled themselves from sheer cheerfulness of heart. They never knew—not posing as philanthropists—how far they helped him on his road; but he knew, and has thanked them in words not easily forgotten:

"There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or, when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor. . . . A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good-will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted."

There is little doubt that the somewhat indiscriminate admiration lavished upon Mr. Stevenson himself was due less to his literary than to his personal qualities. People loved him, not because he was an admirable writer, but because he was a cheerful consumptive. There has been far too much said about his ill health, and nothing is so painful to contemplate as the lack of reserve on the part of relatives and executors which thrusts every detail of a man's life before the public eye. It provokes maudlin sentiment on the one side, and ungracious asperity on the other. But, in Mr. Stevenson's case, silence is hard to keep. He was a sufferer who for many years increased the gaiety of life.

One is ever a child when it comes to animal stories. They never tire. And so you will read through to the last word A. W. Rolker's "The Rogues of a Zoo," which opens the May number of "McClure's." The illustrations are by Charles R. Knight, and are particularly fine. The author tells stories "on" almost every member of the Zoo family, and it is difficult to tell which is the most alluringly scandalous. Because it so rarely happens that the docile camel goes wrong, this tale of an Adam Forepaugh circus camel stands out from the rank and file of bad bears, tigers, panthers, elephants, and other "rogues":

Among a herd of twenty fine camels belonging to this show was "Bedouin," a beautiful "racing camel," fresh from Arabia. His back still showed half-healed scars of saddle-galls; he had been otherwise abused, and despite the depressing effect of a long sea voyage, was so extremely ugly that he had to be muzzled. In fact, he was so vicious that only the awe-inspiring presence of a huge elephant on each side prevented his running away and clearing the streets. As an inmate of a stationary zoo, Bedouin would not have been so dangerous; but in a circus menagerie, where men and beasts are crowded, and where frequent handling of the animals is necessary, he was a risky captive to have around. Exactly like an ugly horse, he poked back his ears, gave vent to a harsh, weird, rasping cry,

and snapped and bit and kicked so no one could go near him.

One morning a mischievous, half-grown black bear found a plank loose in his cage, ripped it up, widened the hole, and darted from tent to tent, pursued by a score of animal-men, who finally cornered him in front of the stall of the bad camel. From the moment the intruder appeared the ugly beast prepared for attack. Ears thrown back, mouth and nostrils wide open, the ordinarily stolid camel-face was distorted with demon-like fury. In vain the men tried to head off the bear. He backed more and more toward the rogue, unmindful of danger, until, with incredible speed, the yellow head shot forth like that of a python. With a weird cry of defiance as if the heavy bear were a mere wisp of hay, with his big mouth he grasped the unfortunate by the neck, lifted him high from the floor, and the next moment poor Bruin was under foot. The mad camel jumped up and down on his fore legs until the fine young beast lay unrecognizable and flattened like a piece of blotting-paper.

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The warring of powerful interests in the stock-grazing lands of the great West is clearly set forth in the May number of "Success." Mr. J. D. Whelpley, in an article entitled "The Long Fight for Free Grass," says:

"In the face of great solitudes, and where nature rules supreme, strange as it may seem, human life does not give the same impress of value as it does where a horror-stricken crowd of hundreds can gather in a moment at the scene of a fatality. To fight and to kill in the defense of one's own has ever been the law of the world, but out on the great plains and foothills of this free country men have fought and died by the score—aye, by the hundreds—in defense of what was theirs only by sufferance of the real

owners, the people as a whole. This is, in brief, the fight for free grass—the struggle for exclusive possession of Uncle Sam's pastures.

"These pastures are still vast in extent, in spite of the countless army of settlers moving upon them every year, in spite of the thousands of miles of fence which have been stretched from the Rio Grande to the British line, within two decades, and in spite of a land-hungry people grabbing title, each year, by fair means or foul, to twenty million acres of the public domain. There are still three hundred million acres of grass belonging to an indifferent, careless, and liberal owner, who exercises no supervision, collects no rentals, and asks no questions, but offers the prize to those best able to secure it by virtue of their energy and brute force. The laws that govern its distribution are framed by those who occupy it, and are enforced in the manner most effective. Violations are punished by ruin and death. The court of last resort is the man with the truest aim, for free grass has no standing in the courts, where the real law of the land is dealt out, presumably with justice to all. Free grass is an outlaw and has no rights to be protected or administered.

"Upon this empire carpeted with sod range tens of millions of live stock, representing billions of dollars in bankable wealth and the food reserve of a nation of people. The movement of their scurrying hoofs has been the first onslaught of civilization upon territory greater in size and once as little known as the interior of Africa. From these herds of cattle and sheep have come princely fortunes. The free grass of the nation has been turned into a golden stream flowing to the east and to the west. It has filled the banks, started factories, built cities, extended the railroads, opened mines, and loaded the merchant ships of the seas with food for the people of all nations. It has done all these things, and more, and yet there has been no justice, no wisdom, no foresight in the management of this great monopoly."

Magazine Reference List for May, 1904

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical

An Architect's House....Good Housekeeping
 "Hamlet".....Harper's Monthly
 Karl Bitter: A Master of Decorative Sculpture
Booklover's Magazine
 Music in America and Abroad....The Forum
 Open Air Sculpture.....Leslie's Monthly
 Plays and Players for the National Theatre .Met.
 Sculpture of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition,
 The.....Chatauquan
 Training of a German Actress,The..Cosmopolitan

Biographical and Reminiscent

Forsyth and the Rough Riders of '68..Pearson's
 James, Cardinal Gibbons.....Leslie's Monthly

Last Days of the Stoddards.....The Reader
 Letters of John Ruskin.....Atlantic Monthly
 Matthew Stanley Quay..Booklover's Magazine
 Personal Reminiscences of Herbert Spencer
The Forum
 Two Painters and Some Portraits..Metropolitan
 Walt Whitman as I Knew Him.....National
 William Nelson Cromwell.....The Reader

Educational Topics

From Country School to University..World's Work
 HandicraftGood Housekeeping
 Humanizing Tendency of Industrial Education
Chatauquan
 Intellectual Germany of To-day..Cosmopolitan

Literature: Popular Criticism.....The Forum
 New Dawns of Knowledge.....National
 President Eliot in the Harvard Student's Eye
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 Primitive Book, The.....Harper's Monthly

Essays and Miscellaneous

Americans as Quitters.....Leslie's Monthly
 Belated Recognition, A.....Century
 Clearing-House for Babies.....Everybody's
 Consumption, the Great White Plague
Everybody's
 Exchange of Children, The.. Good Housekeeping
 Home as the School of Character, The. G. House.
 Hour with Our Prejudices, An.. Atlantic Monthly
 Humors of Advertising.....Atlantic Monthly
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 Making of a British Tar, The....Cosmopolitan
 National Sculpture Society, A.....The Forum
 Our System of Neutrality....Harper's Monthly
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 What Is My Relation to My Fellow Men?...Cos.
 What Man Is to a Bird...."New" Lippincott
 Whence and Whither.....Harper's Monthly
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 Wonders of Modern Warfare....W. Home Com.

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 Americanization of Porto Rico, The..W. Work
 America's Debt to Russia.....Metropolitan
 Astoria.....Chautauquan
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 Dramatic History of South America, The..Cos.
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 Japan and Korea.....Pearson's
 Just How a Presidential Campaign Affects Busi-
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 Korea, the Bone of Contention....Century
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 Mother of Parliaments, The.....Century
 Negro, The: Southerner's Problem, The. McClure's
 Noted Diplomatic Mysteries.....Success
 Our Enormous Pension Roll....World's Work
 Our Problem in Santo Domingo..World's Work
 Passing of Finland, The.....Everybody's
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 Ruins of Baabek, The.....Cosmopolitan
 San Domingo: Island of Chaos..Leslie's Monthly
 Silent Forces of Congress.....Leslie's Monthly
 Stability of Our Political Parties, World's Work
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 Treasures of Old Louisiana.. Good Housekeeping
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 Year in France, The.....Atlantic Monthly

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 Cotton Again King.....World's Work
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 Limitless Power of a New World Industry, The
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 Wrecks Are Handled.....Booklover's Mag.
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 RacesChautauquan
 Can Labor Unions Be Destroyed?. World's Work
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Good Housekeeping
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 Interesting Personalities in the Business World
Cosmopolitan
 Modern Methods of Finance.....Pearson's
 Work of the Woman's Club, The..Atlantic Monthly

Travel, Sport, and Out-of-Doors

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 Aeronautic Spiders.....Harper's Monthly
 Aesthetics of the Sky.....Harper's Monthly
 Birth of Great Trees, The.....Pearson's
 Canada's New Summer Playground...National
 Delights of Aerial Navigation, The. Cosmopolitan
 Eagles of the Harbor, The.....Scribner's
 Fishing with a Worm.....Atlantic Monthly
 Fleet on "The Labrador," The..Harper's Month.
 Flower Garden for Every Child, A..World's Wk.
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 Ivy Slip, The.....Good Housekeeping
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 Nature Study.....Chautauquan
 Neighborly Gardens.....Good Housekeeping
 On the Balmy Shores of the Mediterranean. Met.
 Pariah of the Skyline, A.....Outing
 Reading Journey in Cuba, A.....Chautauquan
 Return to Nature, The.....Chautauquan
 Rogues of a Zoo.....McClure's
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 Story of the Camera, The.....Outing
 Why Women Are, or Are Not, Good
 ChauffeursOuting
 Wonderful Whale-Hunting by Steam....Cos.
 World's Roughest Riding, The..Leslie's Monthly
 Yellowstone National Park, The.....Scribner's

Newspaper Verse

Selections Grave and Gay

Breaking the Ice..... National Magazine

We had some offish neighbors once that moved
in, down the road.
We reckoned they was 'bout the proudest
folk we'd ever knowed.
An' when we passed 'em now an' then we
held our heads up high
To make dead sure they couldn't snub us if
they was to try.

It really made me nervous, so I jes' braced up
one day
An' thought I'd go ahead an' show my man-
ners, anyway.
On Sunday, 'stid o' turnin' round an' gazin'
at the view,
I looked at them an' says, "Halloa!" An'
they says "Howdy do?"

It wasn't the cold an' formal greetin' that
you've sometimes heard;
They smiled an' said it hearty, like they
meant it, every word.
It's solemn to reflect on what we miss along
life's way
By not jes' bein' natural an' good-humored
day by day.

There's lots o' folk who fling the simple joys
of life aside
Because they dread the shadow of their own
unconscious pride.
An' nine times out o' ten you'll find the rule
works right an' true—
Jes' tell the world "Halloa " an' it'll answer
"Howdy do?"

The Luncher. .S. W. Gillilan..Baltimore American

Each day at noon he sits him down upon the
self-same chair.
And straightway takes upon his face a sorely
puzzled air.
He wonders what he'll order, and he sadly
rubs his head
The while he dully wishes his ideas had not
fled.
But there the waiter's standing with the
smile that-won't-come-off.
The hunger wave has passed him and has
left him in its trough;
Yet will he be ridiculous, his puzzledness
confess?
Nay, listen: "Small steak, hot corn bread
and buttermilk—I guess."

Each day he leaves his office with a luncheon
in his mind,
But somehow on the crowded street that
menu gets behind;

And when he finds himself within that self-
same chair again,
With that same waiter's haunting smile con-
fronting him, why then
He gets a case of rattle and a fog enwraps
his brain,
Until he feels he'll never have a real thought
again.
Day after day that hungry man you'll see
in that same place;
Day after day you'll see that look of worry
on his face;

Day after day he'll say, as though relieved
from dire distress:
"I'll take a small steak, hot corn bread and
buttermilk—I guess."

No Place Like Home..... Washington Star

Oh, the map is in a turmoil
Through these diplomatic games,
And the geographic outlook
Is a seething mass of names.
And we don't know what to do
With the talk about Chee-foo
And other points concerned in this discourse
of Russian claims.

We talk about Chemulpo
In a spirit of dismay—
Ping Yang and Tatung-Kao,
But our thoughts are far away.
There are Yalu and Wi Ju
And the straits of Tsugaru,
And I'm mighty glad I'm living in the peaceful
U. S. A.

The Fellow That's Doing His Best. Washington Star

There's a song for the man who is lucky and
bold,
For the man who has fate on his side;
There are cheers for the folk that are jingling
the gold
And are drifting along with the tide.
But the man who is striving to get to the land
And facing the hungry wave's crest,
We quite overlook, for we don't understand
The fellow that's doing his best.

But he has his rewards when the story is done,
Though we smile as he plods on his way,
For his own self-esteem is the prize he has won,
As obscurely he's stood in the fray.
And he knows the affection of home and of
friends
And the pleasures of honest-earned rest;
There are peace and good-will, as the twilight
descends,
For the fellow that's doing his best.

Humor From Real Life

Authentic Blunders

This month religious newspapers and clergymen are the authorities for many of the best incidents of "humor from real life" that have come to our attention. The "Christian Register" is responsible for the actuality of the two stories that follow:

At Worcester, Mass., Rev. George H. Hepworth having declared in a public address, "I am not a free lance," the sedate Spy gave him fame by printing the sentence, "I want a free lunch."

A class in spelling was going over words of two syllables. One of the words was "mummy." "Children," said the teacher, "how many of you know the meaning of the word 'mummy'?" One little girl raised her hand. "Well, Maggie?" "It means yer mother." The teacher pointed out her mistake, and explained fully the meaning of the word. Presently the word "poppy" had to be spelled. "Who knows what 'poppy' means?" asked the teacher. The same little girl raised her hand, this time brimful of confidence. "Well, what's the answer, Maggie?" "It means a man mummy," replied the child.

Similar to this last story are two which Lionel A. Tollemache tells in the London Spectator, both taken from church life:

A clerical friend assures me that at a national school in Radnorshire the curate asked one of the boys to finish the text beginning, "These wait all upon thee;" and the boy answered "that thou mayst give them meat from New Zealand." This seems to me interesting, as illustrative alike of the popularity of imported meat and of the pitfalls that beset oral instruction. The following malapropism has also reached me on good authority. A vicar complained to an old woman in the parish about a dung-heap that stood in front of her cottage; did she not herself find it a nuisance? "No, sir, I'm *manured* to it."

Refuge in Omniscience

The New York Observer tells the following religious anecdote which has its humorous side: A Welshman, after attempting to take part in a prayer-meeting conducted

in English, and finding it very difficult to express the fervor of his heart in the partially acquired tongue, suddenly broke the halting and laborious sentences with a joyful exclamation, "Lord, I thank thee, that thou knowest Welsh!" and straightway launched upon the sea of gutturals which came so readily to his lips.

Woman's Place in the Church

Mr. G. H. Hubbard, in his recent work on "Spiritual Power at Work" (Dutton and Co., New York), quotes the following stanza from Dr. Barton, which is new to us, and which certainly describes the actual status of Christian warfare in too many communities:

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
You will find the Christian soldier
Represented by his wife."

Grammatical Heroism

In Professor Lounsbury's interesting article in the April "Harper's" on the steadily growing use of adverbs between "to" (the sign of the infinitive) and the verb, tells an amusing story from Andrew Lang's life of Sir Stafford Northcote, showing the "heroic" attitude once taken by the English ministry against what it regarded as a corruption of the English speech. Professor Lounsbury's narrative runs as follows:

Negotiations for a treaty were going on at Washington between the United States and Great Britain. The subjects for discussion and settlement were of the utmost gravity. Controversy existed about the Alabama claims, about the Canadian fisheries, about the San Juan boundary, besides other matters. At last an agreement was reached. It involved certain concessions to the American demands to which, in the opinion of some, assent should never have been given.

There was one point, we are told, upon which the home Government was sternly inflexible. "For it," says Mr. Lang, "much may by literary persons be forgiven them." It telegraphed that in the wording of the treaty it would under no circumstances endure the insertion of an adverb between the preposition *to* (the sign of the infinitive) and the verb. Mr. Lang feels justly the heroic nature of this act. Much might be yielded on questions in dispute which all knew would ultimately involve expenditure of money, and indeed implied at the time admission of previous wrong-doing; much might further be

yielded in the case of certain things which the biographer himself seems to regard as points of honor. Still, on these minor matters it was thought advisable to give way. So much the more must our tribute of admiration be paid to the English Government for remaining as immovable as the solid rock when it came face to face with the great question of severing the close tie that binds to the infinitive the preposition *to*. "The purity of the language," observes Mr. Lang, "they nobly and courageously defended."

An Old Joke in New Form

Dr. Bird was once the guest of Captain Burton, the explorer, and one night, when Burton had been telling of an Arab attack which ended fatally for his assailant, the doctor provoked from him one of the most perfect retorts ever made at a doctor's expense. "How do you feel, captain, when you kill a man?" said he. Burton paused a moment, and then replied, slowly: "I don't know, doctor. How do you?"—Exchange.

Moral Standards Preserved

"In country bar-rooms," said Professor Walter A. Wyckoff, the sociological expert of Princeton, "there are rarely chairs, as there are in our urban cafés, but every one must stand up to drink. One day, in a New England tavern, I was inquisitive enough to ask the barkeeper why he had no chairs for his guests. 'No man drinks here,' said the barkeeper, severely, 'longer than he can stand'"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Political Psychology

A stranger walked into the lobby of the Masury Hotel yesterday afternoon, and began to descant on the wonders of psychology. He said he was a specialist in that branch of science, and talked for some time about the effect a man's opinions have upon his personal appearance. "Why," he continued, "I can look at a man and tell his political preference. It is a very simple matter to tell a Democrat from a Republican. Down here you are all Democrats, but though it is a hard task, I can tell a

man's favorite for the Presidential nomination by looking at him."

"Cigars for the crowd that you can't," said a bystander. "Done," said the mind reader, "you yourself are for Cleveland." He was right, but the scoffer muttered, "An accident." "You," he said to another, "prefer Parker." He was right again, and "Wonderful!" said the crowd.

Turning to a third he said, "And you are for Hearst."

"You are a liar," was the unexpected response. "I have been sick; that is the reason I look this way."—From the Thomasville (Ga.) Times-Enterprise.

Uses of His Clubs

Senator Grady was called upon recently to speak to a meeting which had been called for the purpose of starting a new club. The Senator said he thought the club business was being overdone.

"I was persuaded," he explained, "to join the New York Athletic Club for the benefit of my body; I was persuaded to join the Catholic Club in the interest of my soul, and I am forced to maintain my membership in the Democratic Club in order to keep body and soul together."—New York Times.

Without a Stain

A man who was accused at the Mansion House of stealing a check successfully pleaded an alibi, proving that he was in prison at the time. He left the court without a stain on his character.—Punch.

A Witty Reply

A hum-drum British poet complained to Oscar Wilde of the neglect with which his poems were treated by the critics.

"There seems to be a conspiracy of silence against me. What would you advise me to do?" he inquired of Wilde.

"Join it," was the unconsoling reply.—From "Personalalia," by "Sigma," Doubleday, Page & Company, publishers.

Open Questions

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page for questions. These will be answered as far as possible. Answers and comments from readers will be gladly received.

1048. In your next number will you please publish Macdonald's poem "Baby Catechism" beginning "Where did you come from, baby dear?"—Mary T. Gray, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE BABY.

George Macdonald.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you, and so I am here.

1049. I should like to find an old poem the subject of which is lack of courage to say "No." One line is:

Worst of guessers, guess again
and the last line:

He could not, would not say "No."

—J. M. C., Los Angeles, Cal.

1050. Will you please give me the names of the authors of these two quotations? What are they from and is there more of each?—Wm. Charles, Faber Mo.

"The strange current of human existence is like the Gulf Stream: three score and ten years long, it bears each and all of us with a strong,

steady sweep away from the Tropics of childhood, enameled with verdure and gaudy with bloom, through the temperate regions of manhood and womanhood, on to the frigid, lonely shores of dreary old age, snow-crowned and ice-veined. Individual destinies seem to resemble the tangled drift on those broad, bounding billows, driven hither and thither, some to be scorched by equatorial heats, some to perish with polar perils, a few to take root and flourish, and many to stagnate in the long, inglorious rest of a Saragossa Sea."

"Oh friend, grown weary with the painful climbing.

Up Fame's high mount which ever upward slopes;

On whose sad ear Fate's bells are ever chiming
The funeral knell of thy most cherished hopes;
Hast thou drunk deep of Marah's bitter fountain?
Has thy bright gold changed into useless dross?

Remember! One before thee climbed a mountain,
And gained upon its summit—but a cross."

1051. The remark was made recently "I am not a connoisseur in wines or teas." Is the meaning of the word connoisseur restricted in English to a judge of the fine arts? Should epicure have been used in above sentence? (2) What is the name of the woman who wrote "The Martyrdom of an Empress"? (3) Which of Beethoven's Sonatas is known as the "Kreutzer Sonata"?—E. W. Bruce, Yankton, S. D.

[(1) Connoisseur is defined in the Century Dictionary as "a critical judge of any art, particularly of painting, sculpture, or music," but we believe the sentence quoted to be correct because it makes an intelligible use of the word. Epicure relates to enjoyment, not knowledge. (3) The Kreutzer Sonata was written for the violin and piano and is numbered opus 47. It is not one of Beethoven's Sonatas for the piano alone.

1052. Kindly inform me title of volume of H. De Balzac's works in which characters of "Seraphito" and "Valerie Marneffe" appear.—F. G. S.

["Seraphito" is the title of one novel sometimes bound with "Louis Lambert" and sometimes with "The Alkahest." Valerie Marneffe is a character in "La Cousine Bette."]

1053. Will you kindly enquire of your readers for a copy of verses some lines of which are given below? It is a versified form of Hawthorne's "Golden Touch." The lines are:

"Heard ye, O little children,
The wondrous story told
Of the Phrygian King whose
Magic touch
Turned everything to gold?"
—Mrs. A. J. Timberlake, Clinton, Miss.

1054. Will you kindly give in your Open Questions, the author of the poem "Through Death to Life," and inform me where I can obtain the complete poem. I enclose two stanzas.—Charlton Du Rant, Manning, S. C.

"Have you heard the tale of the aloe plant,
Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of a hundred years
It reaches its blooming time,
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks into a thousand flowers;
This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers,
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.
"Have you heard of this aloe plant
That grows in the sunny clime,
How every one of its thousand flowers,
As they drop in the blooming time,
Is an infant plant that fastens its roots
In the place where it falls on the ground
And fast as they drop from the dying stem,
Grow lively and lovely around?
By dying, it liveth a thousand-fold
In the new that springs from the death of
the old."

1055. Will you kindly give me the names of any author and publisher of a life of Ruskin. I should be glad to know of any magazine article on the subject.—Mary V. Brooks, Portsmouth, Va.

[Some magazine articles on Ruskin are "Nineteenth Century," vol. 38, p. 561; "Living Age," vol. 203, p. 155; "McClure's," vol. 2, p. 315. Titles of his books are given in "Good Words," vol. 34, p. 477. For lives see "John Ruskin, Social Reformer," by J. A. Hobson, (Dana Estes & Co., Boston); Life by Frederick Harrison (The Macmillan Co., New York); Life and Works, by W. G. Collingwood, 2 vols. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York).]

1056. In looking over one of your magazines. I noticed some of Dunbar's poems and should like to know where to get his books. I should like to get something to use for readings in elocution.—Miss Katharine L. Kramer, Elkader, Iowa.

[The list of poems and sketches of Paul Laurence Dunbar includes "Candle Lighting Times," "Fanatics," "Folks from Dixie," "Lyrics of Lowly Life," "Poems of Cabin and Field," "Strength of Gideon," and "Uncalled." Order through any bookseller. Almost any publisher can send a good speaker.]

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

1042. F. C. Priestly, Los Angeles, Cal., informs us that Francis W. Bourdillon's poem, which we reprint, will be found in "Best Short Poems of the Nineteenth Century" (Revell, Chicago).

LIGHT.

The night has a thousand eyes
And the day but one,
Yet the light of the whole world dies
With the setting sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

1047. E. B. Parker of Delmar, Ia., writes that the poem "Ye Parliament of England," can be found in a volume entitled "Naval Battles."

G. M. Perry, Black River Falls, Miss., sends an interesting, but confessedly imperfect copy as quoted wholly from memory by a lady, now eighty years of age, Mrs. Hortentia A. Caves of Taylor, Wis., from which we give a few stanzas:

YE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND.

Ye Parliament of England,
Ye Lords and Commons too,
Consider well what you're about
And what you mean to do.
You're now at war with Yankees,
I'm sure you'll rue the day
You roused the Sons of Liberty
In North America.

You thought our frigates were but few,
That Yankees could not fight,
Until bold Hull the *Guierrière* took
And banished her from sight;
The *Wasp* next took your *Frolic*,
You nothing said to that;
The *Polictier* being off the coast
Of course you took her back.

Then you sent over your *Boxer*
To box us all about
But we'd an enterprising brig
That beat the *Boxer* out
And boxed her up in Portland,
And moored her off the town
To show the Sons of Liberty
Your *Boxer* of renown.

Our Rogers in the *President*
Will burn, sink and destroy;
The *Congress* on the Brazil coast
Your commerce will annoy;
The *Essex* in the South Seas
Will put out all your lights,
A flag she bears at her mast head,
"Free trade and Sailors' rights."

Random Reading:

Miniature Essays on Life

Games of Japanese Children....New Century Path

Japanese children have a funny little game which they call "the game of perfumes." It consists in burning various perfumes and then guessing "which is which" by the scent of the smoke—not an easy matter sometimes. They also have a fascinating game of cards, not like our cards, but each one bearing quotations. The game consists in drawing a card with one-half of the quotation and then finding the other half. As to dolls, they devote a special festival day to their dolls, for a doll is, in Japan, as much a boy's plaything as a girl's. The dolls of Japanese boys are generally dressed to represent historical heroes, or as heroic and legendary figures. Great favorites among dolls are those dressed to represent the Emperor and Empress and the great statesmen of Japan.

"Out of the Mouths of Babies".....Life

When the May and the June baby had got well acquainted, they exchanged confidences.

"My milk comes from a certified cow," said the May baby.

"So does mine," said the June baby.

"It is milked by a man in a white suit, with sterilized hands, through absorbent cotton, and kept at a temperature of forty-five degrees."

"So is mine."

"It is brought to me in a prophylactic wagon drawn by a modified horse."

"So is mine."

"Then how in thunder do you manage to be so fat and well?"

The June baby winked slyly.

"I chew old paper and the corners of the rugs and anything I can find that is dirty, and in that way I manage to maintain the bacterial balance which is essential to health," he said, chuckling.

The May baby laughed long and loud.

"So do I," said he.

The mammas heard the goo-gooing, but they assigned to it only the usual fantastic significance. It was just as well.

Edison's First "Big Money"....Denver Republican

Thomas A. Edison not long ago told a friend the story of his first acquaintance with any big sum of money. It was when he was struggling with his earlier inventions, and he had about as clear an idea of the value of a bank check as the man in the moon, says "Success." He had finally sold his patent on the gold and stock indicator to the Western Union Telegraph Company and had called at its office to close the deal. After a few preliminaries he was given a check for \$40,000. He eyed it curiously and appeared to be puzzled what to do with it. Observing his perplexity, General Lefferts, then president of the Western Union, told him that if he would go to the Bank of America in Wall Street, he could get the cash on his check.

"So I started," said Edison, "after carefully folding up the check, and went toward Wall Street. So uncertain was I in regard to that way of doing business that I thought, while on the way, that if any man should come up to me and offer me two crisp \$1000 bills for that piece of paper, I would give him the check very quickly."

On his arrival at the Bank of America he half-tremblingly shoved his check out to the cashier. The latter scrutinized it closely, gave him a piercing glance, and said something which Edison, being hard of hearing, failed to understand. That was enough. He was fully convinced that his check was not worth \$40,000, and again thought, as he rushed out of the bank, that any man who would give him \$2000 for it could have it. He hurried back to the office of the Western Union and said he could not get any money. A clerk was sent to the bank with him to identify him.

"This man," said the clerk, "is Mr. Thomas A. Edison, to whose order the check is drawn."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Edison," said the cashier; "how would you like your money—in what shape?"

"Oh, any way to suit the bank; it doesn't make any difference to me so long as I get the money."

Edison was given \$40,000 in large bills. After dividing the roll into two wads of \$20,000 each, he stuffed one into each trousers' pocket, and made all speed out of Wall Street. The next day he began working on his first laboratory in New York.

Poems for the Pushful.....London Chronicle

[It is said that lyrical advertisements will soon be even more popular than they are now. The bard, anxious to be up to date, has turned out a few specimen efforts.]

How sweet it is to view, ah me!
Two men so subtly linked together,
From strife so beautifully free
As Messrs. Moggs & Mereweather.
Two souls with but a single aim!
To them no competition matters;
Zounds! you might conjure with the name
Of Moggs & Mereweather, hatters.

Often has Edward disagreed
With Angelina, I've heard tell,
Upon the subject of his weed;
She says, "She doesn't like the smell."
He earns the blessings of his bride,
His peace no sort of wrangle mars,
Who casts all other brands aside,
And smokes "Ushouldtria" cigars.

Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots!
Buy 'em from De Jones & Co.
Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots!
Every sort of size in stock.
Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots!
Give our firm a trial once,
And you'll come here evermore.
If you've got corns our firm allows for 'em,
Liberal discount granted you for ready cash,
Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots! Buy 'em
from De Jones & Co.,
And you'll come here evermore.

You ask me where is Fancy bread,
What shop most deftly bakes it,
Where customers on cake are fed,
The same as mother makes it.
Go seek that Heaven of your dreams
At Gorgbury, Pigglethwaite & Creme's.

A Water Hat.....American Inventor

The Berlin Fire Brigade is experimenting with a unique device called a water hat. It consists of the addition to the ordinary helmet of a circular rose which sprays water at an angle of forty-five degrees in a downward direction. The pipe which leads to this rose is to be attached to the nozzle of an ordinary fire hose. When in use, the fireman is protected, as far as his head and face are concerned, by a curtain of water.

This curtain of water is useful in several ways. In the first place, it gives him pure air to breathe, even in the midst of a dense smoke, as it acts as a condensing medium and also as a filter. In the second place, it will keep the man cool in a temperature in which he could not live without some such protection. In the third place, it will, of course, serve to keep his clothes from catching on fire from sparks, and should he be caught in a burning building and unable to escape, would prevent him from being burned alive, unless the heat was so intense as to burn up the connecting hose.

Of course the user of this peculiar garment is supposed to be clad from head to foot in a water-proof material, although in warm weather this precaution would not be so necessary as it would in cold.

Finger-Tips vs. Bertillon...New Century Path

The London Police have abandoned the Bertillon system for the identification of criminals, and have adopted the method of taking impressions of the finger-tips, which has been proved by Professor Galton to be absolutely infallible and conclusive. Within six months over 1700 identifications have been made by the finger-tip system, a result so remarkable as to attract the attention of United States officials. India and China have, of course, long used this method, not for the identification of criminals, but for signing documents, knowing that while handwriting can always be imitated, forgery is here impossible. But if the finger-tips are so characteristic, are not other parts of the body equally so, and may there possibly be a connection between these markings and the disposition of the individual? The data now being collected by the police ought to supply valuable evidence upon this point. It is now a commonplace of orthodox science that every thought alters the molecular arrangement of the brain and presumably of the whole body. Is there no way to bring a more minute examination to bear upon these changes with a view to their classification? Habits of thought unquestionably induce marked facial and other bodily changes. A man stamps his character upon his face and upon his carriage; but may not these changes have finer ramifications than are yet suspected? Any investigations which tend to show the power of thought are peculiarly valuable.

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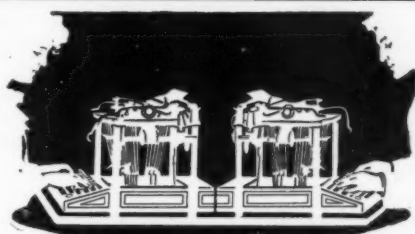
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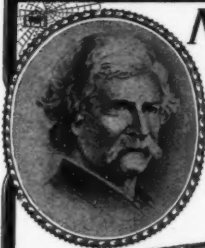
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S o c i a l S a t i r e

Etiquette for Flat Dwellers

People who must live in flats will be glad to hear that Mr. W. E. D. Stokes, proprietor of the Ansonia, one of New York's best apartment houses, has formulated a code of rules for his tenants that may become the standard of etiquette in flat-life generally. The need of some sort of law governing this matter has long been felt. Many a lady whose apartments are on the top floor has been wondering whether she ought or ought not to consider herself the equal of the lady who has the first flat on the second floor. Their maids may sit together on the rear stairway and gossip through the dumb-waiter shaft, but these facts cannot be regarded as sufficient in themselves for the obliteration of social barriers between our ladies of the flats. Therefore the rules promulgated by Mr. Stokes will remove a great strain and be hailed with deep gratitude. Here are the principal laws of apartment-house etiquette as Mr. Stokes has interpreted them:

1. Don't feel that you are forced to receive other tenants in your apartment house as social equals just because they pay the same rent you do.

2. Don't feel obliged to call on Mrs. A. because your children and hers play together. That doesn't make the parents acquainted.

3. Gentlemen residing in the same apartment house with a lady will bow to her when they meet, on the elevator or in the hallway. This shall not apply to meeting on the street, however, unless there is some further claim to acquaintance than being tenants of the same landlord.

4. If you are calling on one tenant in an apartment house and wish to call on another in the same house, go downstairs and send your card up to the second tenant. Do not go direct from the first apartment to the second.

5. A quarrel between you and the other children's parents should not prevent your children from playing with the others, but must keep them from visiting.

We might add, not for the purpose of discrediting Mr. Stokes, but merely because we fear that he has in his haste overlooked a few important points, these supplementary rules:

1. Don't suppose because Mrs. B. takes ice from the same iceman whom you

paronize that you must regard her as your social equal. Give her the cold stare just the same as if she got her icebox filled by somebody else.

2. Never permit your husband to run across the hall at night when the J. woman yells for help. The burglars who are disturbing her may be the ones who entered your flat the week before, but that does not necessarily raise her to your social level.

3. Remember that because Mrs. F. gets milk out of the same can from which your milk is dipped she is not necessarily a member of your set. Don't invite her to call merely on that account.

4. Don't imagine that you are obliged to receive Mrs. N. simply because she came downstairs to jaw the janitor while you were giving him gowdy.

5. If you have quarreled with the people in the flat below you because they don't like your pianola, and they have also fallen out with the people below them on account of their talking machine, you are not to suppose that you and the other offenders are social equals.

Through a strict observance of these simple rules people who live in flats may avoid many heartaches, and the stability of our democratic institutions will be assured.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Rules and Regulations

At the New International Woman's Club, which is now in process, the following rules will be enforced:

All members will be continually posted—about the affairs of the others.

Private gossip rooms, holding two comfortably, can be had at the desk.

The Whist Club will meet invariably in the music room.

Any waiter or employee who can succeed in getting any member to tip him will have his salary raised.

Members will please remove their diamond earrings while playing pool or billiards.

A special perfumery room will be provided for scent incurables.

One portion of food will not be served to more than half a dozen.

When the President and Board of Directors are transacting business, the Club-house will be closed.

Each member will be limited to one cozy corner.—*Life*.

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Light Verse on Heavy Themes

Women Do Not Want It This Our World

When the woman suffrage argument first stood
upon its legs,
They answered it with cabbages, they answered
it with eggs,
They answered it with ridicule, they answered it
with scorn;
They thought it a monstrosity that should not
have been born.

When the woman suffrage argument grew vigor-
ous and wise,
And was not to be silenced by these apposite
replies,
They turned their opposition into reasoning
severe—
Upon the limitations of our God-appointed
sphere.

We were told of disabilities—a long array of
these,
Till one would think that womanhood was merely
a disease;
And "the maternal sacrifice" was added to the
plan
Of the various sacrifices we have always made—
to man.

* * * * *

You may talk of woman suffrage now with an
educated man,
And he agrees with all you say, as sweetly as he
can:
'Twould be better for us all, of course, if woman-
hood was free;
But "the women do not want it"—and so it must
not be!

'Tis such a tender thoughtfulness! So exquisite
a care!
Not to pile on our fair shoulders what we do not
wish to bear!
But, O most generous brother! Let us look a
little more—
Have we women always wanted what you gave
to us before?

* * * * *

Did we beg for scolding bridles and ducking-
stools to come?
And clamor for the beating stick "no thicker
than your thumb"?
Did we seek to be excluded from all the trades
that pay?
Did we claim the lower wages for a man's full
work to-day?

What women want has never been a strongly
acting cause,
When woman has been wronged by man in
churches, customs, laws;
Why should he find this preference so largely in
his way,
When he himself admits the right of what we ask
to-day?

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

A Tariff Epic Congressional Record

Senator Quarles went to Boston Town—
(God save the Tariff.)
With the bankers and merchants to sit him down,
To feast and speak and win renown.
(Watch out for the Sacred Tariff.)

Senator Quarles rose up and spoke—
(Heaven guard the Tariff.)
Said the Chamberlain scheme was a kind of joke
Which need not alarm the American folk
(So long as they loved the Tariff.)

He begged them remember the Chinaman's shirt,
(Stand fast for the Tariff.)
And the trade of the Orient, rich as dirt,
Which Chamberlain couldn't possibly hurt,
(Bow low to the Golden Tariff.)

"In England," quoth Quarles, with a noble
scorn—
(Three cheers for the Tariff!)
"The staple food of the poor is corn.
We own it all, just as sure as you're born."
(Thanks be to our Hallowed Tariff.)

"On corn no Ministry duties dare lay"—
(Here's to the Tariff.)
"So there's really no reason to feel dismay;
In fact, we should all of us grow very gay."
(If fizz wasn't taxed by the Tariff.)

His well-bred hearers suppressed their grins—
(Grins may be named in the Tariff.)
In Boston bad manners are rated as sins;
Still, under the board there was kicking of shins.
('Tis treason to kick on the Tariff.)

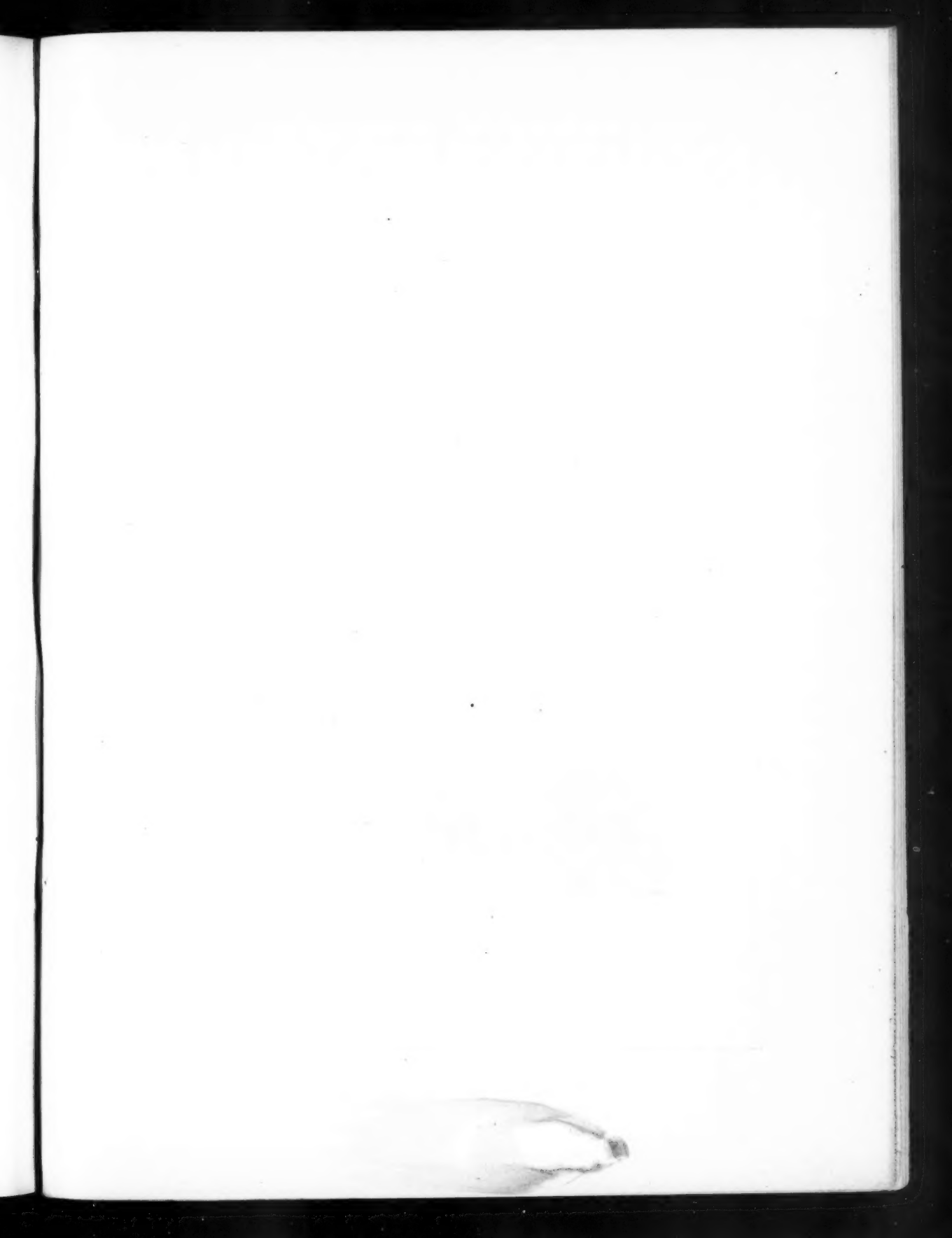
Thus Senator Quarles won a measureless fame—
(Sing hey! for the Tariff.)
And great is the glory attached to his name
For breaking up Chamberlain's bad little game.
(By the aid of the Splendid Tariff.)

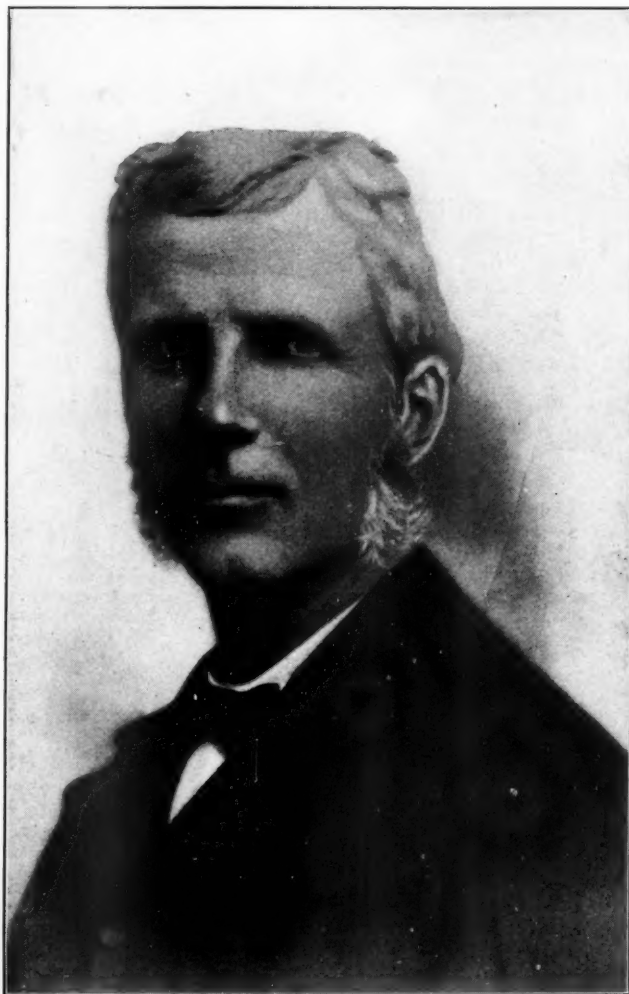
Fast and wide has the story spread—
(Chant praise to the Tariff!)—
How a Senator learned and wise has said
That the English use maize for their daily bread.
(Shout, shout for a Higher Tariff!)

"Then this epic at the close breaks into an
anthem; it becomes a poem in rhythm as well as
in thought. These are the last lines:

"The Tariff, the Tariff, Inviolable, Grand;
It has saved from destruction our dear native
land;
It has summoned the sunshine, the rain and the
snow:
It has made the fields fruitful and caused wheat
to grow.
It has saved us from bankruptcy, fighting and
snarls,
But the best of its blessings is Senator Quarles!"

—John Sharp Williams.





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SAMUEL CHAPMAN ARMSTRONG

(See Books on Vital Issues. Page 599.)